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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

CONTAINING

KING LEAR.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

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KING LEAR.*

* KING LEAR.] The ſtory of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakſpeare ſeems to have been more indebted to *The True Chronicle Hiſtory of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, (which I have already publiſhed at the end of a collection of the quarto copies) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that ſome play on this ſubject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moſte famous Chronicle Hyſtorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the ſame title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from theſe Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. Vol. I. From *The Mirror of Magiſtrates*, 1587, Shakſpeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The epiſode of Gloſter and his ſons muſt have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the leaſt trace of it in any other work. I have referred to theſe pieces, wherever our author ſeems more immediately to have followed them, in the courſe of my notes on the play. For the firſt *King Lear*, ſee likewiſe *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed for S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs.

The reader will alſo find the ſtory of *K. Lear*, in the ſecond book and 10th canto of Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harſnet's pamphlet to which it contains ſo many references, (as will appear in the notes) was not publiſhed till that year. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306. ed. 1674,) tells a ſimilar ſtory to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the Weſt Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wiſe Speeches*. PERCY.

The ſtory told by Camden in his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605, is this: "Ina, king of Weſt Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and ſo would do during their lives, above all others: the two elder ſware deeply they would; the youngeſt, but the wiſeſt, told her father flatly, without flattery, that albeit ſhe did love, honour, and reverence him, and ſo would whilſt ſhe lived, as much as nature and daughterly dutie at the uttermoſt could expect, *yet ſhe did think that one day it would come to paſſe that ſhe ſhould affect another more fervently, meaning her huſband, when ſhe were married*; who being made one fleſh with her, as God by commandement had told, and nature had taught her, ſhe was to cleave faſt to, forſaking father and

mother, kiffe and kinne. [Anonymous.] One referreth this to the daughters of king Leir."

It is, I think, more probable that Shakſpeare had this paſſage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, as Camden's book was publiſhed recently before he appears to have compoſed this play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wiſe Speeches*, where the foregoing paſſage is found, furniſhed him with a hint in *Coriolanus*.

The ſtory of King Leir and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinſhed tranſcribed it; and in his Chronicle Shakſpeare had certainly read it, as it occurs not far from that of *Cymbeline*; though the old play on the ſame ſubject probably *firſt* ſuggeſted to him the idea of making it the ground-work of a tragedy.

Geoffrey of Monmouth ſays, that Leir, who was the eldeſt ſon of Bladud, "nobly governed his country for ſixty years." According to that hiſtorian, he died about 800 years before the birth of Chriſt.

The name of Leir's youngeſt daughter, which in Geoffrey's hiſtory, in Holinſhed, *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, and the old anonymous play, is *Cordeilla*, *Cordila*, or *Cordella*, Shakſpeare found ſoftened into *Cordelia* by Spenſer in his Second Book, Canto X. The names of Edgar and Edmund were probably ſuggeſted by Holinſhed. See his *Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 122: "*Edgar*, the ſon of *Edmund*, brother of Athelſtane," &c.

This tragedy, I believe, was written in 1605. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I.

As the epiſode of Gloſter and his ſons is undoubtedly formed on the ſtory of the blind king of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, I ſhall ſubjoin it, at the end of the play. MALONE.

THE

PLAY

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPE

VOLUME THE FOURTEEN

PERSONS represented.

Lear, *King of* Britain.
King of France,
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloſter.
Edgar, *Son to* Gloſter.
Edmund, *Baſtard Son to* Gloſter.
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Old Man, Tenant to Gloſter.
Phyſician.
Fool.
Oſwald, *Steward to* Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,
Regan,
Cordelia,
} *Daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of ſtate in King Lear's *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

KENT. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

GLO. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the diviſion of the kingdom,[2] it appears not which of the dukes he values moſt; for equalities[3] are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither[4] can make choice of either's moiety.[5]

[2] ——*in the diviſion of the kingdom,*] There is ſomething of obſcurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory ſcene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to diſcover in what proportions he ſhould divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloſter only were privy to his deſign, which he ſtill kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as ſubſequent reaſons ſhould determine him. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*equalities*——] So, the firſt quartos; the folio reads—*qualities.* JOHNSON.

Either may ſerve; but of the former I find an inſtance in the *Flower of Friendſhip*, 1568: "After this match made, and *equalities* conſidered," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —*that* curioſity *in neither*—] *Curioſity*, for exacteſt ſcrutiny. The ſenſe of the whole ſentence is, The qualities and properties of the ſeveral diviſions are ſo weighed and balanced againſt one another, that the exacteſt ſcrutiny could not determine in preferring one ſhare to the other. WARBURTON.

Curioſity is ſcrupulouſneſs, or captiouſneſs. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Act IV. ſc. iv:

"For *curious* I cannot be with you." STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 616, n. 2; and the preſent tragedy, p. 32, n. 6. MALONE.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, ſir, hath been at my charge: I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon ſhe grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, ſir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.[2]

Glo. But I have, ſir, a ſon by order of law, ſome year elder than this,[3] who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily into the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good ſport at his making, and the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

[9] ——*of either's* moiety.] The ſtrict ſenſe of the word *moiety* is *half, one of two equal parts*; but Shakſpeare commonly uſes it for *any part* or *diviſion*:

"Methinks my *moiety* north from Burton here,
"In quantity equals not one of yours:"

and here the *diviſion* was into *three* parts. Steevens.

Heywood likewiſe uſes the word *moiety* as ſynonymous to *any part* or *portion*. "I would unwillingly part with the greateſt *moiety* of my own means and fortunes." *Hiſt. of Women*, 1624. See Vol. VIII. p. 492, n. 9. Malone.

[2] ——*being ſo* proper.] i. e. handſome. See Vol. V. p. 410, n. 9. Malone.

[3] ——ſome year *elder than this*,] *Some year*, is an expreſſion uſed when we ſpeak *indefinitely*. Steevens.

THE

PLAY

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPE

VOLUME THE FOURTEENT

Conferring them on younger ſtrengths,[8] while we[9]
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our ſon of Cornwall,
[illegible] you, our no leſs loving ſon of Albany,
We have this hour a conſtant will[2] to publiſh
Our daughters' ſeveral dowers, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngeſt daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now[3] we will deveſt us, both of rule,
Intereſt of territory, cares of ſtate,)
Which of you, ſhall we ſay, doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend
Where merit doth moſt challenge it.[4]—Goneril,
Our eldeſt-born, ſpeak firſt.

[8] Conferring *them on younger* ſtrengths,] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read, *Confirming* them on younger *years*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*while we* &c.] From *while we*, down to *prevented now*, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*conſtant will*——] Seems a confirmation of *faſt* intent. JOHNSON.

Conſtant is *firm, determined. Conſtant will* is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The ſame epithet is uſed with the ſame meaning in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" ——elſe nothing in the world
" Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
" Of any *conſtant* man." STEEVENS.

[3] *Since now* &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[4] *Where merit doth moſt challenge it.*] The folio reads:

Where nature *doth* with *merit challenge*:

i. e. where the claim of *merit* is ſuperadded to that of *nature*; or where a ſuperiour degree of *natural filial affection* is joined to the claim of other *merits*. STEEVENS.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life,[5] with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable;
Beyond all manner of ſo much[6] I love you.

Cor. What ſhall Cordelia do?[7] Love, and be ſilent. [*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, even from this line to this,

[5] Gon. *Sir, I*
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,——
No leſs than life,] So, in Holinſhed: "—he firſt aſked Gonorilla the eldeſt, how well ſhe loved him; who calling hir gods to record, proteſted that *ſhe loved him more than her own life*, which by right and reaſon ſhould be moſt deere unto hir. With which anſwer the father being well pleaſed, turned to the ſecond, and demanded of hir how well ſhe loved him; who anſwered (confirming hir faieings with great othes,) that ſhe loved him more than toong could expreſſe, and farre above all other creatures of the world.

Then called he his youngeſt daughter Cordeilla before him, and aſked hir, what account ſhe made of him; unto whom ſhe made this anſwer as followeth: Knowing the great love and fatherlie zeale that you have alwaies born towards me, (for the which I maie not anſwere you otherwiſe than I thinke and as my conſcience leadeth me,) I proteſt unto you that I have loved you ever, and will continuallie (while I live) love you as my natural father. And if you would more underſtand of the love I bear you, aſcertain your ſelfe, that ſo much as you have, ſo much you are worth, and ſo much I love you, and no more." MALONE.

[6] *Beyond all manner of ſo much*—] Beyond all aſſignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot ſay it is *ſo much*, for how much ſoever I ſhould name, it would be yet more. JOHNSON.

Thus Rowe, in his *Fair Penitent*, ſc. i:
"——I can only
"Swear you reign here, *but never tell how much.*" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*do?*] So the quarto; the folio has *ſpeak.* JOHNSON.

With ſhadowy foreſts and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers [8] and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's iſſue
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.[9]

Reg. I am made [2] of that ſelf metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me [3] at her worth. In my true heart
I find, ſhe names my very deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort,—that I profeſs [4]

[8] ——*and with champains* rich'd,
With plenteous rivers ——] Theſe words are omitted in the quartos. To *rich* is an obſolete verb. It is uſed by Tho. Drant in his tranſlation of Horace's *Epiſtles*, 1567:
"To *ritch* his country, let his words lyke flowing water fall."
STEEVENS.

Rich'd is uſed for *enriched*, as *'tice* for *entice*, *'bate* for *abate*, *ſtrain* for *conſtrain*, &c. M. MASON.

[9] ——*Speak.*] Thus the quartos. This word is not in the folio. MALONE.

[2] *I am made* &c.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir*, I am made of *the ſelf-ſame* metal *that my ſiſter is.* STEEVENS.

[3] *And prize me at her worth.* &c.] I believe this paſſage ſhould rather be pointed thus:

And prize me at her worth, in my true heart
I find, ſhe names, &c.

That is, *And* ſo may you *prize me at her worth*, as *in my true heart I find*, that *ſhe names*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I believe we ſhould read:
"And prize *you* at her worth;"
That is, ſet the ſame high value upon you that ſhe does.
M. MASON.

Prize me at her worth, perhaps means, *I think myſelf as worthy of your favour as ſhe is.* HENLEY.

[4] *Only ſhe comes too ſhort,*—that *I profeſs* &c.] *That* ſeems to ſtand without relation, but is referred to *find*, the firſt conjunction being inaccurately ſuppreſſed. I find *that* ſhe names my deed, I *find* that I profeſs, &c. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is this:—"My ſiſter has equally expreſſed my ſentiments, only ſhe comes ſhort of me in this, that I profeſs myſelf an enemy to all joys but you."—*That I profeſs*, means, *in that I profeſs.* M. MASON.

Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes;[5]
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aſide.*
And yet not ſo; ſince, I am ſure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.[6]

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity,[7] and pleaſure,
Than that confirm'd[8] on Goneril.—Now, our joy,[9]

In that, i. e. *inaſmuch as*, I profeſs myſelf, &c. Thus the folio. The quartos read:

" Only ſhe *came ſhort*, that I profeſs," &c. Malone.

[5] *Which the moſt precious* ſquare *of ſenſe poſſeſſes*;] Perhaps *ſquare* means only *compaſs, comprehenſion.* Johnson.

So, in a *Paræneſis to the Prince*, by lord Sterline, 1604:

" The *ſquare* of reaſon, and the mind's clear eye."

Golding in his verſion of the 6th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis tranſlates

——quotieſque rogabat
Ex juſto—
" As oft as he demanded *out of ſquare.*"

i. e. what was unreaſonable. Steevens.

I believe that Shakſpeare uſes *ſquare* for the full complement of all the ſenſes. Edwards.

[6] *More* richer *than* my *tongue.*] The quarto's thus: the folio—more *ponderous.* Steevens.

We ſhould read—*their tongue*, meaning her ſiſters. Warburton.

I think the preſent reading right. Johnson.

[7] *No leſs in ſpace, validity,*] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. Warburton.

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: " The countenance of your friend is of leſs value than his councel, yet both of very ſmall *validity.*" Steevens.

[8] ——*confirm'd*——] The folio reads, *conferr'd.* Steevens.

[9] ——*Now, our joy*, &c.] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads:

Although the laſt, not leaſt;[2] to whoſe young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be intereſs'd;[3] what can you ſay, to draw[4]
A third more opulent than your ſiſters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.[5]

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: ſpeak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave

—— *But* now our joy,
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our dear love,
What can you ſay to win a third, &c.
The folio:
—— Now our joy,
Although our laſt, *and* leaſt; to whoſe young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be int'reſs'd. *What can you ſay*, &c. JOHNSON.

[2] *Although the laſt, not leaſt*; &c.] So, in the old anonymous play, King Leir ſpeaking to Mumford:

" —— to thee laſt of all;
" Not greeted laſt, 'cauſe thy deſert was ſmall."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, written before 1593:

" The *third* and *laſt, not leaſt*, in our account." MALONE.

[3] *Strive to be* intereſs'd;] So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion*: " —— there is ſcarce any of the nobilitie, or gentry of this land, but he is ſome way or other by his blood *intereſſed* therein."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus*:

" Our ſacred laws and juſt authority
" Are *intereſs'd* therein."

To *intereſt* and to *intereſſe*, are not, perhaps, different ſpellings of the ſame verb, but are two diſtinct words though of the ſame import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *intereſſer*. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *to draw* —] The quarto reads—what can you ſay, *to win*. STEEVENS.

[5] Lear. *Nothing?*
Cor. *Nothing.*] Theſe two ſpeeches are wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

My heart into my mouth: I love your majeſty
According to my bond; nor more, nor leſs.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia?[6] mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return thoſe duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? Haply, when I ſhall wed,[7]
That lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all.[8]

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?[9]

[6] How, how, *Cordelia?*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*Go to, go to.* Steevens.

[7] —— *Haply, when I ſhall wed,* &c.] So, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates,* 1587, Cordila ſays:

" —Nature ſo doth bind and me compell
" To love you as I ought, my father, well;
" Yet ſhortly I may chance, if fortune will,
" To find in heart to bear another more good will:
" Thus much I ſaid of nuptial loves that meant."

Steevens.

See alſo the quotation from Camden's *Remaines,* near the end of the firſt note on this play. [p. 2.] Malone.

[8] *To love my father all.*] Theſe words are reſtored from the firſt edition, without which the ſenſe was not complete. Pope.

[9] *But goes this with thy heart?*] Thus the quartos, and thus I have no doubt Shakſpeare wrote, this kind of inverſion occurring often in his plays, and in the contemporary writers. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —and make your houſe our Tower."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——That many may be meant
" By the fool multitude."

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and ſo untender?[2]

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be ſo,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the ſacred radiance of the ſun;
The myſteries of Hecate,[3] and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this,[4] for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[5] meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my ſometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

See Vol. V. p. 456. n. 2.

The editor of the folio, not underſtanding this kind of phraſeology, ſubſtituted the more common form—But goes *thy heart with this?* as in the next line he reads, Ay, *my good* lord, inſtead of—Ay, *good my lord*, the reading of the quartos, and the conſtant language of Shakſpeare. Malone.

[2] *So young, and ſo untender?*] So, in Shakſpeare's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Ah me, quoth Venus, *young, and ſo unkind?*"

Malone.

[3] *The myſteries of Hecate,*] The quartos have *miſtreſs*, the folio—*miſteries*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, who likewiſe ſubſtituted *operations* in the next line for *operation*, the reading of the original copies. Malone.

[4] *Hold thee, from this,*] i. e. from this time. Steevens.

[5] ——*generation*—] i. e. his children. Malone.

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her moſt,[6] and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery.—Hence, and avoid my
ſight!— [*To* Cordelia.[7]
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who
ſtirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt this third:
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majeſty. Ourſelf, by monthly
courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we ſtill retain[8]

[6] *I lov'd her moſt,*] So Holinſhed: "——which daughters he greatly loved, but eſpecially Cordeilla, the youngeſt, farre above the two elder." Malone.

[7] [*To Cordelia.*] As Mr. Heath ſuppoſes, *to Kent.* For in the next words Lear ſends for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. Steevens.

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, that Kent did not yet deſerve ſuch treatment from the King, as the only words he had uttered were "Good my liege." Reed.

Surely ſuch quick tranſitions or inconſiſtencies, which ever they are called, are perfectly ſuited to Lear's character. I have no doubt that the direction now given is right. Kent has hitherto ſaid nothing that could extort even from the cholerick king ſo harſh a ſentence, having only interpoſed in the mildeſt manner. Afterwards indeed, when he remonſtrates with more freedom, and calls Lear a madman, the king exclaims—"Out of my ſight!" Malone.

[8] ——*Only we* ſtill *retain*—] Thus the quarto. Folio: we *ſhall* retain. Malone.

The name, and all the additions to a king;[9]
The ſway,
Revenue, execution of the reſt,[2]
Beloved ſons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,[3]—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,[4]

[9] ——*all the* additions *to a king*;] All the titles belonging to a king. See Vol. XI. p. 309, n. 7. Malone.

[2] ——*execution of the reſt*,] The *execution of the reſt* is, I ſuppoſe, *all the other buſineſs*. Johnson.

[3] *As my great patron thought on in my prayers*,] An alluſion to the cuſtom of clergymen praying for their patrons, in what is commonly called the bidding prayer. Henley.

See alſo note to the epilogue to *King Henry IV.* Part II. Vol. IX. p. 254, n. 3. Reed.

[4] *Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak*, &c.] I have given this paſſage according to the old folio, from which the modern editions have ſilently departed, for the ſake of better numbers, with a degree of inſincerity, which, if not ſometimes detected and cenſured, muſt impair the credit of ancient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much miſchief may be done by ſuch clandeſtine alterations. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reſerve thy ſtate*, it gives, *reverſe thy doom*, and has *ſtoops*, inſtead of *falls to folly*. The meaning of *anſwer my life my judgement*, is, *Let my life be anſwerable for my judgement*, or, *I will ſtake my life on my opinion*.—The reading which, without any right, has poſſeſſed all the modern copies is this:

When power to flattery bows? To plainneſs honour's bound,
When majeſty ſtoops to folly. Reverſe thy doom;
And, in thy beſt conſideration, check
This hideous raſhneſs: anſwer my life my judgement,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs[5] no hollowneſs.

LEAR. Kent, on thy life, no more.

KENT. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thine enemies;[6] nor fear to loſe it,

—— to plainneſs honour
Is bound, when majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy ſtate; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverſe thy doom* was Shakſpeare's firſt reading, as more appoſite to the preſent occaſion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reſerve thy ſtate*, which conduces more to the progreſs of the action. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quartos. *Reſerve* was formerly uſed for *preſerve*. So, in our poet's 52d Sonnet:

" *Reſerve* them for my love, not for their rhymes."

MALONE.

[5] *Reverbs* ——] This is perhaps a word of the poet's own making, meaning the ſame as *reverberates*. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *a pawn*

To wage againſt *thine enemies*;] i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the poſſeſſion not the property; and which was entruſted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war againſt your enemies.

To *wage againſt* is an expreſſion uſed in a letter from Guil. Webbe to Rob[t]. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592: " —— you ſhall not be able to *wage againſt* me in the charges growing upon this action." STEEVENS.

My life &c.] That is, I never conſidered my life as of more value than that of the commoneſt of your ſubjects. A *pawn* in

Thy ſafety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my ſight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.[7]

Lear. Now, by Apollo,[8]—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vaſſal! miſcreant!
[*laying his hand on his ſword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear ſir, forbear.[9]

Kent. Do;
Kill thy phyſician, and the fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe. Revoke thy gift;[2]
Or, whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.

cheſs is a *common man*, in contradiſtinction to the *knight*; and Shakſpeare has ſeveral alluſions to this game, particularly in *King John*:

"Who painfully with much expedient march,
"Have brought a *counter-check* before your gates."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"Therefore take heed how you *impawn* our perſon."

HENLEY.

[7] *The true* blank *of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the *white* or exact mark at which the arrow is ſhot. *See better*, ſays Kent, *and keep me always in your view.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 557, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] ——*by* Apollo,——] Bladud, Lear's father, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, attempting to fly, fell on *the temple of Apollo*, and was killed. This circumſtance our author muſt have noticed, both in Holinſhed's *Chronicle* and *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*. MALONE.

Are we to underſtand from this circumſtance, that the *ſon* ſwears by *Apollo*, becauſe the *father* broke his neck on the temple of that deity? STEEVENS.

[9] *Dear ſir, forbear.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*thy gift*;] The quartos read—*thy doom*. STEEVENS.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durſt never yet,) and, with ſtrain'd pride,[3]
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power;[4]
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good,[4] take thy reward.

[3] ——ſtrain'd *pride*,] The oldeſt copy reads—*ſtrayed pride*; that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride paſſing due bounds. Johnson.

[4] *To come betwixt our ſentence and our* power;] *Power*, for execution of the ſentence. Warburton.

Rather, as Mr. Edwards obſerves, *our power to execute that ſentence*. Stevens.

[5] (*Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,*)
Our potency made *good*,] *As thou haſt come with unreaſonable pride between the* ſentence *which I had paſſed, and the* power *by which I ſhall execute it*, take thy reward *in another ſentence which ſhall* make good, *ſhall eſtabliſh, ſhall maintain*, that power.

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good*, relates only to *our place*.—Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place*, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is eaſy and clear.—Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very juſt obſervation of life, made to entangle himſelf with vows, upon any ſudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability. Johnson.

In my opinion, *made*, the reading of all the editions, but one of the quartos (which reads *make good*) is right. Lear had juſt delegated his power to Albany and Cornwall, contenting himſelf with only the name and all the additions of a king. He could therefore have *no power* to inflict on Kent the puniſhment which he thought he deſerved. *Our potency made good* ſeems to me only this: *They to whom I have yielded my power and authority, yielding me the ability to diſpenſe it in this inſtance, take thy reward.* Stevens.

The meaning, I think, is, As a proof that I am not a mere threatner, that I have power as well as will to puniſh, take the due reward of thy demerits; hear thy ſentence. The words *our potency made good* are in the abſolute caſe.

Five days we do allot thee, for proviſion
To ſhield thee from diſeaſes of the world;[6]
And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,[7]
This ſhall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: ſince thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence,[8] and baniſhment is here.—
The gods to their dear ſhelter[9] take thee, maid,
[*To* Cordelia.

In *Othello* we have again nearly the ſame language:

" My *ſpirit* and my *place* have in them *power*
" To make this bitter to thee." Malone.

[6] *To ſhield thee from* diſeaſes *of the world*;] Thus the quartos. The folio has *diſaſters*. The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor, in conſequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diſeaſes*, in old language, meant the ſlighter inconveniencies, troubles, or diſtreſſes of the world. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. IX. p. 575, n. 4:

" And in that eaſe I'll tell thee my *diſeaſe*."

Again, in *A Woman kill'd with kindneſs*, by T. Heywood, 1617:

" Fie, fie, that for my private buſineſſe
" I ſhould *diſeaſe* a friend, and be a trouble
" To the whole houſe."

The proviſion that Kent could make in five days, might in ſome meaſure guard him againſt the *diſeaſes* of the world, but could not ſhield him from its *diſaſters*. Malone.

Which word be retained is, in my opinion, quite immaterial. Such recollection as an interval of five days will afford to a conſiderate perſon, may ſurely enable him in ſome degree to provide againſt the *diſaſters*, (i. e. the calamities,) *of the* world. Steevens.

[7] —— *By Jupiter*,] Shakſpeare makes his Lear too much a mythologiſt: he had Hecate and Apollo before. Johnson.

[8] Freedom *lives hence*,] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendſhip* lives hence. Steevens.

[9] —— *dear ſhelter* —] The quartos read—*protection*. Steevens.

That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid![2]—
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.
That good effects may ſpring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll ſhape his old courſe[3] in a country new.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER; *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

GLO. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My lord of Burgundy,
We firſt addreſs towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the leaſt,
Will you require in preſent dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?[4]

BUR. Moſt royal majeſty,
I crave no more than hath your highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.

[2] *That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

That *rightly* thinks, and haſt moſt *juſtly* ſaid. MALONE.

[3] *He'll ſhape his old courſe*—] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the ſame principles. JOHNSON.

——adieu;

He'll ſhape his *old* courſe *in a country* new.] There is an odd coincidence between this paſſage, and another in *The Battell of Alcazar* &c. 1594:

"——*adue*;

"For here Tom Stukley *ſhapes his courſe anue.*"

STEEVENS.

[4] ——queſt *of love?*] *Queſt of love* is *amorous expedition.* The term originated from Romance. A queſt was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phraſe is often to be met with in *The Faëry Queen.* STEEVENS.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When ſhe was dear to us, we did hold her ſo;[5]
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands;
If aught within that little, ſeeming[6] ſubſtance,
Or all of it, with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.

Bur. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,[7]
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal ſir;
Election makes not up on ſuch conditions.[8]

[5] ——*we did hold her* ſo;] We eſteemed her worthy of that dowry, which, as you ſay, we promiſed to give her. Malone.

[6] ——*ſeeming*—] is *beautiful.* Johnson.

Seeming rather means *ſpecious.* So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

"——pluck the borrow'd veil of modeſty from the ſo *ſeeming* miſtreſs Page."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"——hence ſhall we ſee,
"If power change purpoſe, what our *ſeemers* be."
Steevens.

[7] ——*owes,*] i. e. is poſſeſſed of. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"All the power this charm doth *owe.*" Steevens.

[8] *Election makes* not up *on ſuch conditions.*] To *make up* ſignifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain*; but in this ſenſe it has, I think, always the ſubject noun after it. To *make up*, in familiar language, is neutrally, *to come forward*, to *make advances*, which, I think, is meant here. Johnson.

I ſhould read the line thus:——
Election makes not, *upon* ſuch conditions. M. Mason.

Election makes not up, I conceive, means, *Election comes not to a*

Lear. Then leave her, ſir; for, by the power
that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* France.
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.

France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, that even but now was your beſt object,
The argument of your praiſe, balm of your age,
Moſt beſt, moſt deareſt,[9] ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it,[2] or your fore-vouch'd affection

deciſion; in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay, "I have *made up* my mind on that ſubject."

In *Cymbeline* this phraſe is uſed, as here, for *finiſhed, completed:*

"——Being ſcarce *made up*,
"I mean, to man,"— &c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

"——remain aſſur'd,
"That he's a *made up* villain."

In all theſe places the alluſion is to a piece of work completed by a tradeſman.

The paſſages juſt cited ſhow that the text is right, and that our poet did not write, as ſome have propoſed to read,

Election makes not, *upon* ſuch conditions. Malone.

9 Moſt *beſt*, moſt *deareſt*;] Thus the quartos. The folios read—
The *beſt*, the *deareſt*.—— Steevens.

We have juſt had *more worthier*, and in a preceding paſſage *more richer*. The ſame phraſeology is found often in theſe plays and in the contemporary writings. Malone.

2 ——ſuch *unnatural degree*,
That *monſters it*,] This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *Coriolanus:*

Fall into taint: [3] which to believe of her,
Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Could never plant in me.

" But with *ſuch* words *that* are but rooted in
" Your tongue."

Again, *ibidem*:

" —— No, not with *ſuch* friends,
" *That* thought them ſure of you."

Three of the modern editors, however, in the paſſage before us, have ſubſtituted *As* for *That*. MALONE.

That monſters *it*,] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. ii:

" To hear my nothings *monſter'd*." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*or your fore*-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint:] The common books read:

——or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'*n* into taint:——

This line has no clear or ſtrong ſenſe, nor is this reading authorized by any copy, though it has crept into all the late editions. The early quarto reads:

—— or *you*, *for* vouch'd *affections*
Fall'n into taint,

The folio:

—— or *your fore*-vouch'd *affection*
Fall into taint.

Taint is uſed for *corruption* and for *diſgrace*. If therefore we take the oldeſt reading it may be reformed thus:

—— ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it; or you for vouch'd affection
Fall into taint.

Her offence muſt be prodigious, or *you* muſt *fall into reproach* for having *vouched affection* which you did not feel. If the reading of the folio be preferred, we may with a very ſlight change produce the ſame ſenſe:

—— ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Falls into taint.——

That is, *falls into reproach* or *cenſure*. But there is another poſſible ſenſe. *Or* ſignifies *before*, and *or ever* is *before ever*; the meaning in the folio may therefore be, *Sure her crime muſt be monſtrous* before *your affection can be affected with hatred*. Let the

Cor. I yet beſeech your majeſty,
(If for I want [4] that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;

reader determine.——As I am not much a friend to conjectural emendation, I ſhould prefer the latter ſenſe, which requires no change of reading. JOHNSON.

The meaning of the paſſage as I have printed it [*fall'n* into taint] is, I think, Either her offence *muſt be* monſtrous, or, if ſhe has not committed any ſuch offence, the affection which you always profeſſed to have for her *muſt be tainted* and *decayed*, and is now without reaſon alienated from her.

I once thought the reading of the quartos right,—or *you, for* vouch'd affections, &c. i. e. on account of the extravagant profeſſions made by her ſiſters: but I did not recollect that France had not heard theſe. However, Shakſpeare might himſelf have forgot this circumſtance. The plural *affections* favours this interpretation.

The interpretation already given, appears to me to be ſupported by our author's words in another place:

"When *love* begins to ſicken and *decay*," &c. MALONE.

The preſent reading which is that of the folio, is right; and the ſenſe will be clear, without even the ſlight amendment propoſed by Johnſon, to every reader who ſhall conſider the word *muſt*, as referring to *fall* as well as to *be*. Her offence *muſt* be monſtrous, or the former affection which you profeſſed for her, muſt *fall* into taint; that is, become the ſubject of reproach. M. MASON.

Taint is a term belonging to falconry. So, in *The Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "A *taint* is a thing that goeth overthwart the fethers, &c. like as it were eaten with wormes." STEEVENS.

4 *If* for *I want* &c.] If this be my offence, that I want the glib and oily art, &c. MALONE.

For has the power of—*becauſe*. Thus, in p. 32:

"*For* that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moonſhines
"Lag of a brother." STEEVENS.

A ſtill-ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

LEAR. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

FRANCE. Is it but this?[4] a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What ſay you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with reſpects,[5] that ſtand
Aloof from the entire point.[6] Will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry.[7]

BUR. Royal Lear,[8]
Give but that portion which yourſelf propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Ducheſs of Burgundy.

LEAR. Nothing: I have ſworn; I am firm.

BUR. I am ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

COR. Peace be with Burgundy!

[4] *Is it but this?* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos, diſregarding metre,—
Is it no more *but this?* &c. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*with* reſpects,] i. e. with cautious and prudential conſiderations. See Vol. XI. p. 284, n. 6.
Thus the quartos. The folio has—*regards.* MALONE.

[6] ——*from the entire point.*] Single, unmixed with other conſiderations. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is right. The meaning of the paſſage is, that his love wants ſomething to mark its ſincerity;
" Who ſeeks for aught in love but love alone."
STEEVENS.

[7] *She is herſelf* a dowry.] The quartos read:
She is herſelf *and dower.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Royal Lear,*] So, the quarto; the folio has—*Royal king.*
STEEVENS.

Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being poor;
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect.—
Thy dowerleſs daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou loſeſt here,[9] a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, *and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your ſiſters.

Cor. The jewels[2] of our father, with waſh'd eyes

[9] *Thou loſeſt here,*] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns. Thou loſeſt this reſidence to find a better reſidence in another place. Johnson.

So, in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1592:

"That growes not here, takes roote in other *where*."

See note on *The Comedy of Errors*, Vol. VII. p. 226, n. 3. Steevens.

[2] The *jewels* ——] As this reading affords ſenſe, though an aukward one, it may ſtand: and yet *Ye* inſtead of *The*, a change adopted by former editors, may be juſtified; it being frequently

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Uſe well our father:[2]
To your profeſſed boſoms[3] I commit him:
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Preſcribe not us our duties.[4]

Reg. Let your ſtudy
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms.[5] You have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.[6]

impoſſible, in ancient MSS. to diſtinguiſh the one word from the cuſtomary abbreviation of the other. STEEVENS.

[2] —— Uſe *well our father:*] So the quartos. The folio reads—*Love* well. MALONE.

[3] —— profeſſed *boſoms*—] All the ancient editions read—*profeſſed.* Mr. Pope—*profeſſing*; but, perhaps, unneceſſarily, as Shakſpeare often uſes one participle for the other;—*longing* for *longed* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra.* STEEVENS.

[4] Preſcribe *not us our duties.*] *Preſcribe* was uſed formerly without *to* ſubjoined. So, in Maſſinger's *Picture:*

" —Shall I *preſcribe you,*
" Or blame your fondneſs." MALONE.

[5] *At* fortune's alms.] The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *Othello:*

" And ſhoot myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
" To *fortune's alms.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] You are well deſerving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in the third part of *King Henry VI.* Act IV. ſc. i: " Though I *want* a kingdom," i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 137: " Anſelm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his biſhoprick," i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

Thus the folio. In the quartos the tranſcriber or compoſitor inadvertently repeated the word *worth.* They read:

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning[7] hides;
Who cover faults,[8] at laſt ſhame them derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* France *and* Cordelia.

Gon. Siſter, it is not a little I have to ſay, of what moſt nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted.
This, however, may be explained by underſtanding the ſecond *worth* in the ſenſe of *wealth.* Malone.

[7] —— plaited *cunning* —] i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning. Johnson.

I once thought that the author wrote *plated*:—cunning *ſuperinduced*, thinly ſpread over. So, in this play:
" —— *Plate* ſin with gold,
" And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks."
But the word *unfold*, and the following lines in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, ſhow, that *plaited*, or (as the quartos have it) *pleated*, is the true reading:
" For that he colour'd with his high eſtate,
" Hiding baſe ſin in *pleats* of majeſty." Malone.

[8] *Who cover faults*, &c.] The quartos read,
Who *covers* faults, at laſt *ſhame them* derides.
The former editors read with the folio:
Who *covers* faults at laſt with ſhame derides. Steevens.

Mr. M. Maſon believes the folio, with the alteration of a letter, to be the right reading:
Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who *covert* faults at laſt with ſhame derides.
The word *who* referring to *time*.
In the third Act, Lear ſays:
" —— Caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
" That under *covert*, and convenient ſeeming,
" Haſt practis'd on man's life." Reed.

In this paſſage Cordelia is made to allude to a paſſage in Scripture: *Prov.* xxviii. 13. " He that *covereth* his ſins ſhall not *proſper*: but whoſo confeſſeth and forſaketh them, ſhall have mercy. Henley.

Reg. That's moſt certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is; the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our ſiſter moſt; and with what poor judgement he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſsly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,[9] but, therewithal, the unruly waywardneſs that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's baniſhment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit[2] together: If our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſitions as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' the heat.[3]

[*Exeunt.*

[9] —— *of long-engrafted* condition,] i. e. of *qualities* of mind, confirmed by long habit, So, in *Othello:* "—a woman of ſo gentle a *condition!*" See alſo Vol. IX. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] —— *let us* hit—] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us* fit. JOHNSON.

—— *let us* hit—] i. e. let us *agree.* STEEVENS.

[3] —— *i' the heat.*] i. e. We muſt *ſtrike while the iron's hot.* STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

EDM. Thou, nature, art my goddeſs;[4] to thy law
My ſervices are bound: Wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom;[5] and permit

[4] *Thou, nature, art my goddeſs*;] Edmund only ſpeaks of *nature* in oppoſition to *cuſtom*, and not (as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes) to the exiſtence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *cuſtom* or *law* had preſcribed, ſo he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldeſt and the youngeſt.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's aſſertion yet more ſtrongly, Edmund concludes this very ſpeech by an invocation to heaven.

"Now *gods* ſtand up for baſtards!" STEEVENS.

Edmund calls *nature* his goddeſs, for the ſame reaſon that we call a baſtard a *natural* ſon: one, who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to thoſe of civil ſociety is *nullius filius*. M. MASON.

[5] *Stand in the* plague *of cuſtom*;] The word *plague* is in all the old copies: I can ſcarcely think it right, nor can I yet reconcile myſelf to *plage*, the emendation propoſed by Dr. Warburton, though I have nothing better to offer. JOHNSON.

The meaning is plain, though oddly expreſſed. Wherefore ſhould I acquieſce, ſubmit tamely to the plagues and injuſtice of cuſtom?

Shakſpeare ſeems to mean by the *plague of cuſtom*, Wherefore ſhould I remain in a ſituation where I ſhall be plagued and tormented only in conſequence of the contempt with which cuſtom regards thoſe who are not the iſſue of a lawful bed? Dr. Warburton defines *plage* to be *the place, the country, the boundary* of cuſtom; a word, I believe, to be found only in Chaucer.

STEEVENS.

The curioſity of nations [6] to deprive me,[7]
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines

[6] *The* curioſity *of nations* ——] *Curioſity*, in the time of Shakſpeare, was a word that ſignified *an over-nice ſcrupuloſneſs* in manners, dreſs, &c. In this ſenſe it is uſed in Timon. "When thou waſt (ſays Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much *curioſity*." Barrett in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: ſomething too curious, or too much affectated:* and again in this play of *King Lear*, Shakſpeare ſeems to uſe it in the ſame ſenſe, "which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curioſity*." *Curioſity* is the old reading, which Mr. Theobald changed into *courteſy*, though the former is uſed by Beaumont and Fletcher, with the meaning for which I contend.

It is true, that Orlando, in *As You Like It*, ſays: "The *courteſy* of nations allows you my better; but Orlando is not there inveighing againſt the law of primogeniture, but only againſt the unkind advantage his brother takes of it, and *courteſy* is a word that fully ſuits the occaſion. Edmund, on the contrary, is turning this law into ridicule; and for ſuch a purpoſe, the *curioſity of nations*, (i. e. the idle, nice diſtinctions of the world) is a phraſe of contempt much more natural in his mouth, than the ſofter expreſſion of—*courteſy of nations*. STEEVENS.

Curioſity is uſed before in the preſent play, in this ſenſe: "For *equalities* are ſo weighed, that *curioſity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety."

Again, in *All's Well that ends well:*

"Frank nature, rather *curious* than in haſte,
"Hath well compos'd thee."

In THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, *or Interpreter of hard Words*, by H. Cockeram, 8vo. 1655, *Curioſity* is defined—"More diligence than needs." MALONE.

By "the *curioſity* of nations" Edmund means the *nicety*, the *ſtrictneſs* of civil inſtitution. So, when Hamlet is about to prove that the duſt of Alexander might be employed to ſtop a bung-hole, Horatio ſays, "that were to conſider the matter too *curiouſly*."

M. MASON

[7] ——*to* deprive *me*,] To *deprive* was, in our author's time, ſynonymous to *diſinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exhæredo* by this word: and Holinſhed ſpeaks of *the line of Henry before* deprived.

Lag of a brother?[8] Why baſtard? wherefore baſe?
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt madam's iſſue? Why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature,[9] take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween aſleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I muſt have your land:
Our father's love is to the baſtard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. III. ch. xvi:
" To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye ſhall reſtore again."
Again, *ibid:*
" The one reſtored, for his late *depriving* nothing mov'd."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs againſt the tyranny of cuſtom, in two inſtances, with reſpect to younger brothers, and to baſtards. In the former he muſt not be underſtood to mean himſelf, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is ſaid, *Wherefore ſhould I or any man.* HANMER.

[9] *Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature,* &c.] How much the following lines are in character, may be ſeen by that monſtrous wiſh of Vanini, the Italian atheiſt, in his tract *De admirandis Naturæ*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died. " *O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum eſſem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei* in venerem incaluiſſent ardentius, *ac* cumulatim affatimque generoſa ſemina contuliſſent, *è quibus ego formæ blanditiam & elegantiam, robuſtas corporis vires, mentemque innubilem conſequutus fuiſſem. At quia* conjugatorum ſum ſoboles, his orbatus ſum bonis." Had the book been publiſhed but ten or twenty years ſooner, who would not have believed that Shakſpeare alluded to thi aſſage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what ſuch an atheiſt as Vanini would ſay, when he wrote upon ſuch a ſubject. WARBURTON.

And my invention thrive, Edmund the baſe
Shall top the legitimate.[2] I grow; I proſper:—
Now, gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

[2] *Shall* top *the legitimate.*] Here the Oxford editor would ſhow us that he is as good at coining phraſes as his author, and ſo alters the text thus:

Shall *toe* th' legitimate.——

i. e. ſays he, *ſtand on even ground with him*, as he would do with his author. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer's emendation will appear very plauſible to him that ſhall conſult the original reading. The quartos read:

—— Edmund the baſe
Shall *tooth'* legitimate.——

The folio,

—— Edmund the baſe
Shall *to th'* legitimate.——

Hanmer, therefore, could hardly be charged with coining a word, though his explanation may be doubted. To *toe* him, is perhaps to *kick* him *out*, a phraſe yet in vulgar uſe; or, to *toe*, may be literally to *ſupplant*. The word *be* [which ſtands in ſome editions] has no authority. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read,—Shall *top* the legitimate.

I have received this emendation, becauſe the ſucceeding expreſſion, I *grow*, ſeems to favour it, and becauſe our poet uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Hamlet*:

" —— ſo far he *topp'd* my thought," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— Not in the legions
" Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
" In evils to *top* Macbeth."

A paſſage in *Hamlet* adds ſome ſupport to *toe*, Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading: " —for the *toe* of the peaſant *comes ſo near to the heel of the courtier, that he galls his kybe.*"

In Devonſhire, as Sir Joſhua Reynolds obſerves to me, " to *toe* a thing up, is, to tear it up by the roots; in which ſenſe the word is perhaps uſed here; for Edmund immediately adds—I *grow*, I proſper." MALONE.

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. Kent baniſh'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! ſubſcrib'd his power![3]
Confin'd to exhibition![4] All this done
Upon the gad![5]——Edmund! How now? what news?

EDM. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none.
[*putting up the letter.*

GLO. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

EDM. I know no news, my lord.

[3] ——ſubſcrib'd *his power!*] To ſubſcribe, is, to transfer by ſigning or *ſubſcribing* a writing of teſtimony. We now uſe the term, He *ſubſcribed* forty pounds to the new building. JOHNSON.

To *ſubſcribe* in Shakſpeare is to *yield*, or *ſurrender*. So, afterwards: "—You owe me no *ſubſcription*." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"For Hector in his blaze of wrath *ſubſcribes*
"To tender objects." MALONE.

The folio reads—*preſcribed*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*exhibition!*] is *allowance*. The term is yet uſed in the univerſities. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"What maintenance he from his friends receives,
"Like *exhibition* thou ſhalt have from me." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*All this done*
Upon the gad!] *To* do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the ſudden ſtimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are ſtung by the gad fly. JOHNSON.

Done upon the gad is done ſuddenly, or, as before, while the *iron is hot*. A *gad* is an *iron bar*. So, in *I'll never leave thee*, a Scottiſh ſong, by Allan Ramſay:

"Bid iceſhogles hammer red *gads* on the ſtuddy."

The ſtatute of 2 and 3 Eliz. 6. c. 27. is a "Bill againſt falſe forging of iron *gadds*, inſtead of *gadds* of ſteel." RITSON.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible deſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee: Come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, ſir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for ſo much as I have peruſed, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, ſir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay or taſte of my virtue.[6]

Glo. [reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age,*[7] *makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps*

[6] —— taſte *of my virtue.*] Though *taſte* may ſtand in this place, yet I believe we ſhould read—*aſſay* or *teſt* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet:*

" Bring me to the *teſt.*" JOHNSON.

Eſſay and *Taſte*, are both terms from royal tables. See note on Act V. ſc. iii. Mr. Henley obſerves, that in the eaſtern parts of this kingdom the word *ſay* is ſtill retained in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Both the quartos and folio have *eſſay*, which may have been merely a mis-ſpelling of the word *aſſay*, which in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table*, 1604, is defined—" a proof or trial." But as *eſſay* is likewiſe defined by Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, " a trial," I have made no change.

To *aſſay* not only ſignified to make trial of coin, but to *taſte* before another; *prælibo*. In either ſenſe the word might be uſed here. MALONE.

[7] *This policy, and reverence of age,*] Butter's quarto has, *this*

our fortunes from us, till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond[8] *bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; who ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep till I waked him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,* Edgar.—Humph—Conſpiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him,—you ſhould enjoy half his revenue,*—My ſon Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but, in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

policy of age; the folio, *this policy* and reverence *of age.* Johnson.

The two quartos publiſhed by Butter, concur with the folio in reading *age.* Mr. Pope's duodecimo is the only copy that has *ages.* Steevens.

[8] —— *idle and fond* ——] Weak and fooliſh. Johnson.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, deteſted, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh!—Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhall run a certain courſe; where, if you[9] violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour,[2] and to no other pretence[3] of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by

[9] ——where, *if you*——] *Where* was formerly often uſed in the ſenſe of *whereas*. See Vol. X. p. 116, n. 2. Malone.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Vol. XIII. p. 409, n. 9:

"*Where* now you're both a father and a ſon."

See alſo Act II. ſc. iii. Steevens.

[2] ——*to your* honour,] It has been already obſerved that this was the uſual mode of addreſs to a lord in Shakſpeare's time. Malone.

See Vol. X. p. 572, where the Purſuivant uſes this addreſs to *Lord* Haſtings. Steevens.

[3] ——*pretence*——] *Pretence* is deſign, purpoſe. So, afterwards in this play:

"*Pretence* and purpoſe of unkindneſs. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"Againſt the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight
"Of treaſonous malice."

But of this, numberleſs examples can be ſhown; and I can venture to aſſert, with ſome degree of confidence, that Shakſpeare never uſes the word *pretence*, or *pretend*, in any other ſenſe. Steevens.

an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Edm.[4] Nor is not, ſure.

Glo. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, ſeek him out; wind me into him,[5] I pray you: frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom: I would unſtate myſelf, to be in a due reſolution.[6]

[4] *Edm.*] From *Nor is*, to *heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[5] ——*wind* me *into him*,] I once thought it ſhould be read, *you* into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phraſe, like *do* me *this*. Johnson.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—challenge *me* the duke's youth to fight with him." Inſtances of this phraſeology occur in *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Henry IV.* Part I. and in *Othello*. Steevens.

[6] ——*I would* unſtate *myſelf, to be in a due reſolution.*] i. e. I will throw aſide all conſideration of my relation to him, that I may act as juſtice requires. Warburton.

Such is this learned man's explanation. I take the meaning to be rather this, *Do you frame the buſineſs*, who can act with leſs emotion; *I would unſtate myſelf*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due reſolution*, to be ſettled and compoſed on ſuch an occaſion. The words *would* and *ſhould* are in old language often confounded. Johnson.

The ſame word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæſar will
"*Unſtate* his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to ſhow
"Againſt a ſworder."——

To *unſtate*, in both theſe inſtances, ſeems to have the ſame meaning. Edgar has been repreſented as wiſhing to poſſeſs his father's fortune, i. e. to *unſtate* him; and therefore his father ſays he would *unſtate* himſelf to be ſufficiently reſolved to puniſh him.

To *enſtate* is to *confer* a fortune. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

Edm. I will ſeek him, ſir, preſently; convey the buſineſs[7] as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

" —— his poſſeſſions
" We do *enſtate* and widow you withal." Steevens.

It ſeems to me, that *I would unſtate myſelf* in this paſſage means ſimply *I would give my eſtate* (including rank as well as fortune.) Tyrwhitt.

Both Warburton and Johnſon have miſtaken the ſenſe of this paſſage, and their explanations are ſuch as the words cannot poſſibly imply. Gloſter cannot bring himſelf thoroughly to believe what Edmund told him of Edgar. He ſays, " Can he be ſuch a monſter?" He afterwards deſires Edmund to ſound his intentions, and then ſays, he would give all he poſſeſſed to be certain of the truth; for that is the meaning of the words *to be in a due reſolution.*

Othello uſes the word *reſolved* in the ſame ſenſe more than once:

" —— to be once in doubt,
" Is—once to be *reſolved.*—"

In both which places, *to be reſolved* means, *to be certain* of the fact.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, Amintor ſays to Evadne:

" 'Tis not his crown
" Shall buy me to thy bed, now I *reſolve*
" He hath diſhonour'd thee."

And afterwards, in the ſame play, the King ſays:

" Well I am *reſolv'd*
" You lay not with her." M. Mason.

Though to *reſolve* in Shakſpeare's time certainly ſometimes meant to *ſatisfy*, *declare*, or *inform*, I have never found the ſubſtantive *reſolution* uſed in that ſenſe: and even had the word ever borne that ſenſe, the author could not have written—to be *in* a due reſolution, but muſt have written, " —*to attain* a due reſolution." Who ever wiſh'd " to be *in* due information" on any point? Malone.

Mr. Ritſon's explanation of the word—*reſolution*, concurs with that of Mr. M. Maſon. Steevens.

[7] —— convey *the buſineſs* ——] To *convey* is to *carry through*; in this place it is to *manage artfully*: we ſay of a juggler, that he has a clean *conveyance*. Johnson.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lyly, 1599: " Two, they ſay,

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wiſdom of nature[8] can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds itſelf ſcourged by the ſequent effects: love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd between ſon and father. * This villain[9] of mine comes under the prediction; there's ſon againſt father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time: Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders, follow us diſquietly to our graves! *—Find out this villain, Edmund; it ſhall loſe thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent baniſh'd! his offence, honeſty!—Strange! ſtrange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world![2]

may keep counſel if one be away; but to *convey* knavery two are too few, and four are too many."

Again, in *A mad World, my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1608:

" ——thus I've *convey'd* it;——

" I'll counterfeit a fit of violent ſickneſs." Steevens.

So, in Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæſar*, 1607:

" A circumſtance, or an indifferent thing,

" Doth oft mar all, when not with care *convey'd*."

Malone.

[8] ——*the wiſdom of nature*—] That is, though natural philoſophy can give account of eclipſes, yet we feel their conſequences. Johnson.

[9] *This villain*—] All from aſteriſk to aſteriſk is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[2] *This is the excellent foppery of the world!* &c.] In Shakſpeare's beſt plays, beſides the vices that ariſe from the ſubject, there is generally ſome peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempeſt*, the lying diſpoſition of travellers, and, in *As You Like It*, the fantaſtick humour of courtiers, is expoſed and ſatirized with infinite

that, when we are ſick in fortune, (often the forfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our

pleaſantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial aſtrology are ſeverely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its firſt performance well conſidered, it would be found that ſomething or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as theſe words ſeems to intimate; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.* However this be, an impious cheat, which had ſo little foundation in nature or reaſon, ſo deteſtable an original, and ſuch fatal conſequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time ſtrangely befotted with it, certainly deſerved the ſevereſt laſh of ſatire. It was a fundamental in this noble ſcience, that whatever ſeeds of good diſpoſitions the infant unborn might be endowed with either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any caſualty ſo accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant conſtellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities: ſo wretched and monſtrous an opinion did it ſet out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as moſt other unnatural crimes and follies of theſe latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the moſt deteſtable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponenſis, an Italian phyſician of the 13th century, aſſures us that thoſe prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a juſt indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradiſe Regained*, ſatirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting theſe reveries into the mouth of the devil.* Nor could the licentious Rabelais himſelf forbear to ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquiſite addreſs and humour, where, in the fable which he ſo agreeably tells from Æſop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loſs of his hatchet, he makes thoſe who, on the poor man's good ſucceſs, had projected to trick Jupiter by the ſame petition, a kind of aſtrologick atheiſts, who aſcribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of ſome rare conjunction and configuration of the ſtars. "Hen, hen, diſent ils—Et doncques, telle eſt au temps preſent la revolution des Cieulx, la conſtellation des Aſtres, & aſpect des Planetes, que quiconque coignée perdra, ſoubdain deviendra ainſi riche?"——*Nou. Prol. du IV. Livre.*——

* Book IV. v. 383.

diſaſters, the ſun, the moon, and the ſtars: as if we were villains by neceſſity; fools, by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,[3] by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on: An admirable evaſion of whoremaſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the

But to return to Shakſpeare. So blaſphemous a deluſion, therefore, it became the honeſty of our poet to expoſe. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was therefore to be done obliquely; and the circumſtances of the ſcene furniſhed him with as good an opportunity as he could wiſh. The perſons in the drama are all Pagans, ſo that as, in compliance to cuſtom, his good characters were not to ſpeak ill of judicial aſtrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expoſe it the more, he with great judgement, makes theſe Pagans fatalifts; as appears by theſe words of Lear:

" By all the operations of the orbs,
" From whom we do exiſt and ceaſe to be."

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial aſtrology. Having thus diſcredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct ſatire againſt it miſtaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to cuſtom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheiſt, eſpecially when he has added ſuch force of reaſon to his ridicule, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. WARBURTON.

[3] ——*and treachers,*] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the firſt copies, which I have reſtored to the text, may be ſupported from moſt of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

" How ſmooth the cunning *treacher* look'd upon it!"

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour:*

" ——Oh, you *treachour!*"

Again, in *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" ——Hence, *trecher* as thou art."

Again, in *The Bloody Banquet*, 1639:

" To poiſon the right uſe of ſervice—a *trecher.*"

Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Roſe*, mentions " the falſe *treacher,*" and Spenſer often uſes the ſame word. STEEVENS.

charge of a ſtar![4] My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *urſa major*; ſo that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I ſhould have been that I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes,[5] like the cataſtrophe of the old comedy:[6] My cue is villainous melancholy, with a ſigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, theſe eclipſes do portend theſe diviſions! fa, ſol, la, mi.[7]

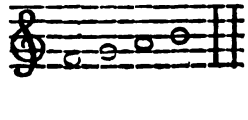
[4] ——*of a ſtar!*] Both the quartos read—*to* the charge *of ſtars*. So Chaucer's *Wif of Bathe*, 6196:

"I folwed ay min inclination
"By vertue of my *conſtellation*." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*pat he comes*,] The quartos read,
——and *out* he comes.—— STEEVENS.

[6] ——*he comes, like the cataſtrophe of the old comedy:*] I think this paſſage was intended to ridicule the very aukward concluſions of our old comedies, where the perſons of the ſcene make their entry inartificially, and juſt when the poet wants them on the ſtage. WARNER.

[7] ——*O, theſe eclipſes do portend theſe diviſions!* fa, ſol, la, mi.] The commentators, not being muſicians, have regarded this paſſage perhaps as unintelligible nonſenſe, and therefore left it as they found it, without beſtowing a ſingle conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakſpeare however ſhows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of theſe ſyllables in ſolmiſation, which imply a ſeries of ſounds ſo unnatural, that ancient muſicians prohibited their uſe. The monkiſh writers on muſick ſay, *mi contra fa eſt diabolus:* the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or ſharp 4th, conſiſting of three tones without the intervention of a ſemi-tone, expreſſed in the modern ſcale by the letters F G A B, would form a muſical phraſe extremely diſagreeable to the ear. Edmund, ſpeaking of eclipſes as portents and prodigies, compares the diſlocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offenſive ſounds, *fa ſol la mi*. DR. BURNEY.



Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What ſerious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſy yourſelf with that?

Edm. I promiſe you,[8] the effects he writes of, ſucceed unhappily; * as of[9] unnaturalneſs between the child and the parent; death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient amities; diviſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt king and nobles; needleſs diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſipation of cohorts,[2] nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you[3] been a ſectary aſtronomical?

The words *fa, ſol,* &c. are not in the quarto. The ſolio, and all the modern editions, read corruptly *me* inſtead of *mi.* Shakſpeare has again introduced the gamut in *The Taming of the Shrew,* Vol. VI. p. 470. Malone.

[8] *I promiſe you,*] The folio edition commonly differs from the firſt quarto, by augmentations or inſertions, but in this place it varies by omiſſion, and by the omiſſion of ſomething which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is eaſy to remark, that in this ſpeech, which ought, I think, to be inſerted as it now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the paſt and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. Johnson.

[9] ——*as of*——] All from this aſteriſk to the next, is omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[2] ——*diſſipation of* cohorts,] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnſon reads—of *courts.* Steevens.

[3] *How long have you*——] This line I have reſtored from the two eldeſt quartos, and have regulated the following ſpeech according to the ſame copies. Steevens.

Edm. Come, come;* when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourſelf, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his preſence, till ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief of your perſon[4] it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear.[5] *I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower; and, as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord ſpeak: Pray you, go; there's my key:— If you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother?*

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; go arm'd; I am no honeſt man, if there be any good

[4] —— *that* with *the miſchief of your perſon* ——] This reading is in both copies; yet I believe the author gave it, *that* but *with the miſchief* of your perſon it would ſcarce allay. Johnson.

I do not ſee any need of alteration. He could not expreſs the violence of his father's diſpleaſure in ſtronger terms than by ſaying it was ſo great that it would ſcarcely be appeaſed by the deſtruction of his ſon. Malone.

[5] *That's my fear.*] All between this and the next aſteriſk, is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

meaning towards you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs.—

[*Exit* Edgar.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſy!—I ſee the buſineſs.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril *and* Steward.

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me;[6] every hour

[6] *By day and night! he wrongs me;*] It has been ſuggeſted by Mr. Whalley that we ought to point differently:

By day and night, he wrongs me;

not conſidering theſe words as an adjuration. But that an adjuration was intended, appears, I think, from a paſſage in *King Henry VIII.* The king, ſpeaking of Buckingham, [Act I. ſc. ii.) ſays,

" ——*By day and night*
" He's traitor to the height."

It cannot be ſuppoſed that Henry means to ſay that Buckingham is a traitor in the night as well as by day.

The regulation which has been followed in the text, is likewiſe

He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick:—
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.
[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to queſtion:
If he diſlike it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
*Not to be over-rul'd.[7] Idle old man,[8]
That ſtill would manage thoſe authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are ſeen abus'd.*[9]

ſupported by *Hamlet*, where we have again the ſame adjuration:
"O day and night! but this is wondrous ſtrange." Malone.

By night and day, is, perhaps, only a phraſe ſignifying—*always, every way*. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you *night and day*
"For many weary months."

See Vol. III. p. 352, n. 3. I have not, however, diſplaced Mr. Malone's punctuation. Steevens.

[7] *Not to be over-rul'd.* &c.] This line, and the four following lines, are omitted in the folio. Malone.

[8] — *Idle old man*, &c.] The lines from one aſteriſk to the other, as they are fine in themſelves, and very much in character for Goneril, I have reſtored from the old quarto. The laſt verſe, which I have ventur'd to amend, is there printed thus:

With checks, like flatt'ries when they are ſeen abus'd.
Theobald.

[9] *Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd*
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are ſeen abus'd.] The ſenſe

Remember what I have ſaid.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; adviſe your fellows ſo:
I would breed[a] from hence occaſions, and I ſhall,
That I may ſpeak:—I'll write ſtraight to my ſiſter,
To hold my very courſe:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

ſeems to be this: *Old men muſt be treated with checks,* when as *they are ſeen to be deceived with flatteries:* or, *when they are weak enough to be* ſeen abuſed by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be *uſed with checks.* There is a play of the words *uſed* and *abuſed.* To *abuſe* is, in our author, very frequently the ſame as to *deceive.* This conſtruction is harſh and ungrammatical; Shakſpeare perhaps thought it vicious, and choſe to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiouſneſs of his editors, who reſtore what they do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning, I believe, is—old fools muſt be uſed with checks, as flatteries muſt be check'd when they are made a bad uſe of. TOLLET.

I underſtand this paſſage thus. *Old fools—muſt be uſed with checks,* as well *as flatteries, when they* [i. e. flatteries] *are ſeen* to be *abuſed.* TYRWHITT.

The objection to Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is, that he ſupplies the word *with* or *by,* which are not found in the text: "—when as they are ſeen to be deceived *with* flatteries," or, "when they are weak enough to be ſeen abuſed *by* flatteries," &c. and in *his* mode of conſtruction the word *with* preceding *checks,* cannot be underſtood before *flatteries.*

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

The ſentiment of Goneril is obviouſly this: "When old fools will not yield to the appliances of perſuaſion, harſh treatment muſt be employed to compel their ſubmiſſion." When *flatteries are ſeen to be abuſed* by them, *checks muſt be uſed,* as the only means left to ſubdue them. HENLEY.

[a] *I would breed* &c.] This line and the firſt four words of the next are found in the quartos, but omitted in the folio. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the ſame.

Enter KENT, *diſguiſed.*

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech diffuſe,[3] my good intent
May carry through itſelf to that full iſſue
For which I raz'd my likeneſs.—Now, baniſh'd Kent,

[3] *If but as well I other accents borrow,*
That can my ſpeech diffuſe,] We muſt ſuppoſe that Kent advances looking on his diſguiſe. This circumſtance very naturally leads to his ſpeech, which otherwiſe would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my ſpeech as well as I have changed my dreſs.* To *diffuſe* ſpeech, ſignifies to *diſorder* it, and ſo to *diſguiſe* it; as in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act IV. ſc. vii:

" —— ruſh at once
" With ſome *diffuſed* ſong."——

Again, in *The Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid ſays to the *Paſſionate Man*, who appears diſordered in his dreſs:

" —— Go not ſo *diffuſedly*."

Again, in our author's *King Henry V*:

" —— ſwearing, and ſtern looks, *diffus'd* attire."

Again, in a book entitled, *A Green Foreſt, or A Natural Hiſtory*, &c. by John Maplet, 1567:—" In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with beſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and *defuſedly*."——To *diffuſe ſpeech* may, however, mean to *ſpeak broad*, with a clowniſh accent.

STEEVENS.

Diffuſed certainly meant, in our author's time, wild, irregular, heterogeneous. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

" I have ſeen an Engliſh gentleman ſo *defuſed* in his ſuits, his doublet being for the weare of Caſtile, his hoſe for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that he ſeemed no way to be an Engliſhman but by the face." MALONE.

If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, *Knights, and Attendants.*

LEAR. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an* Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

KENT. A man, ſir.

LEAR. What doſt thou profeſs? What would'ſt thou with us?

KENT. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly, that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe, and ſays little;[4] to fear judgement; to fight, when I cannot chooſe; and to eat no fiſh.[5]

[4] ——*to converſe with him that is wiſe*, and ſays *little*;] To *converſe* ſignifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *diſcourſe* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chuſes for his companions men of reſerve and caution; men who are not tatlers nor tale-bearers. JOHNSON.

We ſtill ſay in the ſame ſenſe—he had criminal *converſation* with her—meaning *commerce*.

So, in *King Richard III:*

" His apparent open guilt omitted,
" I mean his *converſation* with Shore's wife." MALONE.

[5] ——*and to eat no fiſh.*] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papiſts were eſteemed, and with good reaſon, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phraſe of, *He's an honeſt man, and eats no fiſh*; to ſignify he's a friend to the government and a Proteſtant. The eating fiſh, on a religious account, being then eſteemed ſuch a badge of popery, that when it was enjoin'd for a ſeaſon by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fiſh-towns, it was thought neceſſary to declare the reaſon; hence it was called *Cecil's faſt*. To this diſgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, ſir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, ſir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part

Woman-hater, who makes the courtezan ſay, when Lazarillo, in ſearch of the umbrano's head, was ſeized at her houſe by the intelligencers for a traytor: "Gentlemen, I am glad you have diſcovered him. He ſhould not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And ſure I did not like him, when he *called for fiſh*." And Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*: "I truſt I am none of the wicked that *eat fiſh a fridays*." WARBURTON.

from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter STEWARD.

You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

STEW. So pleaſe you,— [*Exit.*

LEAR. What ſays the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's aſleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

KNIGHT. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR. Why came not the ſlave back to me, when I call'd him?

KNIGHT. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

LEAR. He would not!

KNIGHT. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs [6] appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

LEAR. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

KNIGHT. I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your highneſs is wrong'd.

LEAR. Thou but remember'ſt me of mine own conception: I have perceived a moſt faint neglect

[6] —— *of kindneſs* —] Theſe words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curioſity,[6] than as a very pretence[7] and purpoſe of unkindneſs: I will look further into't. —But where's my fool? I have not ſeen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, ſir, the fool hath much pined away.[8]

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.— Go you, and tell my daughter I would ſpeak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you ſir, you ſir, come you hither: Who am I, ſir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreſon dog! you ſlave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord;[9] I beſeech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks[2] with me, you raſcal? [*ſtriking him.*

[6] ——*jealous curioſity*,] By this phraſe King Lear means, I believe, a *punctilious jealouſy*, reſulting from a ſcrupulous watchfulneſs of his own dignity. Steevens.

[7] ——*a very* pretence—] *Pretence* in Shakſpeare generally ſignifies *deſign*. So, in a foregoing ſcene in this play: "—to no other *pretence* of danger." Again, in *Holinſhed*, p. 648: "—the *pretenſed* evill purpoſe of the queene." Steevens.

[8] *Since my young lady's going into France, ſir, the fool hath much pined away.*] This is an endearing circumſtance in the Fool's character, and creates ſuch an intereſt in his favour, as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him. Steevens.

[9] *I am none of this, my lord*; &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—I am none of *theſe*, my lord; I beſeech *your pardon*. Malone.

[2] ——bandy *looks*—] A metaphor from *Tennis*:

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you baſe foot-ball player. [*tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou ſerveſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, ſir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wiſdom?[3] ſo. [*puſhes the* Steward *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

[*giving* Kent *money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. [*giving* Kent *his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how doſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?[4]

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the

" Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience." *Decker's Satiromaſtix*, 1602.

Again:

" ——buckle with them hand to hand,
" And *bandy* blows as thick as hailſtones fall."
Wily Beguiled, 1606. Steevens.

" To *bandy* a ball," Cole defines, *clava pilam torquere*; " to *bandy* at tennis," *reticulo pellere*. Dict. 1679. Malone.

[3] *Have you wiſdom?*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*you have* wiſdom. Malone.

[4] *Why*, fool?] The folio reads—*why, my boy?* and gives this queſtion to Lear. Steevens.

wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly:[4] There, take my coxcomb:[5] Why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle?[6] 'Would I had two coxcombs,[7] and two daughters![8]

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living,[9] I'd keep my coxcombs myſelf: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.[a]

[4] —— *thou'lt catch cold ſhortly:*] i. e. be turned out of doors, and expoſed to the inclemency of the weather. Farmer.

[5] —— *take my coxcomb:*] Meaning his cap, called ſo, becauſe on the top of the fool or jeſter's cap was ſewed a piece of red cloth, reſembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was uſed to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. Warburton.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation, who has ſince added, that Minſhew, in his *Dictionary*, 1627, ſays, "Natural ideots and fools, have, and ſtill do accuſtome themſelves to weare in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat *with a neck and head of a cocke on the top*, and a bell thereon," &c. Steevens.

[6] —— *How now*, nuncle?] *Aunt* is a term of reſpect in France. So, in *Lettres D'Eliz. de Baviere Ducheſſe D'Orleans*, tom. ii. p. 65, 66: "C'etoit par un eſpece de plaiſanterie de badinage ſans conſequence, que la Dauphine appelloit Madame de Maintenon *ma tante*. Les filles d'honneur appelloient toujours leur gouvernante *ma tante*." And it is remarkable at this day that the lower people in Shropſhire call the Judge of aſſize—"my *nuncle* the Judge." Vaillant.

[7] —— *two coxcombs,*] Two fools caps, intended, as it ſeems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. Johnson.

[8] —— and *two daughters.*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*an'* two daughters; i. e. *if.* Farmer.

[9] —— *all my* living,] *Living* in Shakſpeare's time ſignified eſtate, or property. So, in *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*, by R. Greene, 1594:

"In Laxfield here my land and *living* lies." Malone.

[a] —— beg *another of thy daughters.*] The fool means to ſay,

Lear. Take heed, ſirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that muſt to kennel; he muſt be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach,[3] may ſtand by the fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,[4]
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,[5]
Set leſs than thou throweſt;

that it is by *begging* only that the old king can obtain any thing from his daughters: even a badge of folly in having reduced himſelf to ſuch a ſituation. Malone.

[3] ——*Lady, the* brach,] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. "Nos quidem hodie *brach* dicimus de cane fœminea, quæ leporem ex odore perſequitur. Spelm. Gloſſ. in voce *Bracco.*"

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, propoſed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal.* The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wiſh to eſtabliſh: but the other quarto editions concur in reading *lady oth'e brach. Lady* is ſtill a common name for a hound. So Hotſpur:

"I had rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Iriſh."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poem to a Friend*, &c:

"Do all the tricks of a ſalt *lady* bitch."

In the old black letter *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. no date, the liſt of dogs concludes thus: "——and ſmall *ladi popies* that bere awai the fleas and divers ſmall fantes." We might read—"when *lady*, the *brach*," &c. Steevens.

Both the quartos of 1608 read—when Lady *oth'e* brach. I have therefore printed—lady, *the* brach, grounding myſelf on the reading of thoſe copies, and on the paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *King Henry IV.* P. I. The folio, and the late editions, read—when *the lady* brach, &c. Malone.

[4] *Lend leſs than thou oweſt,*] That is, *do not lend all that thou*

Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.[6]

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[*To* Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet fool?

Lear. No, lad;[7] teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counſel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou[8] for him ſtand:

haſt. To *owe*, in old Engliſh, is *to poſſeſs*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would be:
Lend *more* than thou oweſt. Johnson.

[5] *Learn more than thou* troweſt,] To *trow*, is an old word which ſignifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable. Warburton.

[6] *This is nothing, fool.*] The quartos give this ſpeech to *Lear*. Steevens.
In the folio theſe words are given to Kent. Malone.

[7] *No, lad*;] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to *Give me an egg*, was reſtored from the firſt edition by Mr. Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reaſons, as it ſeemed to cenſure the monopolies. Johnson.

[8] Or *do thou*—] The word *or*, which is not in the quartos, was ſupplied by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

The ſweet and bitter fool
Will preſently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't:[9] and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myſelf; they'll be ſnatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the

[9] ——*if I had a* monopoly *out, they would have part on't:*] A ſatire on the groſs abuſes of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went ſhares with the patentee. Warburton.

The modern editors, without authority, read—

——a monopoly *on't*,——

Monopolies were in Shakſpeare's time the common objects of ſatire. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"—Give him a court loaf, ſtop his mouth with a *monopoly*."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"A knight that never heard of ſmock fees! I would I had a *monopoly* of them, ſo there was no impoſt ſet on them."

Again, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"——So foul a monſter would be a fair *monopoly* worth the begging."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the following entry. "John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587: lycenſed unto him by the whole conſent of the aſſiſtants, the *onlye* ymprynting of all manner of billes for plaiers." Again, Nov. 6. 1615, The liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot. Stevens.

egg. When thou cloveſt thy crown i' the middle, and gaveſt away both parts, thou boreſt thine aſs on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gaveſt thy golden one away. If I ſpeak like myſelf in this, let him be whipp'd that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools had ne'er leſs grace in a year;[2] [Singing.
For wiſe men are grown foppiſh;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, ever ſince thou madeſt thy daughters thy mother:[3] for when thou gaveſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thine own breeches,

Then they for ſudden joy did weep,[4] [Singing.
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a king ſhould play bo-peep,[5]
And go the fools among.

[2] *Fools had ne'er leſs grace in a year;*] There never was a time when fools were leſs in favour; and the reaſon is, that they were never ſo little wanted, for wiſe men now ſupply their place. Such I think is the meaning. Johnson.

——*leſs grace*—] So the folio. Both the quartos read—*leſs wit.* Steevens.

In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lyly, 1594, we find, "I think gentlemen *had never leſs wit in a year.*" I ſuſpect therefore the original to be the true reading. Malone.

[3] ——*ſince thou madeſt thy daughters thy* mother:] i. e. when you inveſted them with the authority of *a* mother. Thus the quartos. The folio reads, with leſs propriety,—thy *mothers.* Malone.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, ſometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o' both ſides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet[6] on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

[4] *Then they for ſudden joy did weep,* &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

" When Tarquin firſt in court began,
" And was approved king,
" So men *for ſudden joy did weep,*
" *But I for ſorrow ſing.*"

I cannot aſcertain in what year T. Heywood firſt publiſhed this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have uſed, was the *fourth* impreſſion. Steevens.

[5] *That ſuch a king ſhould play* bo-peep,] Little more of this game, than its mere denomination, remains. It is mentioned, however, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1593, in company with two other childiſh plays, which it is not my office to explain:

" Cold parts men plaie, much like old plaine *bo-peepe,*
" Or counterfait, in-dock-out-nettle, ſtill." Steevens.

[6] ——*that frontlet*—] Lear alludes to the *frontlet*, which was anciently part of a woman's dreſs. So, in the play called *The Four P's*, 1569:

" Forſooth, women have many lets,
" And they be maſked in many nets:
" As *frontlets*, fillets, partlets, and bracelets:
" And then their bonets and their pionets."

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure:[6] I am better than thou[7] art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, for-ſooth, I will hold my tongue; ſo your face [*to* Gon.] bids me, though you ſay nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.—

That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.[8] [*pointing to* Lear.

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592:

" ——Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, cauls, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair-laces, ribbons, roles, knotſtrings, glaſſes," &c.

Again, and more appoſitely, in *Zepheria*, a Collection of Sonnets, 4to. 1594:

" But now, my ſunne, it fits thou take thy ſet,
" And vayle thy face with *frownes* as with a *frontlet*."

Steevens.

A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, uſed formerly by ladies at night to render that part ſmooth. Lear, I ſuppoſe, means to ſay, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet.

So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580: " The next day I coming to the gallery where ſhe was ſolitarily walking, with her *frowning cloth*, as ſicke lately of the ſullens," &c. Malone.

[6] ——*now thou art an* O without a figure:] The fool means to ſay, that Lear, " having pared his wit on both ſides, and left nothing in the middle," is become a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unleſs preceded or followed by ſome figure. In *The Winter's Tale* we have the ſame alluſion, reverſed:

" ——and therefore, like a cypher,
" Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
" With one—we thank you,—many thouſands more
" Standing before it." Malone.

[7] ——*I am better than thou* &c.] This bears ſome reſemblance to Falſtaff's reply to the Prince in *King Henry IV.* P. I: " A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer." Steevens.

[8] *That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.*] i. e. Now a mere huſk, which contains nothing. The outſide of a king remains, but all the intrinſic parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give. Johnson.

That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.] The robing of Richard IId's effigy in Weſtminſter-abbey is wrought with *peaſcods open*, and the *peas out*;

Gon. Not only, ſir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what yourſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on[9]
By your allowance;[a] which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-ſparrow fed the cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.[3]

perhaps an alluſion to his being once in full poſſeſſion of ſovereignty, but ſoon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remains*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340. TOLLET.

9 ——— *put it on* —] i. e. promote, puſh it forward. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— the powers above
" *Put on* their inſtruments." —— STEEVENS.

a *By your* allowance;] By your *approbation*. MALONE.

3 —— *were left* darkling.] This word is uſed by Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book I:

" —— as the wakeful bird
" Sings *darkling*." ——

and long before, as Mr. Malone obſerves, by Marſton, &c.

Dr. Farmer concurs with me in ſuppoſing, that the words—*So out went the candle*, &c. are a fragment of ſome old ſong. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and ſarcaſtick. Though they were licenſed to ſay any thing, it was ſtill neceſſary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they ſaid ſhould have a playful air: we may ſuppoſe therefore that they had

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, ſir, I would, you would make uſe of that good wiſdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away theſe diſpoſitions, which of late transform you [4] from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an aſs know when the cart draws the horſe?—Whoop, Jug! [5] I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: [6] does Lear walk thus? ſpeak thus?

a cuſtom of taking off the edge of too ſharp a ſpeech by covering it haſtily with the end of an old ſong, or any glib nonſenſe that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakſpeare often finiſhes this fool's ſpeeches. Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In a very old dramatick piece, entitled *A very mery and pythie comedy, called The longer thou liveſt the more foole thou art*, printed about the year 1580, we find the following ſtage-direction: "Entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine geſture and a fooliſh countenaunce, *ſynging the foote of many ſongs, as fools were wont.*" Malone.

See my note on Act III. ſc. vi. in which this paſſage was brought forward, long ago, [1778] for a ſimilar purpoſe of illuſtration. Steevens.

[4] ——transform *you*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*tranſport* you. Steevens.

[5] ——*Whoop, Jug!* &c.] There are in the fool's ſpeeches ſeveral paſſages which ſeem to be proverbial alluſions, perhaps not now to be underſtood. Johnson.

——*Whoop, Jug! I love thee.*] This, as I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of an old ſong. Steevens.

Whoop, Jug, I'll do thee no harm, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*. Malone.

[6] ——*this is not Lear*:] This paſſage appears to have been imitated by Ben Jonſon in his *Sad Shepherd*:

"——this is not Marian!
"Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you aſk her!
"Aſk her, good ſhepherds! aſk her all for me:
"Or rather aſk yourſelves, if ſhe be ſhe;
"Or I be I." Steevens.

Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his diſcernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! ſure 'tis not ſo.[7]—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's ſhadow?[8] I would learn that; for by the marks of ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon, I ſhould be falſe perſuaded I had daughters.[9]—

[7] ——*ſleeping or waking?—Ha! ſure 'tis not ſo.*] Thus the quartos. The folio: Ha! waking? 'Tis not ſo. MALONE.

[8] ——*Lear's ſhadow?*] The folio gives theſe words to the Fool. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*for by the marks of ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon,* &c.] His daughters prove ſo unnatural, that, if he were only to judge by the reaſon of things, he muſt conclude, they cannot be his daughters. This is the thought. But how does his kingſhip or ſovereignty enable him to judge of this matter? The line, by being falſe pointed, has loſt its ſenſe. We ſhould read:

Of ſovereignty *of* knowledge.——

i. e. the underſtanding. He calls it, by an equally fine phraſe, in *Hamlet*,—*Sovereignty of reaſon.* And it is remarkable that the editors had depraved it there too. See note, Act I. ſc. vii. of that play. WARBURTON.

The conteſted paſſage is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

The difficulty, which muſt occur to every reader, is, to conceive how *the marks of ſovereignty, of knowledge, and of reaſon,* ſhould be of any uſe to *perſuade Lear that he had,* or had not, daughters. No logick, I apprehend, could draw ſuch a concluſion from ſuch premiſes. This difficulty, however, may be entirely removed, by only pointing the paſſage thus:

——*for by the marks of ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon, I ſhould be falſe perſuaded—I had daughters.—Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

The chain of Lear's ſpeech being thus untangled, we can clearly trace the ſucceſſion and connection of his ideas. The undutiful behaviour of his daughter ſo diſconcerts him, that he doubts, by turns, whether ſhe is Goneril, and whether he himſelf is Lear. Upon her firſt ſpeech, he only exclaims,

——*Are you our daughter?*

Upon her going on in the ſame ſtyle, he begins to queſtion his own ſanity of mind, and even his perſonal identity. He appeals to the by-ſtanders,

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.[a]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

I ſhould be glad to be told. *For* (if I was to judge myſelf) *by the marks of ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon*, which once diſtinguiſhed Lear, (but which I have now loſt) *I ſhould be falſe* (againſt my own conſciouſneſs) *perſuaded* (that I am not Lear). He then ſlides to the examination of another diſtinguiſhing mark of Lear:

—— *I had daughters.*

But not able, as it ſhould ſeem, to dwell upon ſo tender a ſubject, he haſtily recurs to his firſt doubt concerning Goneril,——

Your name, fair gentlewoman? Tyrwhitt.

This note is written with confidence diſproportionate to the conviction which it can bring. Lear might as well know by the marks and tokens ariſing from ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon, that he had or had not daughters, as he could know by any thing elſe. But, ſays he, if I judge by theſe tokens, I find the perſuaſion falſe by which I long thought myſelf the father of daughters. Johnson.

I cannot approve of Dr. Warburton's manner of pointing this paſſage, as I do not think that *ſovereignty of knowledge* can mean *underſtanding*; and if it did, what is the difference between underſtanding and reaſon? In the paſſage he quotes from Hamlet, *ſovereignty of reaſon* appears to me to mean, the ruling power, the governance of reaſon; a ſenſe that would not anſwer in this place,

Mr. Tyrwhitt's obſervations are ingenious, but not ſatisfactory; and as for Dr. Johnſon's explanation, though it would be certainly juſt had Lear expreſſed himſelf in the paſt, and ſaid, "I have been falſe perſuaded I had daughters," it cannot be the juſt explanation of the paſſage as it ſtands. The meaning appears to me to be this:

"Were I to judge from the marks of ſovereignty, of knowledge, or of reaſon, I ſhould be induced to think I had daughters, yet that muſt be a falſe perſuaſion;—It cannot be."

I could not at firſt comprehend why the tokens of ſovereignty ſhould have any weight in determining his perſuaſion that he had daughters; but by the marks of ſovereignty he means, thoſe tokens of royalty which his daughters then enjoyed as derived from him.

M. Mason.

Lear, it ſhould be remembered, has not parted with all *the marks of ſovereignty*. In the midſt of his prodigality to his children,

Gon. Come, ſir;
This admiration is much o' the favour [3]
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you ſhould be wiſe: [4]
Here do you keep a hundred knights and ſquires;
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,

he reſerved to himſelf *the name and all the additions to a king.*—Shakſpeare often means more than he expreſſes. Lear has juſt aſked whether he is a ſhadow. I wiſh, he adds, to be reſolved on this point; for if I were to judge by the marks of ſovereignty, and the conſciouſneſs of reaſon, I ſhould be perſuaded that I am not a ſhadow, *but a man, a king*, and a father. But this latter perſuaſion is falſe; for thoſe whom I thought my daughters, are *unnatural hags*, and never proceeded from theſe loins.

As therefore I am not a father, ſo neither may I be an embodied being; I may yet be a ſhadow. However, let me be certain. *Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

All the late editions, without authority, read—by the marks of ſovereignty, *of* knowledge, and *of* reaſon.—The words—*I would learn that*, &c. to—*an obedient father*, are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[2] Which *they will make an obedient father.*] *Which*, is on this occaſion uſed with two deviations from preſent language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obſolete, for *whom*, the accuſative caſe of *who*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*o' the* favour——] i. e. of the complexion. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"In *favour's* like the work we have in hand." STEEVENS.

[4] *As you are old and reverend*, you ſhould *be wiſe:*] The redundancy of this line convinces me of its interpolation. What will the reader loſe by the omiſſion of the words—*you ſhould?* I would print:

As you are old and reverend, be wiſe:

In the fourth line from this, the epithet—*riotous*, might for the ſame reaſon be omitted. *To make an inn* of a private houſe, by taking unwarrantable liberties in it, is ſtill a common phraſe. STEEVENS.

Than a grac'd palace.[3] The ſhame itſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy: Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
A little to diſquantity your train;[4]
And the remainder, that ſhall ſtill depend,[5]
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!—
Saddle my horſes; call my train together.—
Degenerate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people; and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

[3] ——*a grac'd palace.*] A palace graced by the preſence of a ſovereign. Warburton.

[4] *A* little *to diſquantity your train*;] A *little* is the common reading; but it appears, from what Lear ſays in the next ſcene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions ſtood) is no where ſpecified by Goneril. Pope.

Mr. Pope for—*A little* ſubſtituted—*Of fifty*. Malone.

If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *firſt folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after theſe words—

To have a thankleſs child.—Away, away,

and goes out, while Albany and Goneril have a ſhort conference of two ſpeeches; and then returns in a ſtill greater paſſion, having been informed (as it ſhould ſeem) of the expreſs number, without:

"What? *fifty* of my followers at a clap!"

This renders all change needleſs; and *away, away*, being reſtored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people*; which, as the text ſtood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing ſpeech. Goneril with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which ſhe knew would be the caſe as ſoon as he left her preſence. Steevens.

[5] ——*ſtill* depend,] *Depend*, for continue in ſervice. Warburton.

Enter ALBANY.

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents,[6]—O, ſir, are you come?[7]
Is it your will? [*to* ALB.] Speak, ſir.—Prepare my horſes.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhow'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter![8]

ALB. Pray, ſir, be patient.[9]

LEAR. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt: [*to* GONERIL.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their name.—O moſt ſmall fault,
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia ſhow!
Which, like an engine,[2] wrench'd my frame of nature

[6] Woe, *that too late repents,*] This is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos—for *Woe*, have *We*, and that of which the firſt ſignature is B, reads—*We* that too late *repent's*—; i. e. repent *us*: which I ſuſpect is the true reading. Shakſpeare might have had *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, in his thoughts:

" They call'd him doting foole, all his requeſts debarr'd,
" Demanding if with life he were not well content:
" Then he *too late his rigour did repent*
" 'Gainſt me,—." *Story of Queen Cordila.* MALONE.

My copy of the quarto, of which the firſt ſignature is A, reads: —*We* that too late *repent's us.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *O, ſir, are you come?*] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

[8] *Than the ſea-monſter!*] Mr. Upton obſerves, that the ſea-monſter is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical ſymbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, ſays—" that he killeth his ſire, and raviſheth his own dam." STEEVENS.

[9] *Pray, ſir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *like an* engine,] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an en-

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[*ſtriking his head.*
And thy dear judgement out!—Go, go, my people.[3]

Alb. My lord, I am guiltleſs, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.[4]

Lear. It may be ſo, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddeſs, hear! Suſpend thy purpoſe, if
Thou didſt intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey ſterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe;

gine is meant the *rack*. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer, to *ſtrain* upon the *rack*; and in the following paſſage from *The Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* ſeems to be uſed for the ſame inſtrument of torture:

"From Spain they come with *engine* and intent
"To ſlay, ſubdue, to triumph, and *torment*."

Again, in *The Night-Walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Their ſouls ſhot through with adders, torn on *engines*."

Steevens.

[3] ——*Go, go, my people.*] Perhaps theſe words ought to be regulated differently:

Go, go:—my people!

By Albany's anſwer it ſhould ſeem that he had endeavoured to appeaſe Lear's anger; and perhaps it was intended by the author that he ſhould here be put back by the king with theſe words,—"Go, go;" and that Lear ſhould then turn haſtily from his ſon-in-law, and call his train: "My people!" Mes Gens. Fr. So, in a former part of this ſcene:

"You ſtrike *my people*; and your diſorder'd rabble
"Make ſervants of their betters."

Again, in *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i:

"——Call up *my people*."

However the paſſage be underſtood, theſe latter words muſt bear this ſenſe. The meaning of the whole, indeed, may be only—"Away, away, my followers!" Malone.

With Mr. Malone's laſt explanation I am perfectly ſatisfied. Steevens.

[4] *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

And from her derogate body [5] never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart [6] diſnatur'd [7] torment to her!
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears [8] fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; [9] that ſhe may feel

[5] ——*from her* derogate *body*—] *Derogate* for *unnatural.* WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, *degraded*; *blaſted.* JOHNSON.

Her ſhrunk and waſted body, See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 616: "*Derogate.* To impaire, diminiſh, or take away." MALONE.

Degraded (Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation) is ſurely the true one. So, in *Cymbeline:* "Is there no *derogation* in't?—You cannot *derogate*, my lord," i. e. *degrade* yourſelf. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*thwart*——] *Thwart* as a noun adjective is not frequent in our language, it is however to be found in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, "Sith fortune *thwart* doth croſſe my joys with care." HENDERSON.

[7] ——*diſnatur'd*——] *Diſnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So Daniel, in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"I am not ſo *diſnatured* a man." STEEVENS.

[8] ——cadent *tears*——] i. e. Falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *cadent.* STEEVENS.

The words—*theſe hot tears*, in Lear's next ſpeech, may ſeem to authorize the amendment; but the preſent reading is right. It is a more ſevere imprecation to wiſh, that tears by conſtant flowing may fret channels in the cheeks, which implies a long life of wretchedneſs, than to wiſh that thoſe channels ſhould be made by ſcalding tears, which does not mark the ſame continuation of miſery.

The ſame thought occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. iii.

"Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
"Their eyes o'er-galled with *recourſe* of tears,"

ſhould prevent his going to the field. M. MASON.

[9] *Turn all her mother's* pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt;] "Her *mother's pains*" here ſignifies, not bodily ſufferings, or the throes of child-birth, (with which this "diſnatured babe" being unacquainted, it could not *deride* or

How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourſelf to know the cauſe;
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, ſir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus:
[*to* Goneril.
That theſe hot tears,[2] which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blaſts and fogs upon thee!

deſpiſe them,) but *maternal cares*; the ſolicitude of a mother for the welfare of her child. So, in *King Richard III:*

"'Tis time to ſpeak; my *pains* are quite forgot."

Benefits mean *good offices*; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion, explained both theſe words wrong. He is equally miſtaken in ſuppoſing that the ſex of this child is aſcertained by the word *her*; which clearly relates, not to Goneril's iſſue, but to herſelf. "*Her* mother's *pains*" means—the pains which ſhe (*Goneril*) takes *as a mother.* Malone.

[2] *That theſe hot tears*, &c.] I will tranſcribe this paſſage from the firſt edition, that it may appear to thoſe who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of reviſion, and what indulgence is due to thoſe that endeavour to reſtore corrupted paſſages.—*That theſe hot tears, that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curſe, peruſe every ſenſe about the old fond eyes, beweep this cauſe again*, &c. Johnson.

The untented woundings[3] of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck you out;
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,[4]
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo:[5]—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever; thou ſhalt, I warrant thee.[6]

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants.*

GON. Do you mark that, my lord?

ALB. I cannot be ſo partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

GON. Pray you, content.—What, Oſwald, ho!
You, ſir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.

[*To the* Fool.

FOOL. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

[3] *The* untented *woundings*———] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worſt ſtate, not having a *tent* in them to digeſt them; and may poſſibly ſignify here ſuch as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpoſe. One of the quartos reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*that you* loſe,] The quartos read—that you *make*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Let it be ſo:* &c.] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the firſt, and part from the ſecond edition. JOHNSON.

Let it be ſo, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

And *is it come to this* is omitted in the folio. *Yet have I left a daughter* is the reading of the quartos; the folio has, *I have another daughter*. MALONE.

[6] ——*thou ſhalt, I warrant thee.*] Theſe words are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

**Gon.*[6] This man hath had good counſel:—A hundred knights!
'Tis politick, and ſafe, to let him keep
At point,[7] a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.[8]—Oſwald, I ſay!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than truſt:[9]
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe ſuſtain him and his hundred knights,
When I have ſhow'd the unfitneſs,*—How now, Oſwald?[2]

[6] **Gon.*] All from this aſteriſk to the next, is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[7] *At point,*] I believe, means completely armed, and conſequently ready at appointment or command on the ſlighteſt notice. Steevens.

[8] *And hold our lives* in *mercy.*] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope who could not endure that the language of Shakſpeare's age ſhould not correſpond in every inſtance with that of modern times, reads —*at* mercy; and the ſubſequent editors have adopted his innovation. Malone.

[9] *Safer than truſt:*] Here the old copies add—*too far*; as if theſe words were not implied in the anſwer of Goneril. The redundancy of the metre authorizes the preſent omiſſion. Steevens.

[2] ——— *How now, Oſwald?* &c.] The quartos read—*what Oſwald, ho!*
Oſw. *Here, madam.*
Gon. *What, have you writ this letter,* &c. Steevens.

Enter STEWARD.

What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own,
As may compact it more.[3] Get you gone;
And haſten your return. [*Exit* Stew.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleneſs, and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attaſk'd[4] for want of wiſdom,

[3] ——*compact it more.*] Unite one circumſtance with another, ſo as to make a conſiſtent account. JOHNSON.

More is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

I muſt ſtill withhold my aſſent from ſuch new diſſyllables. Some monoſyllable has in this place been omitted. Perhaps the author wrote—

Go, *get you gone.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*more* attaſk'd ——] It is a common phraſe now with parents and governeſſes: *I'll take you to taſk*, i. e. *I will reprehend and correct you. To be at taſk*, therefore, is to be liable to *reprehenſion and correction.* JOHNSON.

Both the quartos inſtead of *at taſk*—read, *alapt.* A late editor of *King Lear*, [Mr. Jennens] ſays, that the firſt quarto reads—*attaſk'd*; but unleſs there be a third quarto which I have never ſeen or heard of, his aſſertion is erroneous. STEEVENS.

The quarto printed by N. Butter, 1608, of which the firſt ſignature is B, reads—*attaſk'd* for want of wiſdom. The other quarto printed by the ſame printer in the ſame year, of which the firſt ſignature is A, reads—*alapt* for want of wiſdom, &c. Three copies of the quarto firſt deſcribed, (which concur in reading *attaſk'd*,) and one copy of the other quarto, are now before me. The folio reads—*at taſk.*—The quartos have *praiſe* inſtead of *prais'd. Attaſk'd* I ſuppoſe, means, *charged, cenſured.* So, in *King Henry IV:*

"How ſhow'd his *taſking*? ſeem'd it in contempt?"

Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.[5]

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

See Vol. VIII. p. 573, n. 2.

In the notes on this play I ſhall hereafter call the quarto firſt mentioned, quarto B; the other, quarto A. MALONE.

Both the quartos deſcribed by Mr. Malone are at this inſtant before me, and they concur in reading—*alapt*. I have left my two copies of Butter's publication (which I had formerly the honour of lending to Mr. Malone) at the ſhop of Meſſieurs White, Book-ſellers, in Fleet-ſtreet.

I have no doubt, however, but that Mr. Malone and myſelf are equally juſtifiable in our aſſertions, though they contradict each other; for it appears to me that ſome of the quartos (like the folio 1623) muſt have been partially corrected while at preſs. Conſequently the copies firſt worked off, eſcaped without correction. Such is the caſe reſpecting two of the three quartos (for three there are) of *King Henry IV.* P. II. 1600. STEEVENS.

The word *taſk* is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare, and indeed by other writers of his time, in the ſenſe of *tax*. Goneril means to ſay, that he was more taxed for want of wiſdom, than praiſed for mildneſs.

So, in *The Iſland Princeſs*, of Beaumont and Fletcher, Quiſana ſays to Ruy Dias:

"You are too ſaucy, too impudent,
"To *taſk* me with thoſe errors." M. MASON.

[5] *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.*] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"Were it not ſinful then, *ſtriving to mend*,
"*To mar the ſubject that before was well?*" MALONE.

SCENE V.

Court before the ſame.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

LEAR. Go you before to Gloſter with theſe letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there before you.[6]

KENT. I will not ſleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

FOOL. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

LEAR. Ay, boy.

FOOL. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

LEAR. Ha, ha, ha!

[6] —— *there before you.*] He ſeems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the houſe of Gloſter. JOHNSON.

The word *there* in this ſpeech ſhews, that when the king ſays, "Go you before to *Gloſter*," he means the town of Gloſter, which, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved, Shakſpeare choſe to make the reſidence of the duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their ſetting out late from thence, on a viſit to the earl of Gloſter, whoſe caſtle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city. Our old Engliſh earls uſually reſided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his ſon-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the earl of Gloſter's caſtle. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, in p. 111, n. 4. MALONE.

Fool. Shalt ſee, thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly:[7] for though ſhe's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canſt thou tell, my boy?[8]

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canſt tell, why one's noſe ſtands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either ſide his noſe; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:[9]—

Fool. Can'ſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em. The reaſon why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight?

[7] ——*thy other daughter will uſe thee* kindly:] The *Fool* uſes the word *kindly* here in two ſenſes; it means *affectionately*, and like the reſt of her *kind*. M. Mason.

[8] Why, *what canſt* thou *tell*, my *boy?*] So the quartos. The folio reads—What canſt tell, boy? Malone.

[9] *I did her wrong:*] He is muſing on Cordelia. Johnson.

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'ſt make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce![9]—Monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, before thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

9 *To take it again perforce!*] He is meditating on the reſumption of his royalty. Johnson.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in ſo violent a manner deprived him of thoſe privileges which before ſhe had agreed to grant him. Steevens.

The ſubject of Lear's meditation is the reſumption of that moiety of the kingdom which he had given to Goneril. This was what Albany apprehended, when he replied to the upbraidings of his wife:—"Well, well; the event:"—what Lear himſelf projected when he left Goneril to go to Regan:—

"—— Yet I have left a daughter,
"Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
"When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
"She'll flay thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
"That *I'll reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt think*
"*I have caſt off for ever*; thou ſhalt, I warrant thee."

And what Curan afterwards refers to, when he aſks Edmund: "Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?" Henley.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.[2] [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court within the Caſtle of the earl of Gloſter.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, ſir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his ducheſs, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments?[3]

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

[2] ——*unleſs things be cut ſhorter.*] This idle couplet is apparently addreſſed to the females preſent at the performance of the play; and, not improbably, crept into the playhouſe copy from the mouth of ſome buffoon actor, who "ſpoke more than was ſet down for him."

I am aware, that ſuch liberties were exerciſed by the authors of *Locrine*, &c; but can ſuch another offenſive and extraneous addreſs to the audience be pointed out among all the dramas of Shakſpeare? STEEVENS.

[3] ——ear-kiſſing *arguments?*] *Ear-kiſſing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whiſper'd ones.* STEEVENS.

Cur.[4] Have you heard of no likely wars toward,
'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, ſir.
[*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better!
Beſt!
This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs!
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy queſtion,[5]
Which I muſt act:—Briefneſs, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—deſcend:—Brother, I ſay;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches:—O ſir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the duke of Cornwall?

[4] *Cur.*] This and the following ſpeech, are omitted in one of the quartos. Steevens.

[5] ——queazy *queſtion,*] Something of a *ſuſpicious, queſtionable, and uncertain nature.* This is, I think the meaning. Johnson.

Queazy, I believe, rather means *delicate, unſettled,* what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonſon, in *Sejanus:*

" Thoſe times are ſomewhat *queaſy* to be touch'd.—
" Have you not ſeen or read part of his book?"

Again, in *Letters from the Paſton Family,* Vol. II. p. 127. " —the world ſeemeth *queaſy* here."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn:*

" Notes of a *queaſy* and ſick ſtomach, labouring
" With want of a true injury."

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" Deſpight of his quick wit, and *queazy* ſtomach."

Steevens.

Queazy is ſtill uſed in Devonſhire, to expreſs that ſickiſhneſs of ſtomach which the ſlighteſt diſguſt is apt to provoke. Henley.

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haſte,[6]
And Regan with him; Have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the duke of Albany?[7]
Adviſe yourſelf.[8]

Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I muſt draw my ſword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourſelf: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit* Edgar.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport.[9]—Father! father!
Stop, ſtop! No help?

[6] ——*i' the haſte,*] I ſhould have ſuppoſed we ought to read only—*in haſte*, had I not met with our author's preſent phraſe in *XII merry Jeſts of the Wyddow Edyth*, 1573:

"To London they tooke in all *the* haſte,
"They wolde not once tarry to breake their faſte."

Steevens.

[7] —— *Have you nothing ſaid*
Upon his party 'gainſt the duke of Albany?] The meaning is, *have you ſaid nothing upon the party formed by him againſt the duke of Albany?* Hanmer.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read:
Againſt his party, *for* the duke of Albany? Johnson.

Upon his party ——] i. e. on his behalf. Henley.

[8] Adviſe *yourſelf.*] i. e. conſider, recollect yourſelf. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "*Adviſe* you what you ſay." Steevens.

[9] —— *I have ſeen drunkards*
Do more than this in ſport.] So, in a paſſage already quoted in a note on *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. ſc. ii. "Have I not been *drunk* for your health, eat glaſſes, drunk urine, *ſtabb'd arms*, and done all offices of proteſted gallantry for your ſake?"

Enter GLOSTER, *and* Servants *with torches.*

GLO. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

EDM. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon [2]
To ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs: [3]—

GLO. But where is he?

EDM. Look, ſir, I bleed.

GLO. Where is the villain, Edmund?

EDM. Fled this way, ſir. When by no means he could—

GLO. Purſue him, ho!—Go after.— [*Exit* Ser.] By no means,—what?

EDM. Perſuade me to the murder of your lordſhip;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainſt parricides did all their thunders [4] bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly oppoſite I ſtood

By accident, I omitted to take down the name of the old play from which this paſſage was ſelected. STEEVENS.

[2] *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon*—] This was a proper circumſtance to urge to Gloſter; who appears, by what paſſed between him and his baſtard ſon in a foregoing ſcene, to be very ſuperſtitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

The quartos read, *warbling* inſtead of *mumbling*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*conjuring the moon*
To ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs:] So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,
" As *thy auſpicious miſtreſs.*" MALONE.

[4] ——*their thunders*——] Firſt quarto; the reſt have it, *the thunder.* JOHNSON.

To his unnatural purpoſe, in fell motion,
With his prepared ſword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gaſted [5] by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;
And found—Deſpatch.—The noble duke [6] my maſter,
My worthy arch [7] and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward [8] to the ſtake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech [9]

[5] ——*gaſted*——] Frighted. Johnson.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons:*
" —either the ſight of the lady has *gaſted* him, or elſe he's drunk."
Steevens.

[6] *Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;*
And found—Deſpatch.—The noble duke &c.] The ſenſe is interrupted. He ſhall be caught—and found, *he ſhall be puniſh'd.* Deſpatch. Johnson.

[7] ——*arch*——] i. e. *Chief*; a word now uſed only in compoſition, as *arch-angel, arch-duke.*

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody,* 1613:
" Poole, that *arch* for truth and honeſty." Steevens.

[8] ——*murderous coward*——] The firſt edition reads *caitiff.* Johnson.

[9] *And found him* pight *to do it, with curſt ſpeech*—] *Pight* is *pitched,* fixed, ſettled. *Curſt* is ſevere, harſh, vehemently angry. Johnson.

So, in the old morality of *Luſty Juventus,* 1561:
" Therefore my heart is ſurely *pyght*
" Of her alone to have a ſight."

I threaten'd to diſcover him: He replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard! doſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal[2]
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I ſhould deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didſt produce
My very character,[3]*) I'd turn it all*
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,[4]
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs[5]
To make thee ſeek it.

GLO. Strong and faſten'd villain![6]
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.[7]
[*Trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture

Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" —— tents
" Thus proudly *pight* upon our Phrygian plains."
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*would the repoſal*—] i. e. Would any opinion that men have repoſed in thy truſt, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the repoſure.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*though thou didſt produce*
My very character,——] i. e. my very handwriting. See Vol. IV. p. 358, n. 3. MALONE.

[4] ——*make a* dullard *of the world,*] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" What, mak'ſt thou me a *dullard* in this act?" STEEVENS.

[5] ——*pregnant and potential* ſpurs—] Thus the quartos. Folio: potential *ſpirits.* MALONE.

[6] Strong *and faſten'd villain!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*O ſtrange* and faſten'd villain. MALONE.

[7] *Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.*] Thus the quartos. The folio omits the words—*I never got him*; and, inſtead of them, ſubſtitutes—*ſaid he?* MALONE.

I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.[7]

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

CORN. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard ſtrange news.[8]

REG. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort,
Which can purſue the offender. How doſt, my lord?

GLO. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

REG. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

GLO. O, lady, lady, ſhame would have it hid!

REG. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

GLO. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—

EDM. Yes, madam, he was.[9]

[7] —— *of my land,*——
To make thee capable.] i. e. capable of ſucceeding to my land, notwithſtanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy.
So, in *The Life and Death of Will Summers*, &c.—"The king next demanded of him (he being a fool) whether he were *capable* to inherit any land," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſtrange news.*] Thus the quartos. Inſtead of theſe words the folio has—*ſtrangeneſs.* MALONE.

[9] *Yes, madam, he was.*] Thus the quartos. The folio deranges the metre by adding—
——— *of that comfort.* STEEVENS.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waſte and ſpoil of his revenues.[2]
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch cautions,
That, if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, ſir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice;[3] and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.

[2] *To have the* waſte *and* ſpoil *of his revenues.*] Thus quarto B. The other quarto reads—

To have *theſe*—and waſte of *this* his revenues.

The folio:

To have *the expence and waſte* of his revenues.

Theſe in quarto A was, I ſuppoſe, a miſprint for—*the uſe.* Malone.

The remark made in p. 76, n. 4, is confirmed by the preſent circumſtance; for both my quartos read with Mr. Malone's quarto A:

To have *theſe*—and waſte of *this* his revenues.

It is certain therefore that there is a third quarto which I have never ſeen. Steevens.

[3] *He did* bewray *his practice;*] i. e. *Diſcover, betray.* So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"We were *bewray'd*, beſet, and forc'd to yield."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Thy ſolitary paſſions ſhould *bewray*
"Some diſcontent."——

Practice is always uſed by Shakſpeare for *inſidious miſchief.* So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II. "—his heart fainted and gat a conceit, that with *bewraying* this *practice*, he might obtaine pardon."

The quartos read—*betray.* Steevens.

See Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. "To *bewraie*, or diſcloſe, a Goth. bewrye." Malone.

Corn. Is he purſued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.[2]

Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe.—For you, Edmund,
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth[3] this inſtant
So much commend itſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep truſt we ſhall much need;
You we firſt ſeize on.

Edm. I ſhall ſerve you, ſir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.[4]

Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you,—

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon; threading dark-ey'd night.[5]
Occaſions, noble Gloſter, of ſome poize,[6]

[2] —— *he is.*] Theſe words were ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the meaſure. Steevens.

[3] *Whoſe virtue and obedience doth* ——] i. e. whoſe virtuous obedience. Malone.

[4] For him *I thank your grace.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, judiciouſly, in my opinion, omits—*For him*, as needleſs to the ſenſe, and injurious to the metre. Steevens.

[5] —— threading *dark-ey'd night.*] The quarto reads:
—— *threat'ning* dark-ey'd night. Johnson.

Shakſpeare uſes the former of theſe expreſſions in *Coriolanus*, Act III:

"They would not *thread* the gates." Steevens.

[6] —— *of ſome* poize,] i. e. of ſome weight or moment. So, in *Othello:*

"—full of *poize* and difficulty,
"And fearful to be granted."

Thus the quarto B. The other quarto of 1608, and the folio, have *prize*. Malone.

Here again both my quartos read with Mr. Malone's quarto A.—*prize*; though *poize* is undoubtedly the preferable reading. Steevens.

Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home; [7] the ſeveral meſſengers
From hence attend deſpatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſom; and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſs,[8]
Which craves the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Kent *and* Steward, *ſeverally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: [9] Art of the houſe? [2]

[7] ——*from our home*;] Not at home, but at ſome other place. Johnson.

Thus the folio. The quarto B reads—which I *left* thought it fit to anſwer from our *home*. The other quarto:—which I *beſt* thought it fit to anſwer from our *hand*. Malone.

Both my quartos—*beſt*,—and—from our *hand*. Steevens.

[8] ——*to our* buſineſs,] Thus the quartos. Folio:—to our *buſineſſes*. Malone.

[9] *Good* dawning *to thee, friend:*] Thus the folio. The quartos —Good *even*. Steevens.

We ſhould read with the folio—"Good *dawning* to thee friend." The latter end of this ſcene ſhows that it paſſed in the morning; for when Kent is placed in the ſtocks, Cornwall ſays, "There he ſhall ſit 'till noon;" and Regan replies, "'Till noon, 'till night:" and it paſſed very early in the morning; for Regan tells Gloſter, in the preceding page, that ſhe had been *threading dark-ey'd night* to come to him. M. Mason.

Dawning is again uſed in *Cymbeline* as a ſubſtantive, for morning:

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipſbury pinfold,[1] I would make thee care for me.

" —— that *dawning*
" May bare the raven's eye."

It is clear from various paſſages in this ſcene, that the morning is now juſt beginning to dawn, though the moon is ſtill up, and though Kent early in the ſcene calls it ſtill night. Towards the cloſe of it, he wiſhes Gloſter *good morrow*, as the latter goes out, and immediately after calls on the *ſun* to ſhine, that he may read a letter. MALONE.

[2] ——*of* the *houſe?*] So the quartos. Folio—of *this* houſe. MALONE.

[3] —— *Lipſbury pinfold,*] The alluſion which ſeems to be contained in this line I do not underſtand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which burſts from Kent in this dialogue, there are ſome epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-ſuited knave* I know not the meaning, unleſs it be that he has different dreſſes for different occupations. *Lily-liver'd* is *cowardly*; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are ſtill in vulgar uſe. An *one-trunk-inheriting ſlave*, I take to be a wearer of old caſt-off clothes, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

I do not find the name of *Lipſbury:* it may be a cant phraſe, with ſome corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-ſuited* ſhould, I believe, be *third-ſuited*, wearing clothes at the *third hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three ſuits* only. FARMER.

Lipſbury pinfold may be a cant expreſſion importing the ſame as *Lob's Pound*. So, in Maſſinger's *Duke of Milan:*

" To marry her, and ſay he was the party
" Found in *Lob's Pound.*"

A *Pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus in Gaſcoigne's *Dan Bartholomew of Batke*, 1587:

" In ſuch a *pin-folde* were his pleaſures pent."

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a raſcal, an eater of broken meats; a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-

Three-ſuited knave might mean, in an age of oſtentatious finery like that of Shakſpeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three ſuits* would furniſh him with; ſo, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*: "—wert a pitiful fellow, and hadſt nothing but *three ſuits of* apparel:" or it may ſignify a fellow *thrice-ſued* at *law*, who has *three ſuits* for debt ſtanding out againſt him. A *one-trunk-inheriting ſlave* may be a term uſed to deſcribe a fellow, the whole of whoſe poſſeſſions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *ſucceſſor in poverty*; *a poor rogue hereditary*, as *Timon* calls *Apemantus*. *A worſted-ſtocking knave* is another reproach of the ſame kind. The ſtockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed in 1595) were remarkably expenſive, and ſcarce any other kind than ſilk were worn, even (as this author ſays) by thoſe who had not above forty ſhillings a year wages.—So, in an old comedy, called *The Hog hath loſt its Pearl*, 1614, by R. Tailor: "—good parts are no more ſet by in theſe times, than a good leg in a *woollen ſtocking*."

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Green ſickneſſes and ſerving-men light on you,
"With greaſy breeches, and in *woollen ſtockings*."

Again, in *The Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607, two ſober young men come to claim their portion from their elder brother who is a ſpendthrift, and tell him: "Our birth-right, good brother: this town craves maintenance; *ſilk ſtockings* muſt be had," &c.

Silk ſtockings were not made in England till 1560, the ſecond year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th ſong of his *Polyolbion*:

"Which our plain fathers erſt would have accounted ſin,
"Before the coſtly coach and *ſilken ſtock* came in."

Steevens.

This term of reproach alſo occurs in *the Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607: "Mettreza Auriola keeps her love with half the coſt that I am at; her friend can go afoot, like a good huſband; walk in *worſted ſtockings*, and inquire for the ſixpenny ordinary." Malone.

ſuited, hundred-pound,[4] filthy worſted-ſtocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave;[5] a whorſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuperſerviceable, finical rogue;[6] one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd, in way of good ſervice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the ſon and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.[7]

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'ſt me? Is it two days ago, ſince I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o' the moonſhine

[4] ——*hundred-pound,*] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach uſed in Middleton's *Phœnix*, 1607. Steevens.

[5] ——*action-taking knave*;] i. e. a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the aſſault, inſtead of reſenting it like a man of courage. M. Mason.

[6] ——*a whorſon*, glaſs-gazing—*rogue*;] This epithet none of the commentators have explained; nor am I ſure that I underſtand it. In *Timon of Athens* "the *glaſs-fac'd* flatterer" is mentioned, that is, ſays Dr. Johnſon, "he that ſhows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron."—*Glaſs-gazing* may be licentiouſly uſed for one enamoured of himſelf; who gazes often at his own perſon in a glaſs. Malone.

[7] ——*addition.*] i. e. titles. The Statute 1 Hen V. ch. 5. which directs that in certain writs a deſcription ſhould be *added* to the name of the defendant, expreſſive of his eſtate, myſtery, degree, &c. is called the ſtatute of *Additions*. Malone.

Kent is not only boiſterous in his manners, but abuſive in his language. His exceſſive ribaldry proceeds from an over ſolicitude to prevent being diſcovered: like St. Peter's ſwearing from a ſimilar motive. Henley.

of you:[8] Draw, you whorſon cullionly barber-monger,[9] draw. [*drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

[8] ——*I'll make a ſop o' the moonſhine of you:*] This is equivalent to our modern phraſe of making *the ſun ſhine through any one.* But, alluding to the natural philoſophy of that time, it is obſcure. The Peripatetics thought, though falſely, that the rays of the moon were cold and moiſt. The ſpeaker therefore ſays, he would make a ſop of his antagoniſt, which ſhould abſorb the humidity of the moon's rays, by letting them into his guts. For this reaſon Shakſpeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, ſays:

"——the moonſhine's *watry* beams."

And, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the *watry* moon."

WARBURTON.

I much queſtion if our author had ſo deep a meaning as is here imputed to him by his more erudite commentator. STEEVENS.

I'll make a ſop o' the moonſhine *of you.*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. In *The Old Shepherd's Kalendar*, among the diſhes recommended for *Prymetyme*, "One is *egges* in *moneſhine.*"

FARMER.

Again, in ſome verſes within a letter of Howell's to Sir Thomas How:

"Could I thoſe whitely ſtars go nigh,
"Which make the milky way i' th' ſkie,
"I'd poach them, and as *moonſhine* dreſs,
"To make my Delia a curious meſs." STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe he means, that after having beaten the Steward ſufficiently, and made his fleſh as ſoft as moiſtened bread, he will lay him flat on the ground, like a ſop in a pan, or a tankard. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"And make a *ſop* of all this ſolid globe." MALONE.

[9] ——*barber-monger,*] Of this word I do not clearly ſee the force. JOHNSON.

Barber-monger may mean, *dealer in the lower tradeſmen*: a ſlur upon the ſteward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the buſineſs of the family. FARMER.

A *barber-monger*; i. e. a fop, who deals much with barbers, to adjuſt his hair and beard. M. MASON.

Barber-monger perhaps means one who conſorts much with barbers. MALONE.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal: you come with letters againſt the king; and take vanity the puppet's part,[2] againſt the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks:—draw, you raſcal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand; you neat ſlave,[3] ſtrike. [*beating him.*

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, *and* Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe; come, I'll fleſh you; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that ſtrikes again:[4] What is the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the king.

[2] ——*vanity the puppet's part,*] Alluding to the myſteries or allegorical ſhows, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were perſonified. Johnson.

So, in *Volpone, or the Fox:*

"Get you a cittern, Lady *Vanity.*" Steevens.

The deſcription is applicable only to the old *moralities*, between which and the *myſteries* there was an eſſential difference. Ritson.

[3] ——*neat ſlave,*] You mere ſlave, you very ſlave. Johnson.

You neat ſlave, I believe, means no more than *you finical raſcal*, you who are an aſſemblage of *foppery and poverty*. Ben Johſon uſes the ſame epithet in his *Poetaſter:*

"By thy leave, my *neat* ſcoundrel." Steevens.

[4] *He dies, that ſtrikes again:*] So, in *Othello:*

"He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
"*He dies* upon the motion." Steevens.

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtirr'd your valour. You cowardly raſcal, nature diſclaims in thee;[5] a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, ſir: a ſtone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him ſo ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, ſir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd,
At ſuit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter![6]—My lord, if you will give me leave, I

[5] ——*nature* diſclaims in *thee*;] So the quartos and the folio. The modern editors read, without authority:

——nature diſclaims *her ſhare* in thee.

The old reading is the true one. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Laſs*, 1633:

"——I will *diſclaim in* your favour hereafter."

Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonſon, 1609:

"Thus to *diſclaim in* all th' effects of pleaſure."

Again:

"No, I *diſclaim in* her, I ſpit at her."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. chap. xvi:

"Not theſe, my lords, make me *diſclaim in* it which all purſue." Steevens.

[6] *Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter!*] Zed is here probably uſed as a term of contempt, becauſe it is the laſt letter in the Engliſh alphabet, and as its place may be ſupplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a ſyllable than a letter. C (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed) cannot be the unneceſſary letter, as there are many words in which its place will not be ſupplied by any other, as *charity, chaſtity*, &c. Steevens.

will tread this unbolted villain[7] into mortar,[8] and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, ſirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, ſir; but anger has a privilege.[9]

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty. Such ſmiling rogues as theſe,[2]
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrinſe t'unlooſe:[3] ſmooth every paſſion[4]

This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaſter ſays, "Z is much harder amongſt us, and ſeldom ſeen:—S is become its *lieutenant general.* It is lightlie expreſſed in Engliſh, ſaving in foren enfranchiſements." FARMER.

[7] ——*this unbolted villain*——] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouſe. WARBURTON.

[8] ——*into mortar,*] This expreſſion was much in uſe in our author's time. So, Maſſinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts,* Act I. ſc. i:

"——I will help your memory,
"And *tread thee into mortar.*" STEEVENS.

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unſifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is neceſſary to tread it by men in wooden ſhoes. This *unbolted* villain is therefore this *coarſe* raſcal. TOLLET.

[9] *Yes, ſir; but anger has a privilege.*] So, in *King John:*
"Sir, ſir, impatience hath its privilege." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*Such ſmiling rogues* as theſe,] The words—*as theſe,* are, in my opinion, a manifeſt interpolation, and derange the metre without the leaſt improvement of the ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[3] *Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain*
Which are too intrinſe, *t'unlooſe:*] By theſe *holy cords* the poet

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;

means the natural union between parents, and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the ſanctuary*; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to theſe ſacrilegious rats. The expreſſion is fine and noble. WARBURTON.

The quartos read—*to intrench*. The folio—*t'intrince*. *Intrinſe*, for ſo it ſhould be written, I ſuppoſe was uſed by Shakſpeare for *intrinſecate*, a word which, as Theobald has obſerved, he has uſed in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——Come, mortal wretch,
" With thy ſharp teeth this knot *intrinſecate*
" Of life at once untie."

We have had already in this play *reverbs* for *reverberates*. Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Seaſon your admiration for a while
" With an *attent* ear."

The word *intrinſecate* was but newly introduced into our language, when this play was written. See the preface to Marſton's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598: " I know he will vouchſafe it ſome of his new-minted epithets; as *real*, intrinſecate, *Delphicke*," &c.

I doubt whether Dr. Warburton has not, as uſual, ſeen more in this paſſage than the poet intended. In the quartos the word *holy* is not found, and I ſuſpect it to be an interpolation made in the folio edition. We might perhaps better read, with the elder copy,

Like rats, oft bite *thoſe* cords in twain, *which are*
Too, &c. MALONE.

4 ——ſmooth *every paſſion*—] So the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors ſubſtituted *ſooth*. The verb to *ſmooth* occurs frequently in our elder writers. So, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1592:

" For ſince he learn'd to uſe the poet's pen,
" He learn'd likewiſe with *ſmoothing* words to feign."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

" Yield to his humour, *ſmooth*, and ſpeak him fair."

Again, in our poet's *King Richard III*:

" Smile in men's faces, *ſmooth*, deceive, and cog."

MALONE.

Mr. Holt White has obſerved, in a note on *Pericles*, that in ſome counties they ſay—" *ſmooth* the cat," inſtead of " *ſtroke* the cat." Thus alſo Milton:

" ——*ſmoothing* the raven down
" Of darkneſs—" STEEVENS.

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their maſters,[3]
As knowing nought,[4] like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptick viſage![5]
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.[6]

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

[3] —— *and turn their* halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their maſters,] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwiſe called the *king-fiſher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and by that means ſhow from what point it blew. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"But how now ſtands the wind?
"Into what corner peers my *halcyon's bill?*"

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolſey, Cardinall*, a poem, 1599:

"Or as a *halcyon* with her turning breſt,
"Demonſtrates wind from wind, and eaſt from weſt."

Again, in *The tenth Booke of Notable Thinges*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l: "A lytle byrde called the *Kings Fyſher*, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll will be alwayes dyrect or ſtrayght againſt ye winde." Steevens.

[4] As *knowing nought,*] *As* was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the ſake of connection as well as metre. Steevens.

[5] —— *epileptick viſage!*] The frighted countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. Johnson.

[6] —— *Camelot.*] Was the place where the romances ſay king Arthur kept his court in the Weſt; ſo this alludes to ſome proverbial ſpeech in thoſe romances. Warburton.

So, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"—— raiſe more powers
"To man with ſtrength the caſtle *Camelot.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III:

"Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd?
"Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the table round."

Steevens.

In Somerſetſhire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geeſe, ſo that many other places are from hence ſupplied with quills and feathers. Hanmer.

Glo. How fell you out? Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave.[7]

Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.[8]

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature:[9] He cannot flatter, he!—
An honeſt mind and plain,—he muſt ſpeak truth:
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,

[7] *No contraries hold more antipathy,*
Than I and ſuch a knave.] Hence Mr. Pope's expreſſion:
"The ſtrong antipathy of good to bad." Tollet.

[8] ——likes *me not.*] i. e. pleaſes me not. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*
"I did but caſt an amorous eye, e'en now,
"Upon a pair of gloves that ſomewhat *lik'd* me."
Steevens.

[9] ——*conſtrains the* garb,
Quite from his nature:] Forces his *outſide* or his *appearance* to ſomething totally *different from* his natural diſpoſition. Johnson.

Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,[2]
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good ſooth, in ſincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,[3]—

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much. I know, ſir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me to it.[4]

[2] *Than twenty* ſilly *ducking obſervants,*] *Silly* means *ſimple,* or ruſtick. So, in *Cymbeline,* Act V. ſc. iii:

"There was a fourth man in a *ſilly* habit," meaning Poſthumus in the dreſs of a peaſant. *Nicely is* with *punctilious ſilly.* Niais. Fr. Steevens.

See Vol. XIII. p. 198, n. 8. *Nicely* is, I think, with the utmoſt exactneſs, with an attention to the moſt *minute triſle.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge." Malone.

[3] *On* flickering *Phœbus' front,*] Dr. Johnſon in his *Dictionary* ſays this word means to *flutter.* I meet with it in *The Hiſtory of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield,* 1599:

"By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace ſhall underſtand."

Again, in *The Pilgrim* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——ſome caſtrel
"That hovers over her, and dares her daily;
"Some *flickring* ſlave."——

Stanyhurſt, in his tranſlation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid,* 1582, deſcribes Iris,

"From the ſky down *flickering,*" &c.

And again in the old play, entitled, *Fuimus Troes,* 1633:

"With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air." Steevens.

Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is too vague for the purpoſe. To *flicker* is indeed to *flutter;* but in a particular manner, which may be better exemplified by the motion of a *flame,* than explained by any verbal deſcription. Henley.

[4] ——*though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me to it.*]

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:[5]
It pleas'd the king his maſter, very late,
To ſtrike at me, upon his miſconſtruction;
When he, conjunct,[6] and flattering his diſpleaſure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praiſes of the king
For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment[7] of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.[8]

Kent. None of theſe rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.[9]

Though I ſhould win you, diſpleaſed as you now are, to like me ſo well as to intreat me to be a knave. Johnson.

[5] *Never any:*] Old copy:
I *never* gave him *any*.
The words here omitted, which are unneceſſary to ſenſe and injurious to metre, were properly extruded by Sir Thomas Hanmer, as a manifeſt interpolation. Steevens.

[6] —*conjunct,*] is the reading of the old quartos; *compact*, of the folio. Steevens.

[7] ——*fleſhment*——] A young ſoldier is ſaid to fleſh his ſword, the firſt time he draws blood with it. *Fleſhment*, therefore, is here metaphorically applied to the firſt act of ſervice which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his maſter; and, at the ſame time, in a ſarcaſtick ſenſe, as though he had eſteemed it an heroick exploit to trip a man behind, that was actually falling. Henley.

[8] *Drew on me here.*] Old copy:
Drew on me here again.
But as Kent *had not drawn on him before*, and as the adverb—*again* corrupts the metre, I have ventured to leave it out. Steevens.

[9] *But Ajax is* their fool.] Meaning, as we ſhould now expreſs it. Ajax is a fool to them, there are none of theſe knaves and cowards, that if you believe themſelves, are not ſo brave, that Ajax is a fool compared to them; alluding to the ſteward's account of their quarrel, where he ſays of Kent, "This ancient ruffian, whoſe life I have ſpared in pity to his gray beard." When a man is compared to one who excels him very much in any art or quality—it is a vulgar expreſſion to ſay, "He is but *a fool to him.*"

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks, ho!
You ſtubborn ancient knave,[8] you reverend brag-
gart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your ſtocks for me: I ſerve the king;
On whoſe employment I was ſent to you:
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhow too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks:—
As I've life and honour, there ſhall he ſit till
noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You ſhould not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*Stocks brought out.*[9]

So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Alphonſo ſays:

" The experienc'd drunkards, let me have them all,
" And let them drink their wiſh, I'll make them ideots."

M. Mason.

The foregoing explanation of this paſſage was ſuggeſted alſo by Mr. Malone, in his *Second Appendix* to the *Supp.* to *Shakſpeare*, 8vo. 1783, in oppoſition to an idea of mine, which I readily allow to have been erroneous. Steevens.

Our poet has elſewhere employed the ſame phraſeology. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

" Tut, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, *a fool to him.*"

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— now this maſk
" Was cry'd incomparable, and the enſuing night
" Made it *a fool* and beggar."

The phraſe in this ſenſe is yet uſed in low language. Malone.

[8] —— ancient *knave,*] Two of the quartos read—*miſcreant* knave, and one of them—*unreverent*, inſtead of *reverend.* Steevens.

[9] *Stocks* &c.] This is not the firſt time that ſtocks had been in-

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame colour [2]
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of:—Come, bring away the ſtocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your grace not to do ſo:
*His fault [3] is much, and the good king his maſter
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and contemned'ſt wretches,[4]
For pilferings and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with:* the king muſt take it ill,
That he's ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrain'd.

Corn. I'll anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,
For following her affairs.[5]—Put in his legs.—
[Kent *is put in the ſtocks.*[6]
Come, my good lord; away.
[*Exeunt* Reg. *and* Corn.

troduced on the ſtage. In *Hick-ſcorner*, which was printed early in the reign of *King Henry VIII. Pity* is put into them, and left there till he is freed by *Perſeveraunce* and *Contemplacyon*. Steevens.

[2] ——*colour*—] The quartos read, *nature*. Steevens.

[3] *His fault*——] All between the aſteriſks is omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[4] ——*and* contemned'ſt *wretches*,] The quartos read—and *temneſt* wretches. This conjectural emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

I found this correction already made in an ancient hand in the margin of one of the quarto copies. Steevens.

[5] *For following her affairs.* &c.] This line is not in the folio. Malone.

[6] I know not whether this circumſtance of putting Kent in the *ſtocks* be not ridiculed in the puniſhment of Numps, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew-Fair*.

It ſhould be remembered, that formerly in great houſes, as ſtill in ſome colleges, there were moveable *ſtocks* for the correction of the ſervants. Farmer.

Glo. I am ſorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor ſtopp'd:[7] I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, ſir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that muſt approve the common ſaw![8]

[7] *Will not be rubb'd, nor ſtopp'd:*] Metaphor from bowling. WARBURTON.

[8] *Goodking, that muſt approve the common* ſaw! &c.] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of*, &c. That changeſt better for worſe. Hanmer obſerves, that it is a proverbial ſaying, applied to thoſe who are turned out of houſe and home to the open weather. It was perhaps firſt uſed of men diſmiſſed from an hoſpital, or houſe of charity, ſuch as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Thoſe houſes had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. JOHNSON.

The *ſaw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, Book II. chap. v:

"In your running from him to me, *ye runne*
"*Out of God's bleſſing into the warme ſunne.*"

TYRWHITT.

Kent was not thinking of the king's being *turned out of houſe and home to the open weather*, a miſery which he has not yet experienced, but of his being likely to receive a worſe reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from his elder daughter Goneril. Hanmer therefore certainly miſunderſtood the paſſage.

A quotation from Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, may prove the beſt comment on it. "This Auguſtine after his arrival converted the Saxons indeed from Paganiſme, but, as the proverb ſayth, bringing them *out of Goddes bleſſing into the warme ſunne*, he alſo imbued them with no leſſe hurtful ſuperſtition than they did know before."

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe this letter!—Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,[9]
But miſery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;[2]
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe; and ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate,—ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies:[3]—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

See alſo Howell's Collection of Engliſh Proverbs in his Dictionary, 1660: "He goes out of God's bleſſing to the warm ſun, viz. *from good to worſe.*" MALONE.

[9] ——*Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Nothing almoſt ſees *my wrack.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*I know, 'tis from Cordelia*; &c.] This paſſage, which ſome of the editors have degraded as ſpurious, to the margin, and others have ſilently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The paſſage is very obſcure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

——Cordelia——has been——informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate-ſeeking, to give
Loſſes their remedies.——

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the *enormous* care of *ſeeking her fortune* will allow her time, ſhe will employ it in remedying loſſes. This is harſh; perhaps ſomething better may be found. I have at leaſt ſupplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary courſe of things. JOHNSON.

So Holinſhed, p. 647, "The maior perceiving this *enormous* doing," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*and ſhall find time*
From this enormous ſtate,——ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies:] I confeſs I do not underſtand this paſſage, unleſs it may be conſidered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himſelf by moonlight: it certainly conveys the ſenſe of what ſhe would have ſaid. In reading a letter, it is

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.

natural enough to dwell on thoſe circumſtances in it that promiſe the change in our affairs which we moſt wiſh for; and Kent having read Cordelia's aſſurances that ſhe will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* miſrule of Regan, is willing to go to ſleep with that pleaſing reflection uppermoſt in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage cannot be right; for although in the old ballad from whence this play is ſuppoſed to be taken, Cordelia is forced to ſeek her fortune, in the play itſelf ſhe is queen of France, and has no fortune to ſeek; but it is more difficult to diſcover the real meaning of this ſpeech, than to refute his conjecture. It ſeems to me, that the verb, *ſhall find*, is not governed by the word Cordelia, but by the pronoun *I*, in the beginning of the ſentence; and that the words *from this enormous ſtate*, do not refer to Cordelia, but to Kent himſelf, dreſſed like a clown, and condemned to the ſtocks,—an enormous ſtate indeed for a man of his high rank.

The difficulty of this paſſage has ariſen from a miſtake in all the former editors, who have printed theſe three lines, as if they were a quotation from Cordelia's letter, whereas they are in fact the words of Kent himſelf; let the reader conſider them in that light, as part of Kent's own ſpeech, the obſcurity is at an end, and the meaning is clearly this:—"I know that the letter is from Cordelia, (who hath been informed of my obſcured courſe) and ſhall gain time, by this ſtrange diſguiſe and ſituation, which I ſhall employ in ſeeking to remedy our preſent loſſes." M. MASON.

Notwithſtanding the ingenuity and confidence of Mr. M. Maſon, (who has not however done juſtice to his own idea) I cannot but concur with Mr. Steevens, in aſcribing theſe broken expreſſions to the letter of Cordelia.—For, if the words were Kent's, there will be no intimation from the letter that can give the leaſt inſight to Cordelia's deſign; and the only apparent purport of it will be, to tell Kent that ſhe knew his ſituation. But excluſive of this conſideration, what hopes could Kent entertain, in a condition ſo deplorable as his—unleſs Cordelia ſhould take an opportunity, from the anarchy of the kingdom, and the broils ſubſiſting between Albany and Cornwall—of *finding a time, to give loſſes their remedies?*—Curan had before mentioned to Edmund, the rumour of *wars toward*, between theſe dukes. This report had reached Cordelia, who, having alſo diſcovered the ſituation and fidelity of Kent, writes to inform him, that ſhe ſhould avail herſelf of the

Fortune, good night; ſmile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He ſleeps.*

firſt opportunity which the enormities of the times might offer, of reſtoring him to her father's favour, and her father to his kingdom. [See Act III. ſc. i. Act IV. ſc. iii.] HENLEY.

In the old copies theſe words are printed in the ſame character as the reſt of the ſpeech. I have adhered to them, not conceiving that they form any part of Cordelia's letter, or that any part of it is or can be read by Kent. He wiſhes for the riſing of the ſun, that he *may* read it. I ſuſpect that two half lines have been loſt between the words *ſtate* and *ſeeking*. This *enormous ſtate* means, I think, the confuſion ſubſiſting in the ſtate, in conſequence of the diſcord which had ariſen between the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; of which Kent hopes Cordelia will avail herſelf. He ſays in a ſubſequent ſcene,

" —— There is diviſion,
" Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
" With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall."

In the modern editions, after the words *under globe*, the following direction has been inſerted: " *Looking up to the moon.*" Kent is ſurely here addreſſing, not the moon, but the ſun, which he has mentioned in the preceding line, and for whoſe riſing he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. He has juſt before ſaid to Gloſter, " Give you *good morrow!*" The *comfortable* beams of the moon no poet, I believe, has mentioned. Thoſe of the ſun are again mentioned by Shakſpeare in *Timon of Athens:*

" Thou *ſun*, that *comfort'ſt*, burn!" MALONE.

My reaſon for concurring with former editors in a ſuppoſition that the *moon*, not the *ſun*, was meant by the *beacon*, aroſe from a conſideration that the term, *beacon*, was more applicable to the *moon*, being, like that planet, only deſigned for night-ſervice.

As to the epithet—*comfortable*, it ſuits with either luminary; for he who is compelled to travel, or ſit abroad, in the night, muſt ſurely have derived *comfort* from the luſtre of the *moon*.

The mention of the *ſun* in the preceding proverbial ſentence is quite accidental, and therefore ought not, in my opinion, to have weight on the preſent occaſion.—By what is here urged, however, I no not mean to inſinuate that Mr. Malone's opinion is indefenſible. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. I heard myſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and moſt unuſual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;[4]
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,[5] who, with roaring voices,

[4] ——*elf all my hair in knots*;] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly ſuppoſed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——plats the manes of horſes in the night,
" And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
" Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Of Bedlam beggars*,] In *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is the following account of one of theſe characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man*. " ——he ſweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpoſe: you ſee *pinnes* ſtuck in ſundry places of his naked fleſh, eſpecially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himſelfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himſelfe by the name of

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks,[6] nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,[7]
Poor pelting villages,[8] ſheep-cotes, and mills,

Poore Tom, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of theſe *Abraham-men*, ſome be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but ſing ſongs faſhioned out of their owne braines: ſome will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and ſo ſullen both in loke and ſpeech, that ſpying but a ſmall company in a houſe, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the ſervants through feare to give them what they demand."

Again, in *O per ſe O*, &c. *Being an Addition* &c. *to the Bellman's Second Night-walke* &c, 1612.

" Crackers tyed to a dogges tayle make not the poore curre runne faſter, than theſe *Abram* ninnies doe the ſilly *villages* of the country, ſo that when they come to any doore a begging, nothing is denied them."

To *ſham Abraham*, a cant term, ſtill in uſe among ſailors and the vulgar, may have this origin. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*wooden pricks*,] i. e. ſkewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Deuill*, bl. l. no date. " I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to ſet up their thin meate, that it may appeare thicke and well fedde." STEEVENS.

Steevens is right: the *euonymus*, of which the beſt ſkewers are made, is called *prick*-wood. M. MASON.

[7] ——*low* farms,] The quartos read, low *ſervice*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Poor* pelting *villages*,] *Pelting* is uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of beggarly: I ſuppoſe from *pelt* a ſkin. The poor being generally cloathed in leather. WARBURTON.

Pelting is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakſpeare uſes it in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream* of *ſmall brooks*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often uſe the word in the ſame ſenſe as Shakſpeare. So, in *King and no King*, Act IV:

" This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing."

Spaniſh Curate, Act II. ſc. ult.——" To learn the *pelting* law." Shakſpeare's *Midſummer Night's Dream*,—" every *pelting* river." *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. vii:

" And every *pelting* petty officer."

Sometime with lunatick bans,[9] ſometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom![2]
That's ſomething yet;—Edgar I nothing am.[3]
[*Exit.*

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Hector ſays to Achilles:

" We have had *pelting* wars ſince you refus'd
" The Grecian cauſe."

From the firſt of the two laſt inſtances it appears not to be *a corruption of petty*, which is uſed the next word to it, but ſeems to be the ſame as *paltry*: and if it comes from *pelt* a ſkin, as Dr. Warburton ſays, the poets have furniſhed *villages, peace, laws, rivers, officers of juſtice* and *wars*, all out of one wardrobe. STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 42, n. 9. MALONE.

[9] ——*lunatick* bans,] To *ban*, is to curſe.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lyly:

" Well, be as be may, is no *banning*."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" Nay, if thoſe *ban*, let me breathe curſes forth."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*poor* Turlygood! *poor Tom!*] We ſhould read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new ſpecies of gipſies, called *Turlupins, a fraternity of naked beggars*, which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned ſome of them at Paris. But what ſort of religioniſts they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. " Turlupin Cynicorum ſectam ſuſcitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu." Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads—*poor* Turluru. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political exiſtence. JOHNSON.

The critick's idea is both too complex and too puerile for one in Edgar's ſituation. He is purſued, it ſeems, and proclaimed, i. e. a reward has been offered for taking or killing him. In aſſuming this character, ſays he, I may preſerve myſelf; as Edgar I am inevitably gone. RITSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, As poor Tom, I may exiſt: appearing as Edgar, I am loſt. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Before Gloſter's *Caſtle.*[4]

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

LEAR. 'Tis ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.
GENT. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.
KENT. Hail to thee, noble maſter!

[4] *Before Gloſter's caſtle.*] It is not very clearly diſcovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he ſent a letter to Gloſter; but no hint is given of its contents. He ſeems to have gone to viſit Gloſter while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the earl of Gloceſter's in conſequence of his having been at the duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his ſon and daughter were gone to the earl of Gloceſter's. His firſt words ſhow this: "*'Tis ſtrange that* they (Cornwall and Regan) *ſhould ſo depart from home, and not ſend back my* meſſenger (Kent)." It is clear alſo from Kent's ſpeech in this ſcene, that he went directly from Lear to the duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, inſtead of being ſent back with any anſwer, was ordered to follow the duke and ducheſs to the earl of Gloceſter's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent in the preceding act, ſcene v. *Go you before* to Gloceſter *with theſe letters.*——The obvious meaning, and what will agree beſt with the courſe of the ſubſequent events, is, that the duke of Cornwall and his wife were then reſiding at Gloceſter. Why Shakſpeare ſhould chooſe to ſuppoſe them at Gloceſter, rather than at any other city, is a different queſtion. Perhaps he might think, that Gloceſter implied ſuch a neighbourhood to the earl of Gloceſter's caſtle, as his ſtory required. TYRWHITT.

See p. 77, n. 6. MALONE.

Lear. How!
Mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?

Kent. No, my lord.[5]

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters![6] Horſes are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-luſty[7] at legs, then he wears wooden nether-ſtocks.[8]

[5] *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[6] —— *he wears* cruel *garters!*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* ſignifies *worſted*, of which ſtockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made; and it is uſed in that ſenſe in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Act II:

" For who that had but half his wits about him
" Would commit the counſel of a ſerious ſin
" To ſuch a *crewel* night-cap."——

So again in the comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

" —— I'll warrant you, he'll have
" His *cruell garters* croſs about the knee."

So, in *The Bird in a cage*, 1633:

" I ſpeak the prologue to our ſilk and *cruel*
" Gentlemen in the hangings."

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" Wearing of *ſilk*, why art thou ſtill ſo *cruel*." Steevens.

[7] —— *over-luſty* ——] *Over-luſty* in this place has a double ſignification. *Luſtineſs* anciently meant *faucineſs*.

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

" —— upon pain of being plagued for their *luſtyneſs*."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

" —— ſhe'll ſnarl and bite,
" And take up Nero for his *luſtineſs*."

Again, in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*:

" Caſſius' ſoldiers did ſhewe themſelves verie ſtubborne and *luſtie* in the campe," &c. Steevens.

[8] —— *then he wears wooden* nether-ſtocks.] *Nether-ſtocks* is the old word for *ſtockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called " men's *overſtockes*." as I learn from Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580.

It appears from the following paſſage in the ſecond part of *The Map of Mock Beggar Hall*, &c. an ancient ballad, that the ſtockings were formerly ſewed to the breeches:

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtook
To ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I ſay.

Kent. I ſay, yea.

Lear.[9] No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I ſwear no.

Kent. By Juno, I ſwear, ay.[2]

Lear. They durſt not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murder,
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:[3]

" Their fathers went in homely frees,
" And good plain broad-cloth breeches;
" Their ſtockings with the ſame agrees,
" Sew'd on with good ſtrong ſtitches."

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, has a whole chapter on *The Diverſitie of* Nether-Stockes *worne in England*, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

" Thy *upper-ſtocks*, be they ſtuft with ſilke or flocks,
" Never become thee like *a nether paire of ſtocks*."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Lear.*] This and the next ſpeech are omitted in the folio.—I have left the reſt as I found them, without any attempt at metrical diviſion; being well convinced that, as they are collected from diſcordant copies, they were not all deſigned to be preſerved, and therefore cannot, in our uſual method, be arranged. STEEVENS.

[2] *By Juno, I ſwear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] *To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:*] To violate the publick and venerable character of a meſſenger from the king. JOHNSON.

Reſolve me, with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe, this uſage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhow'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth
From Goneril his miſtreſs, ſalutations;
Deliver'd letters, ſpite of intermiſſion,[4]
Which preſently they read: on whoſe contents,
They ſummon'd up their meiny,[5] ſtraight took horſe;

To do an outrage upon *reſpect*, does not, I believe, *primarily* mean, to behave outrageouſly to *perſons* of a reſpectable character, (though that in ſubſtance is the ſenſe of the words,) but rather, to be *groſsly deficient in reſpect* to thoſe who are entitled to it, conſidering *reſpect* as perſonified. So before in this ſcene:

" You ſhall do ſmall *reſpect*, ſhow too bold malice
" Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
" Stocking his meſſengers." Malone.

[4] *Deliver'd letters, ſpite of* intermiſſion,] *Intermiſſion*, for another meſſage, which they had then before them, to conſider of; called *intermiſſion*, becauſe it came between their leiſure and the ſteward's meſſage. Warburton.

Spite of intermiſſion is *without pauſe, without ſuffering time to intervene.* So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— gentle heaven,
" Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion*," &c. Steevens.

Spite of intermiſſion, perhaps means in ſpite of, or without regarding, that meſſage which *intervened*, and which was entitled to precedent attention.

Spite of intermiſſion, however, may mean, in ſpite of being obliged to pauſe and take breath, after having *panted forth* the ſalutation from his miſtreſs. In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard words*, 1604, *intermiſſion* is defined, " *foreſlowing, a pawſing or breaking off.*" Malone.

[5] *They ſummon'd up their* meiny,] *Meiny*, i. e. people. Pope.

Meſne, a houſe. *Meſnie*, a family, Fr.
So, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606.

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſaucily againſt your highneſs,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;[6]
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

" ——if ſhe, or her ſad *meiny*,
" Be towards ſleep, I'll wake them."

Again, in the bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

" Of the emperoure took he leave ywys,
" And of all the *meiny* that was there."

Again:

" Here cometh the king of Iſrael,
" With a fayre *meinye*." STEEVENS.

Though the word *meiny* be now obſolete, the word *menial*, which is derived from it, is ſtill in uſe. On *whoſe* contents, means the contents of which. M. MASON.

Menial is by ſome derived from ſervants being *intra moenia* or domeſticks. An etymology favoured by the Roman termination of the word. *Many*, in Kent's ſenſe, for *train* or *retinue* was uſed ſo late as Dryden's time:

" The *many* rend the ſkies with loud applauſe."

Ode on Alexander's Feaſt.

HOLT WHITE.

[6] *Having more man than wit about me*, drew;] The perſonal pronoun which is found in a preceding line, is underſtood before the word *having*. The ſame licenſe is taken by our poet in other places. See Act IV. ſc. ii. " —and amongſt them *fell'd* him dead;" where *they* is underſtood. So, in Vol. XI. p. 40:

" ——which if granted,
" As he made ſemblance of his duty, *would*
" Have put his knife into him."

where *he* is underſtood before *would*. See alſo *Hamlet*, Act II. ſc. ii. " —whereat griev'd,—*ſeuds* out arreſts."—The modern editors, following Sir Thomas Hanmer, read—*I* drew. MALONE.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet,[7] if the wild geeſe fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours[8] for thy daughters,[9] as thou can'ſt tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother[2] ſwells up toward my heart!

[7] *Winter's not gone yet*, &c.] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *dolours*—] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*. HANMER.

The ſame quibble had occurred in *The Tempeſt*, and in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. STEEVENS.

[9] —— for *thy daughters*,] i. e. on account of thy daughters' ingratitude. In the firſt part of the ſentence *dolours* is underſtood in its true ſenſe; in the latter part it is taken for *dollars*. The modern editors have adopted an alteration made by Mr. Theobald, —*from* inſtead of *for*; and following the ſecond folio, read—thy *dear* daughters. MALONE.

[2] *O, how this* mother *&c.*] *Lear* here affects to paſs off the ſwelling of his heart ready to burſt with grief and indignation, for the diſeaſe called the *Mother*, or *Hyſterica Paſſio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harſnet's *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacs, depoſes, p. 263, that the firſt night that he came to Denham, the ſeat of Mr. Peckham, where theſe impoſtures were managed, he was ſomewhat evill at eaſe, and he grew worſe and worſe with an old diſeaſe that he had, and which the prieſts perſuaded him was from the poſſeſſion of the devil, viz. "The diſeaſe, I ſpake of was a ſpice of the *Mother*; wherewith I had bene troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . .

Hyſterica paſſio! down, thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

KENT. With the earl, ſir, here within.

LEAR. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

GENT. Made you no more offence than what you ſpeak of?

KENT. None.
How chance the king comes with ſo ſmall a train?

FOOL. An thou hadſt been ſet i' the ſtocks for that queſtion, thou hadſt well deſerved it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant,[3] to

When I was ſicke of this diſeaſe in Fraunce, a Scottiſh doctor of phyſick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem Capitis.* It riſeth .... of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great ſwelling, cauſeth a very painfull collicke in the ſtomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

It is at leaſt very probable, that Shakſpeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *Hyſterick Paſſion*, or *Mother*, if this paſſage in Harſnet's pamphlet had not ſuggeſted it to him, when he was ſelecting the other particulars from it, in order to furniſh out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberiſh is admirably adapted. PERCY.

In p. 25 of the above pamphlet it is ſaid "Ma: Maynie had a ſpice of the *Hyſterica paſſio*, as ſeems, from his youth, he himſelfe termes it the *Moother*." RITSON.

[3] *We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant*, &c.] "Go to the ant, thou ſluggard, (ſays Solomon,) learn her ways, and be wiſe; which having no guide, over-ſeer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the *ſummer*, and gathereth her food in the harveſt."

By this alluſion more is meant than is expreſſed. If, ſays the Fool, you had been ſchool'd by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that ſagacious animal, prefer the ſummer of proſperity to the colder ſeaſon of adverſity, from which no profit can be derived; and deſert him, whoſe "mellow hangings" have been ſhaken down, and who by "one winter's bruſh" has been left "open and bare for every ſtorm that blows."

MALONE.

teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking.[4] Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives thee[5] better counſel, give

[4] *All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among* twenty, *but can ſmell him that's* ſtinking.] The word *twenty* refers to the *noſes* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Maſon ſuppoſes we ſhould read *ſinking*. What the Fool, ſays he, wants to deſcribe is, the ſagacity of mankind, in finding out the man whoſe fortunes are declining. REED.

Stinking is the true reading. See a paſſage from *All's well that ends well* which I had quoted, before I was aware that it had likewiſe been ſelected by Mr. Malone, for the ſame purpoſe of illuſtration, in the following note. Mr. M. Maſon's conjecture, however, may be countenanced by a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
" And *ſinks* moſt lamentably." STEEVENS.

Mankind, ſays the Fool, may be divided into thoſe who can ſee and thoſe who are blind. All men, but blind men, though they follow their noſes, are led by their eyes; and this claſs of mankind, *ſeeing* the king ruined, have all deſerted him: with reſpect to the other claſs, the blind, who have nothing but their noſes to guide them, they alſo fly equally from a king whoſe fortunes are declining; for of the noſes of twenty blind men there is not one but can ſmell him, who " *being muddy'd in fortune's mood, ſmells ſomewhat ſtrongly of her diſpleaſure.*" You need not therefore be ſurpriſed at Lear's coming with ſo ſmall a train.

The quartos read—among *a hundred.* MALONE.

[5] —— *When a wiſe man gives thee* &c.] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uſes, on all occaſions, to prevent his ſentiment from being perverſely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and baſe deſertion of the unfortunate, for fear it ſhould be underſtood ſeriouſly, though delivered by his buffoon or jeſter, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine ſenſe,—" I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it."
WARBURTON.

me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That, ſir, which ſerves and ſeeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm.
But I will tarry; the fool will ſtay,
And let[6] the wiſe man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the ſtocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, *with* Gloster.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? They are ſick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;[7]
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better anſwer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;

[6] *But I will tarry; the fool will ſtay,*
And let &c.] I think this paſſage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The ſenſe will be mended if we read:
But I will tarry; the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly;
The fool turns knave, that runs away;
The knave no fool,——
That I ſtay with the king is a proof that I am a fool; the wiſe men are deſerting him. There is knavery in this deſertion, but there is no folly. Johnson.

[7] *Mere fetches;*] Though this line is now defective, perhaps it originally ſtood thus:
Mere fetches all;—. Steevens.

How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloſter, Gloſter,
I'd ſpeak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord,[6] I have inform'd them ſo.

Lear. Inform'd them! Doſt thou underſtand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would ſpeak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak, commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this?[7]——My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that[8]—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well;
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourſelves,
When nature, being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man.—Death on my ſtate! wherefore
[*looking on* Kent.
Should he ſit here? This act perſuades me,[9]

[6] Glo. *Well,* &c.] This, with the following ſpeech, is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[7] *Are they inform'd of this?*] This line is not in the quartos. Malone.

[8] ——*Tell the hot duke, that*——] The quartos read—Tell the hot duke, that *Lear*—— Steevens.

[9] ——*This act perſuades me,*] As the meaſure is here defective, perhaps our author wrote:
——*This act* almoſt *perſuades me,*—. Steevens.

That this remotion[2] of the duke and her
Is practice only.[3] Give me my ſervant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd ſpeak with them,
Now, preſently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*[4]

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my riſing heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney[5] did to

[2] ——*this* remotion——] From their own houſe to that of the earl of Gloſter. Malone.

[3] *Is* practice *only.*] *Practice* is in Shakſpeare, and other old writers, uſed commonly in an ill ſenſe for *unlawful artifice.* Johnson.

[4] *Till it cry,* Sleep to death.] This, as it ſtands, appears to be a mere nonſenſical rhapſody:—Perhaps we ſhould read—*Death to ſleep* inſtead of *Sleep to death.* M. Mason.

[5] ——*the* cockney——] It is not eaſy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer obſerves, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of *The Turnament of Tottenham,* publiſhed by Dr. Percy in his ſecond volume of *Ancient Poetry,* p. 24, it ſhould ſeem to ſignify a *cook:*

"At that feaſt were they ſerved in rich array;
"Every five and five had a *cokeney.*"

i. e. a *cook,* or *ſcullion,* to attend them.

Shakſpeare, however, in *Twelfth Night,* makes his Clown ſay, "I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a *cockney.*" In this place it ſeems to have a ſignification not unlike that which it bears at preſent; and, indeed, Chaucer in his *Reve's Tale,* ver. 4205, appears to employ it with ſuch a meaning:

"And when this jape is tald another day,
"I ſhall be halden a daffe or a *cokenay.*"

Meres likewiſe in the ſecond part of his *Wit's Commonwealth,* 1598, obſerves, that "many *cockney* and wanton women are often ſick, but in faith they cannot tell where." *Deckar,* alſo, in his *Newes from Hell,* &c. 1606, has the following paſſage, "'Tis not their fault, but our mother's, our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys.*" See the notes on the

the eels, when ſhe put them i' the paſte[6] alive; ſhe rapp'd 'em[7] o' the coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindneſs to his horſe, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.

CORN. Hail to your grace!

[KENT *is ſet at liberty.*

REG. I am glad to ſee your highneſs.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reaſon

Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 253. where the reader will meet with more information on this ſubject. STEEVENS.

Cockenay, as Dr. Percy imagines, cannot be a cook or ſcullion, but is ſome diſh which I am unable to aſcertain. My authority is the following epigram from Davies:

" He that comes every day, ſhall have a *cock-nay*,
" And he that comes but now and then, ſhall have a fat hen."

Ep. on Eng. Prov. 179. WHALLEY.

Mr. Malone expreſſes his doubt whether *cockney* means a *ſcullion*, &c. in *The Turnament of Tottenham*; and to the lines already quoted from J. Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, adds the two next:

" But cocks that to hens come but now and then,
" Shall have a *cock-nay*, not the fat hen."

I have been lately informed by an old lady that, during her childhood, ſhe remembers having eaten a kind of ſugar pellets called at that time *cockneys*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the eels, when ſhe put them i' the paſte*——] Hinting that the eel and Lear are in the ſame danger. JOHNSON.

This reference is not ſufficiently explained.—The *paſte*, or *cruſt of a pie*, in Shakſpeare's time, was called a *coffin*. HENLEY.

[7] ——*ſhe* rapp'd *'em*——] So the quartos. The folio reads—ſhe *knapt* 'em. MALONE.

Rapp'd muſt be the true reading, as the only ſenſe of the verb—to *knap*, is to *ſnap*, or *break aſunder*. STEEVENS.

I have to think ſo: if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring[8] an adultreſs.—O, are you free?
[*to* KENT.
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy ſiſter's naught: O Regan, ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here,[9]—
[*points to his heart.*
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality[2]—O Regan!

REG. I pray you, ſir, take patience; I have hope,
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.[3]

[8] *Sepulch'ring* ——] This word is accented in the ſame manner by *Fairfax and Milton:*

"As if his work ſhould his *ſepulcher* be," C. i. ſt. 25.

"And ſo *ſepulcher'd* in ſuch pomp doſt lie."

Milton on Shakſpeare, line XV. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſhe hath tied*
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here,] Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

[2] Of *how deprav'd a quality* ——] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

With how deprav'd a quality—— JOHNSON.

[3] *Than ſhe to* ſcant *her duty.*] The word *ſcant* is directly contrary to the ſenſe intended. The quarto reads:

——*ſlack* her duty,

which is no better. May we not change it thus:

You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to *ſcan* her duty.

To *ſcan* may be to *meaſure* or *proportion*. Yet our author uſes his negatives with ſuch licentiouſneſs, that it is hardly ſafe to make any alteration.—*Scant* may mean to *adapt*, to *fit*, to *proportion*; which ſenſe ſeems ſtill to be retained in the mechanical term *ſcantling*. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer had propoſed this change of *ſcant* into *ſcan*; but ſurely no alteration is neceſſary. The other reading—*ſlack*, would anſwer as well. You leſs know how to value her deſert, than ſhe (knows) to *ſcant* her duty, i. e. than ſhe can be capable of

LEAR. Say,[4] how is that?

being wanting in her duty. I have at leaſt given the *intended* meaning of the paſſage. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare without doubt intended to make Regan ſay, *I have hope that the fact will rather turn out, that* you *know not how to appretiate her merit, than that* ſhe *knows how to* ſcant, *or be* deficient in, *her duty*. But that he has expreſſed this ſentiment inaccurately, will, I think, clearly appear from inverting the ſentence, without changing a word. "I have hope (ſays Regan) that ſhe knows *more* [or *better*] how to ſcant her duty, than you know how to value her deſert,"—i. e. I have hope, that ſhe is *more perfect*, more an adept, (if the expreſſion may be allowed) in the *non-performance* of her duty, that you are perfect, or accurate, in the eſtimation of her merit.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with an inaccuracy of the ſame kind:

"——I ne'er heard yet,
"That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
"*Leſs* impudence to gainſay what they did,
"Than to perform it firſt."

where, as Dr. Johnſon has juſtly obſerved, "*wanted* ſhould be *had*, or *leſs* ſhould be *more*."—Again, in *Cymbeline*: "—be it but to fortify her judgment, which elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *leſs* quality." Here alſo *leſs* ſhould certainly be *more*.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Who *cannot want* the thought how monſtrous
"It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
"To kill the gracious Duncan?"

Here unqueſtionably for *cannot* the poet ſhould have written *can*. See alſo Vol. XII. p. 628, n. 9.

If Lear is *leſs* knowing in the valuation of Goneril's deſert, than ſhe is in her ſcanting of her duty, then ſhe knows *better* how to *ſcant* or be deficient in her duty, than he knows how to appretiate her deſert. Will any one maintain, that Regan meant to expreſs a hope that this would prove the caſe?

Shakſpeare perplexed himſelf by placing the word *leſs* before *know*; for if he had written, "I have hope that you rather know how to make her *deſert leſs* than it is, (to under-rate it in your eſtimation) than that ſhe at all knows how to ſcant her duty," all would have been clear; but, by placing *leſs* before *know*, this meaning is deſtroyed.

Thoſe who imagine that this paſſage is accurately expreſſed as it now ſtands, deceive themſelves by this fallacy: in paraphraſing it,

Reg. I cannot think, my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation: If, ſir, perchance,
She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curſes on her!

Reg. O, ſir, you are old;
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, ſir.

Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe:[5]

they always take the word *leſs* out of its place, and connect it, or ſome other ſynonymous word, with the word *deſert*. Malone.

[4] *Say*, &c.] This, as well as the following ſpeech, is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[5] *Do you but mark how this becomes* the houſe?] The order of families, duties of relation. Warburton.

In *The Tempeſt* we have again nearly the ſame ſentiment:

"But O how oddly will it ſound that I
"Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs?" Malone.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Milton on Divorce*, B. II. ch. xii. "——the reſtraint whereof, who is not too thick-ſighted, may ſee how hurtful, how deſtructive, it is to *the houſe*, the church, and commonwealth!"

Tollet.

The old reading may likewiſe receive additional ſupport from the following paſſage in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"Come up to ſupper; it will *become the houſe* wonderfull well."

Mr. Tollet has ſince furniſhed me with the following extract from Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601. chap. II. which has much the ſame expreſſion, and explains it. "They two together [man and wife] ruleth the *houſe*. The *houſe* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their ſervants, bond and free," &c. Steevens.

Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary:[4] *on my knees I beg,* [kneeling.
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good ſir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me;[5] ſtruck me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Again, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure:*—"The gentleman's wife one day could not refraine (beholding a ſtagges head ſet up in the gentleman's houſe) from breaking into a laughter before his face, ſaying how that head *became the houſe* very well."
HENDERSON.

[4] *Age is* unneceſſary:] i. e. Old age has few wants. JOHNSON.

This uſage of the word *unneceſſary* is quite without example; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained the meaning of his author, who ſeems to have deſigned to ſay no more than that it ſeems *unneceſſary* to children that the lives of their parents *ſhould be prolonged. Age is unneceſſary*, may mean, *old people are uſeleſs.* So, in *The Old Law*, by Maſſinger:

"——your laws extend not to deſert,
"But to *unneceſſary* years; and, my lord,
"His are not ſuch." STEEVENS.

Unneceſſary in Lear's ſpeech, I believe, means—*in want of neceſſaries, unable to procure them.* TYRWHITT.

[5] Look'd black *upon me*;] To *look black*, may eaſily be explain'd to *look cloudy* or *gloomy.* See *Milton:*

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
"Grew *darker* at their frown."—— JOHNSON.

So, Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 1157: "——The biſhops thereat repined, and *looked black.*" TOLLET.

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful ſun,
To fall and blaſt her pride![6]

Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood 's on.[7]

Lear. No, Regan, thou ſhalt never have my curſe;
Thy tender-hefted nature[8] ſhall not give

[6] *To* fall *and blaſt her pride!*] Thus the quarto: The folio reads not ſo well, *to fall and bliſter.* JOHNSON.

Fall is, I think, uſed here as an active verb, ſignifying to humble or pull down. *Ye fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the ſun, infect her beauty,* ſo as *to fall and blaſt,* i. e. humble and deſtroy, *her pride.* Shakſpeare in other places uſes *fall* in an active ſenſe. So, in *Othello:*

" Each drop ſhe *falls* will prove a crocodile."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" —— make him *fall*
" His creſt, that prouder than blue Iris bends."

In the old play of *King Leir* our poet found,

" I ever thought that *pride* would have a *fall.*"

MALONE.

I ſee no occaſion for ſuppoſing with Malone, that the word *fall* is to be conſidered in an active ſenſe, as ſignifying to *humble* or *pull down*; it appears to me to be uſed in this paſſage in its common acceptation; and that the plain meaning is this, " You fen ſuck'd fogs, drawn up by the ſun in order to fall down again and blaſt her pride." M. MASON.

I once propoſed the ſame explanation to Dr. Johnſon, but he would not receive it. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *when the raſh mood 's on.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read only,——*when the raſh mood*——perhaps leaving the ſentence purpoſely unfiniſhed, as indeed I ſhould wiſh it to be left, rather than countenance the admiſſion of a line ſo inharmonious as that in the text. STEEVENS.

[8] *Thy* tender-hefted *nature* ——] *Hefted* ſeems to mean the ſame as *heaved. Tender-hefted,* i. e. whoſe boſom is agitated by tender paſſions. The formation of ſuch a participle, I believe, cannot be

Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,[a]
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in: thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courteſy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good ſir, to the purpoſe.

[*Trumpets within.*

grammatically accounted for. Shakſpeare uſes *beſts* for *heavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Both the quartos however read, "tender-*beſted* nature;" which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle diſpoſitions. *Heſt* is an old word ſignifying *command*. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

"Muſt yield to *heſt* of others that be free."

Heſted is the reading of the folio. Steevens.

[a] ——*to ſcant my* ſizes,] To contract my allowances or proportions ſettled. Johnson.

A *ſizer* is one of the loweſt rank of ſtudents at Cambridge, and lives on a ſtated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in publick ſocieties are ſet down to the account of particular perſons: a word ſtill uſed in colleges. So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus:*

"You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that *ſizeth* the devil's butteries."

"Fidlers, ſet it on my head; I uſe to *ſize* my muſick, or go on the ſcore for it." *Return from Parnaſſus.*

Size ſometimes means *company*. So, in *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"He now attended with a barbal *ſize*
"Of ſober ſtateſmen," &c.

I ſuppoſe a *barbal ſize* is a *bearded company*. Steevens.

See a *ſize* in Minſhew's *Dictionary*. Tollet.

Lear. Who put my man i' the ſtocks?
Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's:[a] this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my ſight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who ſtock'd my ſervant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didſt not know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience, if yourſelves are old,[b]

[a] Corn. *What trumpet's that?*
Reg. I know't, *my ſiſter's:*] Thus, in *Othello:*
"The Moor,—*I know his trumpet.*"
It ſhould ſeem from both theſe paſſages, and others that might be quoted, that the approach of great perſonages was announced by ſome diſtinguiſhing note or tune appropriately uſed by their own trumpeters. Cornwall knows not the preſent ſound; but to Regan, who had often heard her ſiſter's trumpet, the firſt flouriſh of it was as familiar as was that of the Moor to the ears of Iago.
Steevens.

[b] *If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway*
Allow *obedience, if yourſelves are old,*] Mr. Upton has proved by irreſiſtible authority, that to *allow* ſignifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deſervedly replaced the old reading,

Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part!—
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?—
[*to* GON.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

GON. Why not by the hand, ſir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiſcretion finds,[4]
And dotage terms ſo.

LEAR. O, ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the ſtocks?

CORN. I ſet him there, ſir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.[5]

which Dr. Warburton had changed into *hallow obedience*, not recollecting the ſcripture expreſſion, *The Lord* alloweth *the righteous*, Pſalm, xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "—ſhe *allows* of thee for love, not for luſt." Again, in his *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I *allow* thoſe pleaſing poems of Guazzo, which begin," &c. Again, Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, concerning the reception with which the death of Cæſar met: "they neither greatly reproved, nor *allowed* the fact." Dr. Warburton might have found the emendation which he propoſed, in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*, which was firſt publiſhed in 1687. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*that indiſcretion* finds,] *Finds* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when a jury is ſaid to *find* a bill, to which it is an alluſion. Our author again uſes the ſame word in the ſame ſenſe in *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. i:

"Why, 'tis *found* ſo." EDWARDS.

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French uſe their word *trouver* in the ſame ſenſe; and we ſtill ſay I *find* time tedious, or I *find* company troubleſome, without thinking on a jury. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*much leſs* advancement.] The word *advancement* is ironically uſed for *conſpicuouſneſs* of puniſhment; as we now ſay, *a man is* advanced *to the pillory*. We ſhould read:

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.[6]
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chooſe
To wage againſt the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch![7]—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, ſquire-like, penſion beg
To keep baſe life[8] afoot:—Return with her?

——but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much *more* advancement. Johnson.

By *leſs advancement* is meant, a ſtill worſe or more diſgraceful ſituation; a ſituation not ſo reputable. Percy.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *diſorders* had entitled him even to a poſt of leſs honour than the ſtocks. Steevens.

[6] *I pray you, father, being weak,* ſeem *ſo.*] The meaning is, ſince *you are weak,* be content to think yourſelf weak. Johnson.

[7] *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chooſe*
To wage *againſt the enmity o' the air;*
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch!] To *wage* is often uſed abſolutely without the word *war* after it, and yet ſignifies *to make war,* as before in this play:
My life I never held but as a pawn
To *wage* againſt thine enemies.
The words—*neceſſity's ſharp pinch!* appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched ſort of exiſtence he had deſcribed in the preceding lines. Steevens.

[8] ——*baſe life*——] i. e. In a *ſervile* ſtate. Johnson.

Perſuade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter[9]
To this deteſted groom. [*Looking on the* Steward.

Gon. At your choice, ſir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another:—
But yet thou art my fleſh,[2] my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine: thou art a boil,[3]
A plague-ſore, an emboſſed carbuncle,[4]
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:

[9] —— *and* ſumpter—] *Sumpter* is a horſe that carries neceſſaries on a journey, though ſometimes uſed for the caſe to carry them in.—See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, Seward's edit. Vol. viii. note 35; and *Cupid's Revenge:*

" ——I'll have a horſe to leap thee,
" And thy baſe iſſue ſhall carry *ſumpters.*"

Again, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623,

" He is indeed a guarded *ſumpter-cloth*,
" Only for the remove o' the court." Steevens.

[2] *But yet thou art* my fleſh, &c.] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

" God knows, thou art *a collop of my fleſh.*" Steevens.

[3] ——— *thou art a* boil, &c.] The word in the old copies is written *byle*, and all the modern editors have too ſtrictly followed them. The miſtake aroſe from the word *boil* being often pronounced as if written *bile*. In the folio, we find in *Coriolanus* the ſame falſe ſpelling as here:

" —— *Byles* [boils] and plagues
" Plaſter you o'er!" Malone.

[4] ——emboſſed *carbuncle*,] *Emboſſed* is *ſwelling, protuberant.* Johnson.

So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" Whom once a day with his *emboſſed* froth
" The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover." Steevens.

Mend, when thou canſt; be better, at thy leiſure:
I can be patient; I can ſtay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo, ſir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, ſir, to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo—
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoke now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, ſir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number? How, in one houſe,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to ſlack you,
We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number: What, muſt I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked;[5] not being the worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe:—I'll go with thee;
[*To* Goneril.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſt's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—

[5] *Thoſe* wicked *creatures yet do look well-favour'd,*
When others are more wicked;] A ſimilar thought occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act V:
" ——— it is I
" That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
" By being worſe than they." Steevens.

Again, in *Cymbeline:*
" Then thou look'dſt like a villain; now, methinks,
" Thy favour's good enough." Malone.

This paſſage, I think, ſhould be pointed thus:
Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worſt
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe.——
That is, *To be not the worſt* deſerves ſome praiſe. Tyrwhitt.

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need![6]
You ſee me here, you gods, a poor old man,[7]
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters' hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall—I will do ſuch things,—
What they are, yet I know not;[8] but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cauſe of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thouſand flaws,[9]

[6] ——patience, patience *I need!*] I believe the word *patience* was repeated inadvertently by the compoſitor. MALONE.

The compoſitor has repeated the wrong word. Read:

You heavens, give me that patience *that* I need.

Or, ſtill better, perhaps:

You heavens, give me patience!—that I need. RITSON.

[7] ——*poor old man,*] The quarto has, poor old *fellow.* JOHNSON.

[8] ——*I will do ſuch things,—*
What they are, yet I know not;]
——magnum eſt quodcunque paravi,
Quid ſit, adhuc dubito. *Ovid. Met.* Lib. vi.
——haud quid ſit ſcio,
Sed grande quiddam eſt. *Senecæ Thyeſtes.*

Let ſuch as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature muſt occaſionally uſe the ſame thoughts and expreſſions, remember, that of both theſe authors there were early tranſlations. STEEVENS.

Evidently from Golding's tranſlation, 1567:

"The *thing* that I do purpoſe on is great, whatere it is
"*I know not what* it may be *yet.*" RITSON.

[9] ——*into a hundred thouſand* flaws,] A *flaw* ſignifying a crack or other ſimilar imperfection, our author, with his accuſtomed

Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I ſhall go mad!
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, *and* Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.
[*Storm heard at a diſtance.*

Reg. This houſe
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himſelf from reſt,[2] and muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloſter?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?[3]

Glo. He calls to horſe;[3] but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way; he leads himſelf.

licenſe, uſes the word here for a *ſmall broken particle*. So again, in the fifth act:

" ——But his *flaw'd heart*
" Burſt ſmilingly." MALONE.

[2] ——he *hath put*
Himſelf from reſt,] The perſonal pronoun was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *He hath* was formerly contracted thus; *H'ath*; and hence perhaps the miſtake. The ſame error has, I think, happened in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. See Vol. IV. p. 214, n. 3. MALONE.

[3] Corn. *Whither is he going?*
Glo. *He calls to horſe*;] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to ſtay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do ſorely ruffle;[4] for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.

Reg. O, ſir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchoolmaſters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſperate train;
And what they may incenſe him to,[5] being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counſels well: come out o' the ſtorm.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *Do ſorely* ruffle;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Do ſorely *ruſſel*, i. e. *ruſtle*. STEEVENS.

Ruffle is certainly the true reading. A *ruffler*, in our author's time, was a noiſy, *boiſterous*, ſwaggerer. MALONE.

[5] —— incenſe *him to*,] To *incenſe* is here, as in other places, to inſtigate. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A ſtorm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

KENT. Who's here, beſide foul weather?

GENT. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.

KENT. I know you; Where's the king?

GENT. Contending with the fretful element:[6]
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,[7]
That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white hair;[8]

[6] —— *the fretful* element:] i. e. the air. Thus the quartos; for which the editor of the folio ſubſtituted *elements.* MALONE.

[7] *Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the* main,] The *main* ſeems to ſignify here the *main land, the continent.* So, in *Bacon's War with Spain:* "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain."

This interpretation ſets the two objects of Lear's deſire in proper oppoſition to each other. He wiſhes for the deſtruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raiſing the waters ſo as to overwhelm the land. STEEVENS.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"—— The *bounded waters*
"Should lift their boſoms higher than the *ſhores,*
"And make a ſop of all this *ſolid globe.*"

The main is again uſed for *the land,* in *Hamlet:*

"Goes it againſt *the main* of Poland, ſir?" MALONE.

[8] —— *tears his white hair;*] The ſix following verſes were

Which the impetuous blaſts, with eyeleſs rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-ſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.[9]
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,[a]

omitted in all the late editions; I have replaced them from the firſt, for they are certainly Shakſpeare's. POPE.

The firſt folio ends the ſpeech at *change or ceaſe*, and begins again at Kent's queſtion, *But who is with him?* The whole ſpeech is forcible, but too long for the occaſion, and properly retrenched. JOHNSON.

9 *Strives in his little world of man to out-*ſcorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.] Thus the old copies. But I ſuſpect we ſhould read—out-*ſtorm*: i. e. as Neſtor expreſſes it in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" —— with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
" *Returns* to chiding fortune:"

i. e. makes a return to it, gives it as good as it brings, *confronts it with ſelf-compariſons*.

Again, in *King Lear*, Act V:

" Myſelf could elſe *out-frown* falſe fortune's *frown*."

Again, in *King John*:

" Threaten the threatner, and *out-face the brow*
" Of bragging horror."

Again, (and more deciſively) in *The Lover's Complaint*, attributed to our author:

" *Storming* her *world* with ſorrow's wind and rain."

STEEVENS.

[a] *This night, wherein the* cub-drawn *bear would couch,*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to ſignify *drawn by nature to its young*; whereas it means, *whoſe dugs are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, " that even hunger, and the ſupport of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in ſuch a night." WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare has the ſame image in *As you like it*:

" A lioneſs, *with udders all drawn dry*,
" Lay couching ——."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Food to the *ſuck'd and hungry* lioneſs." STEEVENS.

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.[3]

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,[4]
Commend a dear thing to you. There is diviſion,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not,[5] that their great ſtars
Thron'd and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to France the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate; what hath been ſeen,[6]

[3] *And bids what will* take all.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Enobarbus ſays

" I'll ſtrike, and cry, *Take all.*" Steevens.

[4] ——*upon the warrant of my* art,] Thus the quartos. The folio—" my *note.*"—" The warrant of my *art*" ſeems to mean—on the ſtrength of my *ſkill* in phyſiognomy. Steevens.

——*upon the warrant of my* art,] On the ſtrength of that art or ſkill, which teaches us " to find *the mind's conſtruction in the face.*" The paſſage in *Macbeth* from which I have drawn this paraphraſe, in which the word *art* is again employed in the ſame ſenſe, confirms the reading of the quartos. The folio reads—upon the warrant of my *note:* i. e. ſays Dr. Johnſon, " my obſervation of your character." Malone.

[5] *Who have (as who have not,]* The eight ſubſequent verſes were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and to no purpoſe. For my part, I ſee nothing in them but what is very eaſy to be underſtood; and the lines ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invaſion: nor without them is the ſenſe of the context complete. Theobald.

The quartos omit theſe lines. Steevens.

[6] ——*what hath been ſeen,]* What follows, are the circum-

Either in ſnuffs and packings [7] of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind king; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings; [8]—
[But, true it is,[9] from France there comes a power
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret feet
In ſome of our beſt ports,[2] and are at point

ſtances in the ſtate of the kingdom, of which he ſuppoſes the ſpies gave France the intelligence. STEEVENS.

[7] *Either in* ſnuffs *and* packings ——] *Snuffs* are diſlikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

So, in *Henry IV.* P. I: "Took it in *ſnuff*;" and in *King Edward III.* 1599:

"This *packing* evil, we both ſhall tremble for it."

Again, in Stanyhurſt's *Virgil*, 1582:

"With two gods *packing* one woman ſilly to cozen."

We ſtill talk of *packing* juries, and Antony ſays of Cleopatra, that ſhe has "*pack'd* cards with Cæſar." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *are but* furniſhings;] *Furniſhings* are what we now call *colours, external pretences.* JOHNSON.

A *furniſh* anciently ſignified a *ſample.* So, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621: "To lend the world a *furniſh* of wit, ſhe lays her own to pawn." STEEVENS.

[9] *But, true it is,* &c.] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inſerted in the text, which ſeem neceſſary to the plot, as a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in Act IV. How both theſe, and a whole ſcene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. POPE.

[2] ——*from France there comes a power*
Into this ſcatter'd *kingdom*; *who already,*
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret feet
In ſome of our beſt ports,] This ſpeech as it now ſtands is collected from two editions: the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines incloſed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the ſpeech be read with omiſſion of the former, it will ſtand according to the firſt edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then ſtand according to the

To ſhow their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to Dover, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The king hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from ſome knowledge and aſſurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purſe, and take
What it contains: If you ſhall ſee Cordelia,

ſecond. The ſpeech is now tedious, becauſe it is formed by a coalition of both. The ſecond edition is generally beſt, and was probably neareſt to Shakſpeare's laſt copy, but in this paſſage the firſt is preferable; for in the folio, the meſſenger is ſent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but truſting too much to himſelf, and full of a ſingle purpoſe, he did not accommodate his new lines to the reſt of the ſcene. *Scattered* means *divided, unſettled, diſunited.* JOHNSON.

—— *have ſecret* feet

In ſome of our beſt ports,] One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the ſame year, and for the ſame printer) reads *ſecret feet.* Perhaps the author wrote *ſecret foot,* i. e. footing. So, in a following ſcene:

—— what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late *footed* in the kingdom? STEEVENS.

Theſe lines, as has been obſerved, are not in the folio. Quarto A reads—ſecret *fee*; quarto B—ſecret *feet.* I have adopted the latter reading, which I ſuppoſe was uſed in the ſenſe of *ſecret footing,* and is ſtrongly confirmed by a paſſage in this act: "Theſe injuries the king now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a *power* already *footed:* we muſt incline to the king." Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"——Why, thou Mars, I'll tell thee,
"We have a *power* on *foot.*" MALONE.

(As fear not but you ſhall,[3]) ſhow her this ring;
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way; I'll this;) he that firſt[4] lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[3] (*As* fear *not but you ſhall,*)] Thus quarto B and the folio. Quarto A—As *doubt* not but you ſhall. Malone.

[4] —— *the king, (in which your pain,*
That way; I'll this;) he that firſt &c.] Thus the folio. The late reading:

——for which you take
That way, I this,——

was not genuine. The quartos read:

That when we have found the king,
Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights
On him, hollow the other. Steevens.

SCENE II.

Another part of the heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

LEAR. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks![5] rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulphurous and thought-executing[6] fires,
Vaunt couriers[7] to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,

[5] *Blow*, wind, *and crack your cheeks!*] Thus the quartos. The folio has—*winds*. The poet, as Mr. M. Maſon has obſerved in a note on *The Tempeſt*, was here thinking of the common repreſentation of the winds, which he might have found in many books of his own time. So again, as the ſame gentleman has obſerved, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias *cheek*
" Outſwell the cholick of *puff'd Aquilon*."

We find the ſame alluſion in Kempe's *Nine daies wonder*, &c. quarto, 1600: " —he *ſwells* preſently, like *one of the four winds*." MALONE.

[6] ——*thought-executing*——] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. JOHNSON.

[7] *Vaunt couriers*—] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phraſe is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakſpeare's time. It originally meant the foremoſt ſcouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

—" as ſoon as the firſt *vancurrer* encountered him face to face."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

" Might to my death, but the *vaunt-currier* prove."

Again, in *Darius*, 1603:

" Th' *avant-corours*, that came for to examine."

STEEVENS.

Singe my white head! And thou, all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat[8] the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens ſpill at once,[9]
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water[a] in a dry houſe is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughters bleſſing; here's a night pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! ſpout, rain!

In *The Tempeſt* "Jove's lightnings" are termed more familiarly,
"——— the *precurſors*
"O' the dreadful thunder-claps—." Malone.

[8] Strike *flat* &c.] The quarto reads,—*Smite* flat. Steevens.

[9] *Crack nature's moulds, all* germens *ſpill at once,*] Crack nature's mould, and ſpill all the *ſeeds of matter,* that are hoarded within it. Our author not only uſes the ſame thought again, but the word that aſcertains my explication, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"Let nature cruſh the ſides o' the earth together,
"And mar the *ſeeds* within." Theobald.

So, again in *Macbeth:*
"——and the ſum
"Of nature's *germens* tumble altogether." Steevens.

——ſpill *at once,*] To *ſpill* is to deſtroy. So, in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis,* lib. iv. fol. 67:
"So as I ſhall myſelf *ſpill.*" Steevens.

[a] ——*court holy-water*—] Ray, among his proverbial phraſes, p. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words.* The French have the ſame phraſe. *Eaû benite de cour*; fair empty words.—*Chambaud's Dictionary.*

The ſame phraſe alſo occurs in Churchyard's *Charitie,* 1595:
"The great good turnes in *court* that thouſands felt,
"Is turn'd to cleer faire *holie water* there" &c.
Steevens.

Cotgrave in his Dict. 1611, defines *Eau benite de cour,* "*court holie water*; compliments, faire words, flattering ſpeeches," &c. See alſo Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Mantellizare,* To flatter, to claw,—to give one *court holie-water.*" Malone.

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription;[4] why then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure; here I ſtand, your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man:—
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul![5]

Fool. He that has a houſe to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will houſe,
Before the head has any,
The head and he ſhall louſe;—
So beggars marry many.[6]
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,[7]
And turn his ſleep to wake.

[4] *You owe me no* ſubſcription;] *Subſcription* for obedience. WARBURTON.

See p. 35, n. 3. MALONE.

So, in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 17: "I tell yee beſides this he is an obſtinat wilfull fellow, for ſince this idolatrous adoration given to him here by men, he has kept the ſcepter in his owne hand and commands every man: which rebellious man now ſeeing (or rather indeed too obedient to him) inclines to all his heſts, *yields no ſubſcription*, nor will he be commanded by any other power," &c. REED.

[5] ——*'tis foul!*] Shameful; diſhonourable. JOHNSON.

[6] *So beggars marry many.*] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. JOHNSON.

Rather, "So many beggars marry;" meaning, that they marry in the manner he has deſcribed, before they have houſes to put their heads in. M. MASON.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

Enter KENT.

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will ſay nothing.[8]

KENT. Who's there?

FOOL. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wiſe man, and a fool.[9]

KENT. Alas, ſir, are you here?[2] things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe; the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,[3]

[7] ——*cry woe,*] i. e. be grieved, or pained. So, in *King Richard III:*

" You live, that ſhall *cry woe* for this hereafter."
MALONE.

[8] *No, I will be the pattern of all patience,*
I will ſay nothing.] So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, ſpeaking of *Leir:*

" But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
" Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply." STEEVENS.

[9] —— grace, *and a* cod-piece; *that's a wiſe man, and a fool.*] In Shakſpeare's time " the king's *grace*" was the uſual expreſſion. In the latter phraſe, the ſpeaker perhaps alludes to an old notion concerning fools. See Vol. XI. p. 191, n. 4. MALONE.

Alluding perhaps to the ſaying of a contemporary wit; that there is *no diſcretion below the girdle.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*are you here?*] The quartos read—*ſit* you here?
STEEVENS.

[3] Gallow *the very wanderers of the dark,*] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" —'ſtoniſh'd as night-wanderers are." MALONE.

Gallow, a weſt-country word, ſignifies to ſcare or frighten.
WARBURTON.

So, the Somerſetſhire proverb: " The dunder do *gally* the beans." Beans are vulgarly ſuppoſed to ſhoot up faſter after thunder-ſtorms. STEEVENS.

And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.[4]

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[5] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of juſtice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimular man of virtue
That art inceſtuous: Caitiff, to pieces ſhake,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming[6]
Haſt practis'd on man's life!—Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents,[7] and cry

[4] ——*fear.*] So the folio: the later editions read, with the quarto, *force* for *fear*, leſs elegantly. Johnson.

[5] ——*this dreadful* pother ——] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

The reading of the text, however, is an expreſſion common to others. So, in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——ſaln out with their meat, and *kept a pudder.*"

Steevens.

[6] *That under covert and* convenient *ſeeming* —] *Convenient* needs not be underſtood in any other than its uſual and proper ſenſe; *accommodate* to the preſent purpoſe; *ſuitable* to a deſign. *Convenient ſeeming* is *appearance* ſuch as may promote his purpoſe to deſtroy. Johnson.

[7] ——*concealing* continents,] *Continent* ſtands for that which *contains* or *incloſes*. Johnson.

Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Heart, once be ſtronger than thy *continent!*"

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the XIIth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.[8]—I am a man,[9]
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

KENT. Alack, bare-headed![2]
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt;
Repoſe you there: while I to this hard houſe,
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in,) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

" I told our pilot that paſt other men
" He moſt muſt bear firm ſpirits, ſince he ſway'd
" The *continent* that all our ſpirits convey'd," &c.
The quartos read, *concealed centers.* STEEVENS.

[8] —— *and cry*
Theſe dreadful ſummoners *grace.*] *Summoners* are here the *officers* that ſummon offenders before a proper tribunal. See Chaucer's *Sompnour's Tale*, v. 625—670. Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. I. STEEVENS.

I find the ſame expreſſion in a treatiſe publiſhed long before this play was written: " —they ſeem to brag moſt of the ſtrange events which follow for the moſt part after blazing ſtarres, as if they were the *ſummoners* of God to call princes to the ſeat of judgment." *Defenſative againſt the poiſon of ſuppoſed prophecies*, 1581. MALONE.

[9] *I am a man,*] Oedipus, in Sophocles, repreſents himſelf in the ſame light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258.

——— τωγ' ἐγω μὸι
Πεπονθοτ' ἐστι μαλλον ἡ δεδρακοτα. TYRWHITT.

[2] *Alack, bare-headed!*] Kent's faithful attendance on the old king, as well as that of Perillus, in the old play which preceded Shakſpeare's, is founded on an hiſtorical fact. Lear, ſays Geoffrey of Monmouth, " when he betook himſelf to his youngeſt daughter in Gaul, waited before the city where ſhe reſided, while he ſent a meſſenger to inform her of the miſery he was fallen into, and to deſire her relief to a father that ſuffered both hunger and nakedneſs. Cordeilla was ſtartled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears aſked him, how many men her father had with him. The meſſenger anſwered he had none but *one man*, who had been his armour-bearer, and was ſtaying with him without the town." MALONE.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How doſt, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myſelf.—Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart[9]
That's ſorry yet for thee.[2]

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—*
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,[3]—
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* Lear *and* Kent.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.[4]
—I'll ſpeak a prophecy ere I go:

When prieſts are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;[5]
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors:[6]

[9] —— *one* part *in my heart*—] Some editions read:
—— *thing* in my heart;
from which Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, have made *ſtring*, very unneceſſarily; but the copies have *part*. Johnson.

[2] *That's* ſorry *yet* &c,] The old quartos read:
That *ſorrows* yet for thee. Steevens.

[3] —— *a little tiny wit,—*
With heigh, ho, &c.] See ſong in Vol. IV. p. 171. Steevens.

[4] *This is a brave night* &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quartos. Steevens.

[5] *When nobles are their tailors' tutors*;] i. e. invent faſhions for them. Warburton.

[6] *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors:*] The diſeaſe to which

When every caſe in law is right;
No ſquire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then ſhall the realm of Albion
Come to great confuſion.[7]
Then comes the time,[8] who lives to ſee 't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin ſhall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

wenches' ſuitors are particularly expoſed, was called in Shakſpeare's time the *brenning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Iſaiah*, iii. 24: "—— and *burning* inſtead of beauty." STEEVENS.

[7] *Then ſhall the realm of Albion*
Come to great confuſion.] Theſe lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows:

"When faith fails in prieſtes ſaws,
"And lords heſts are holden for laws,
"And robbery is tane for purchaſe,
"And letchery for ſolace,
"*Then ſhall the realm of Albion*
"*Be brought to great confuſion.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Then comes the time*, &c.] This couplet Dr. Warburton tranſpoſed, and placed after the fourth line of this prophecy. The four lines, "*When prieſts*," &c. according to his notion, are "a ſatirical deſcription of *the preſent manners*, as *future*;" and the ſix lines from "*When every caſe*—to *churches build*," "a ſatirical deſcription of future manners, which the corruption of the preſent would prevent from ever happening." His conception of the firſt four lines is, I think, juſt: but inſtead of his far-fetched conceit relative to the other ſix lines, I ſhould rather call them an *ironical*, as the preceding are a ſatirical, deſcription of the time in which our poet lived. The tranſpoſition recommended by this critick and adopted in the late editions, is in my opinion as unneceſſary, as it is unwarrantable. MALONE.

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

GLO. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I deſired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe; charged me, on pain of their perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, nor any way ſuſtain him.

EDM. Moſt ſavage, and unnatural!

GLO. Go to; ſay you nothing: There is diviſion between the dukes; and a worſe matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be ſpoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my cloſet: theſe injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we muſt incline to the king. I will ſeek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he aſk for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no leſs is threaten'd me, the king my old maſter muſt be relieved. There is ſome ſtrange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

EDM. This courteſy, forbid thee, ſhall the duke
Inſtantly know; and of that letter too:—
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father loſes; no leſs than all:
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall.

SCENE IV.

A part of the heath, with a hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

LEAR. Let me alone.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Wilt break my heart?[9]

KENT. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin: ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt.[2] Thou'dſt ſhun a bear:

[9] *Wilt break my heart?*] I believe that Lear does not addreſs this queſtion to Kent, but to his own boſom. Perhaps therefore we ſhould point the paſſage thus:

Wilt break, my heart?

The tenderneſs of Kent indeed induces him to reply, as to an interrogation that ſeemed to reflect on his own humanity.

STEEVENS.

[2] *But where the greater malady is fix'd,*
The leſſer is ſcarce felt.] So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. vi:

"He leſſer pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief."

STEEVENS.

But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,[2]
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will puniſh home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In ſuch a night
To ſhut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:[3]—
In ſuch a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all,[4]—
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:

[2] —— raging *ſea,*] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads,—*roaring ſea.* Steevens.

[3] ——— *In ſuch a night*
To ſhut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:] Omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[4] *Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all,*] Old copies:
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave you *all,*—.
Steevens.

I have already obſerved that the words, *father, brother, rather,* and many of a ſimilar ſound, were ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare as monoſyllables. The editor of the folio, ſuppoſing the metre to be defective, omitted the word *you,* which is found in the quartos. Malone.

That our author's verſification, to modern ears, (I mean to ſuch as have been tuned by the melody of an exact writer like Mr. Pope) may occaſionally appear overloaded with ſyllables, I cannot deny; but when I am told that he uſed the words—*father, brother,* and *rather,* as monoſyllables, I muſt withhold my aſſent in the moſt decided manner. Steevens.

In, boy; go firſt.[5]—[*to the* Fool.] You houſeleſs poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep.—
[Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs,[6] defend you

[5] *In, boy; go firſt.* &c.] Theſe two lines were added in the author's reviſion, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciouſly intended to repreſent that humility, or tenderneſs, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*loop'd and* window'd *raggedneſs,*] So, in *The Amorous War*, 1648:

" ——ſpare me a doublet which
" Hath linings in't, and no glaſs *windows.*"

This alluſion is as old as the time of *Plautus*, in one of whoſe plays it is found.

Again, in the comedy already quoted:

" ——this jerkin
" Is wholly made of *doors.*" STEEVENS.

Loop'd is full of ſmall apertures, ſuch as were made in ancient caſtles, for firing ordnance, or ſpying the enemy. Theſe were wider without than within, and were called *loops* or *loop-holes:* which Coles in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders by the word *feneſtella.* MALONE.

Loops, as Mr. Henley obſerves, particularly in caſtles and towers, were often deſigned " for the admiſſion of light, where windows would have been incommodious." Shakſpeare, he adds, " in *Othello*, and other places, has alluded to them."

To diſcharge *ordnance*, however, from *loopholes*, according to Mr. Malone's ſuppoſition, was, I believe, never attempted, becauſe almoſt impoſſible; although ſuch outlets were ſufficiently adapted to the uſe of arrows. Many alſo of theſe *loops*, ſtill exiſting, were contrived before fire arms had been introduced. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton, in his excellent edition of Milton's Juvenile Poems, (p. 511) quotes the foregoing line as explanatory of a paſſage in that poet's verſes *in Quintum Novembris:*

" Tarda *feneſtratis* figens veſtigia *calceis.*
" Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſta *Franciſcus* eremo
" Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,"——

But from the ſucceeding in *Buchanan's Franciſcanus & Fratres,*

From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take phyſick, pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhow the heavens more juſt.[7]

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom[8] and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The* Fool *runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there i' the ſtraw?
Come forth.

Enter Edgar, *diſguiſed as a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—

theſe ſhoes or buſkins with *windows on them* appear to have compoſed a part of the habit of the Franciſcan order:

"Atque *feneſtratum* ſoleas captare *cothurnum.*"

The Pariſh Clerk in *Chaucer*, (*Cant. Tales*, v. 3318. edit. 1775.) has "*Poulis windows* corven on his ſhoos." Holt White.

[7] ——*Take phyſick, pomp;*
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhow the heavens more juſt.] A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"O let thoſe cities that of plenty's cup
"And her proſperities ſo largely taſte,
"With their ſuperfluous riots,—hear theſe tears;
"The miſery of Tharſus may be theirs." Malone.

[8] *Fathom* &c.] This ſpeech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos. He gives the ſign uſed by thoſe who are ſounding the depth at ſea. Steevens.

Humph! go to thy cold bed,[9] and warm thee.

Lear. Haſt thou given all to thy two daughters?[2] And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,[3] through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,[4]

[9] *Humph! go to thy cold bed*, &c.] So, in the introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Sly* ſays, "go to thy cold bed and warm thee." A ridicule, I ſuppoſe, on ſome paſſage in a play as abſurd as *The Spaniſh Tragedy*. Steevens.

This line is a ſneer on the following one ſpoken by Hieronimo in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, Act II:

"What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,"

Whalley.

Humph! go to thy cold *bed, and warm thee*,] Thus the quartos. The editor of the folio 1623, I ſuppoſe, thinking the paſſage nonſenſe, omitted the word *cold*. This is not the only inſtance of unwarrantable alterations made even in that valuable copy. That the quartos are right, appears from the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, where the ſame words occur. See Vol. VI. p. 388, n. 7. Malone.

[2] *Haſt thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Didſt thou give all to thy daughters?* Steevens.

[3] ——*led through fire and through flame*,] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, ſuppoſed to be lights kindled by miſchievous beings to lead travellers into deſtruction. Johnson.

[4] ——*laid knives under his pillow*,] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to ſuicide; the opportunities of deſtroying himſelf, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. Johnson.

Shakſpeare found this charge againſt the fiend, with many others of the ſame nature, in Harſenet's *Declaration*, and has uſed the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, Act IV. ſc. i.

Infernal ſpirits are always repreſented as urging the wretched to ſelf-deſtruction. So, in *Dr. Fauſtus*, 1604:

"Swords, poiſons, halters, and envenom'd ſteel,
"Are laid before me to diſpatch myſelf." Steevens.

The paſſage in Harſenet's book which Shakſpeare had in view, is this:

and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horſe over four-inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor:—Bleſs thy five wits![5]

" This Examt. further ſayth, that one Alexander, an apothecarie, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new *halter*, and two blades of *knives*, did leave the ſame upon the gallerie floore, in her maiſters houſe.—A great ſearch was made in the houſe to know how the ſaid halter and knife-blades came thither,—till Ma. Mainy in his next fit ſaid, it was reported that the *devil layd* them in the gallerie, that *ſome of thoſe that were poſſeſſed, might either hang themſelves with the halter, or kill themſelves with the blades.*"

The kind of temptation which the fiend is deſcribed as holding out to the unfortunate, might alſo have been ſuggeſted by the ſtory of Cordila, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575, where DESPAIRE viſits her in priſon, and ſhows her various inſtruments by which ſhe may rid herſelf of life:

" And there withall ſhe ſpred her garments lap aſſyde,
" Under the which a thouſand things I ſawe with eyes;
" Both knives, ſharpe ſwords, poynadoes all bedyde
" With bloud, and poyſons preſt, which ſhe could well deviſe." MALONE.

[5] —— *Bleſs thy five wits!*] So the five ſenſes were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Five Elements*, one of the characters is *Senſual Appetite*, who with great ſimplicity thus introduces himſelf to the audience:

" I am callyd ſenſual apetyte,
" All creatures in me delyte,
" I comforte the *wyttys five*;
" The taſtyng ſmelling and herynge
" I refreſhe the ſyghte and felynge
" To all creaturs alyve."

Sig. B. iij. PERCY.

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

" *Every man*, thou art made, thou haſt thy *wyttes five*."

Again, in *Hycke Scorner:*

" I have ſpent amys my *v wittes*."

Again, in *The Interlude of the Four Elements*, by John Raſtell, 1519:

" Brute beſtis have memory and their *wyttes five*."

Again, in the firſt book of Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis:*

" As touchende of my *wittes five*." STEEVENS.

Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bleſs thee from whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking![6] Do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?—
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? Did'ſt thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerved a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, ſir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.[7]

Shakſpeare, however, in his 141ſt Sonnet ſeems to have conſidered the *five wits*, as diſtinct from *the ſenſes:*

"But my *five wits*, nor my *five ſenſes* can
"Diſſuade one fooliſh heart from ſerving thee."

MALONE.

[6] ——*taking!*] To *take* is to blaſt, or ſtrike with malignant influence:

"——ſtrike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs!" JOHNSON.

[7] ——*pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to ſuck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630, ſecond part:

Edg. Pillicock ſat[8] on pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly;[9] ſwear not; commit not[2] with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair;[3] wore gloves in my cap,[4]

"Shall a ſilly bird pick her own breaſt to nouriſh her young ones? the *pelican* does it, and ſhall not I?"

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"The *pelican* loves not her young ſo well
"That digs upon her breaſt a hundred ſprings."

STEEVENS.

[8] Pillicock *ſat* &c.] I once thought this a word of Shakſpeare's formation; but the reader may find it explained in Minſheu's Dict. p. 365, Article, 3299-2.—*Killico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harſenet's *Declaration*. The folio reads—Pillicock-hill. I have followed the quartos. MALONE.

The inquiſitive reader may alſo find an explanation of this word in a note annexed to Sir Thomas Urquart's tranſlation of Rabelais, Vol. I. B. I. ch. ii. p. 184, edit. 1750. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*keep thy* word *juſtly*;] Both the quartos, and the folio, have *words*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] ——commit *not* &c.] The word *commit* is uſed in this ſenſe by Middleton, in *Women beware Women*:

"His weight is deadly who *commits* with ſtrumpets."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——proud *in heart and mind*; *that* curl'd my hair; &c.] "Then Ma. Mainy, by the inſtigation of the firſt of the ſeaven [*ſpirits*], began to ſet his hands unto his ſide, *curled his hair*, and uſed ſuch geſtures, as Ma. Edmunds [the exorciſt] preſently affirmed that that ſpirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curſe and banne, ſaying, What a poxe do I here? I will ſtay no longer amongſt a company of raſcal prieſts, but goe to the court, and brave it

ſerved the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her; ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heaven: one, that ſlept in the contriving of luſt, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: Falſe of heart, light of ear,[5] bloody of

amongſt my fellows, the noblemen there aſſembled." Harſnet's *Declaration*, &c. 1603.

" —ſhortly after they [the ſeven ſpirits] were all caſt forth, and in ſuch manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil ſhould depart in ſome certaine forme repreſenting either a beaſt or ſome other creature, that had the reſemblance of that ſinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the ſpirit of pride departed in the forme of a peacock; the ſpirit of *ſloth* in the likeneſs of an aſſe; the ſpirit of envie in the ſimilitude of a *dog*; the ſpirit of *gluttony* in the forme of a *wolfe*, and the other devils had alſo in their departure their particular likeneſſes agreeable to their natures." MALONE.

[4] ——*wore gloves in my cap*,] i. e. His miſtreſs's favours: which was the faſhion of that time. So, in the play called *Campaſpe*: " Thy men turned to women, thy ſoldiers to *lovers*, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, inſtead of plumes in graven helmets."

WARBURTON.

It was anciently the cuſtom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three diſtinct occaſions, viz. as the favour of a miſtreſs, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boaſts that he *will pluck a glove from the commoneſt creature*, and fix it in his helmet; and Tucca ſays to Sir Quintilian, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*:

" ——Thou ſhalt wear her *glove* in thy worſhipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch:" and Pandora in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

" ——he that firſt preſents me with his head,
" Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed."

Portia, in her aſſumed character, aſks Baſſanio for his *gloves*, which ſhe ſays ſhe will *wear for his ſake*: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occaſions his quarrel with the Engliſh ſoldier. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*light of ear*,] *Credulous of evil*, ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

hand; Hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs,[6] dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets,[7] thy pen from lenders' books,[8] and defy the foul fiend.—

[6] —— *Hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs*, &c.] The Jeſuits pretended to caſt the ſeven deadly ſins out of Mainy in the ſhape of thoſe animals that repreſented them; and before each was caſt out, Mainy by geſtures acted that particular ſin; curling his hair to ſhow *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and ſnoring for *ſloth*, &c.—Harſnet's book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *thy hand out of* plackets,] It appeareth from the following paſſage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a ſilly comedy, that *placket* doth not ſignify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: "—between which is diſcovered the *open part* which is now called the *placket*." Bayly in his *Dictionary*, giveth the ſame account of the word.

Yet peradventure, our poet hath ſome deeper meaning in *The Winter's Tale*, where Autolycus ſaith—"You might have pinch'd a *placket*, it was ſenſeleſs:"—and, now I bethink me, ſir Thomas Urquart, knight, in his tranſlation of that wicked varlet Rabelais, ſtyleth the inſtrument wherewith Garagantua played at carnal tennis, his "*placket*-racket." See that work, Vol. I. p. 184, edit. 1750.

Impartiality nevertheleſs compelleth me to obſerve, that Maſter Coles in his Dictionary hath rendered *placket* by *finus muliebris*: and a pleaſant commentator who ſigneth himſelf T. C. hath alſo produced inſtances in favour of that ſignification; for, ſaith he,—but hear we his own words:

"Peradventure a placket ſignified neither a petticoat nor any part of one; but a *ſtomacher*." See the word *Torace* in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "The breſt or bulke of a man.—Alſo a *placket* or *ſtomacher*."—The word ſeems to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Wandering Whores*, &c. a comedy, 1663: "If I meet a cull in Moreſields, I can give him leave to dive in my *placket*."

So that, after all, this matter is enwrapped in much and painful uncertainty. AMNER.

[8] —— *thy pen from lenders' books*,] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605:

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:
Says ſuum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy,
my boy, ſeſſa; let him trot by.[9] [*ſtorm continues.*

" If I but *write my name in mercers' books,*
" I am as ſure to have at ſix months end
" A raſcal at my elbow with his mace," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Says ſuum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, ſeſſa; let him trot by.*] The quartos read—the cold wind; hay, no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, *ceaſe*, let him trot by. The folio:—the cold wind: ſayes ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my boy, boy *Seſſey*, let him trot by. The text is formed from the two copies. I have printed *Seſſa*, inſtead of *Seſſey*, becauſe the ſame cant word occurs in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*: " Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world ſlide: *Seſſa*. MALONE.

Hey no nonny is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinſmen* (ſaid to be written by Shakſpeare in conjunction with Fletcher) and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of *Ophelia's* ſongs.—

Dolphin, my boy, my boy,
Ceaſe, let him trot by;
It ſeemeth not that ſuch a foe
From me or you would fly.

This is a ſtanza from a very old ballad written on ſome battle fought in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the ſuſpected valour of his ſon the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin* (ſo called and ſpelt at thoſe times) to the trial, is repreſented as deſirous to reſtrain him from any attempt to eſtabliſh an opinion of his courage on an adverſary who wears the leaſt appearance of ſtrength; and at laſt aſſiſts in propping up a dead body againſt a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore as different champions are ſuppoſed to croſs the field, the king always diſcovers ſome objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats theſe two lines as every freſh perſonage is introduced.

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The ſong I have never ſeen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have ſuppoſed the diſcovery would have been of the leaſt importance to me.——As for the words, *ſays ſuum, mun*, they are only to be found in the firſt folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compoſitors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not underſtand, or to add more

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies.—Is man no more than this? Conſider him well: Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated!—Thou art the thing itſelf: unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.[9]— [*tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to ſwim in.[2]—Now a little fire in a

of their own to what they already concluded to be nonſenſe. Steevens.

Cokes cries out in *Bartholomew Fair:*

" God's my life!—He ſhall be *Dauphin my boy!*"

Farmer.

It is obſervable that the two ſongs to which Mr. Steevens refers for the burden of *Hey no nonny*, are both ſung by girls diſtracted from diſappointed love. The meaning of the burden may be inferred from what follows: Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1593, 4to:

" Who ever heard thy pipe and pleaſing vaine,
" And doth but heare this ſcurrill minſtralcy,
" Theſe *noninos* of filthie ribauldry,
" That doth not muſe."

Again, in White's *Wit of a Woman:*

" —theſe dauncers ſometimes do teach them trickes above trenchmore, yea and ſometimes ſuch lavoltas, that they mount ſo high, that you may ſee their *hey nony, nony, nony, no.*" Henley.

[9] *Come; unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads: *Come on, be true.* Steevens.

[2] —*a* naughty *night to ſwim in.*] So Tuſſer, chap. 42, fol. 93.

" Ground grauellie, ſandie, and mixed with claie,
" Is *naughtie* for hops anie manner of waie."

Naughty ſignifies *bad, unfit, improper.* This epithet which, as it ſtands here, excites a ſmile, in the age of Shakſpeare was employed on ſerious occaſions. The merriment of the fool therefore depended on his general image, and not on the quaintneſs of its auxiliary. Steevens.

wild field were like an old lecher's heart;[3] a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:[4] he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt cock;[5]

[3] ——*an old lecher's heart*;] This image appears to have been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Humourous Lieutenant*:

" ——an *old man's* looſe deſire
" Is like the glow-worm's light the apes ſo wonder'd at;
" Which when they gather'd ſticks, and laid upon't,
" And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out preſently."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Flibbertigibbet*:] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his ſermons mentions him; and Heywood, among his ſixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibet*:

" Thou *Flebergibet*, *Flebergibet*, thou wretch!
" Wotteſt thou whereto laſt part of that word doth ſtretch?
" Leave that word, or I'le baſte thee with a libet;
" Of all woords I hate woords that end with gibet,"

STEEVENS.

" Frateretto, *Fliberdigibet*, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice . . . . . Theſe four had forty aſſiſtants under them, as themſelves doe confeſſe." *Harſnet*, p. 49. PERCY.

[5] ——*he begins at* curfew, *and walks till the firſt cock*:] It is an old tradition that ſpirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the cloſe of day, and were permitted to wander at large till the firſt cock-crowing. Hence in *The Tempeſt* they are ſaid to " rejoice to hear the ſolemn curfew." See *Hamlet*, Act I, ſc. ii:

" ——and at his [the cock's] warning,
" Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
" The extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
" To his confine."

Again, ſc. v:

" I am thy father's ſpirit,
" Doom'd for a certain time *to walk the night*,
" And *for the day confin'd* to faſt in fires,—." MALONE.

See Vol. III. p. 36, n. 4. STEEVENS.

he gives the web and the pin,[6] ſquints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee![7]

[6] ——*web and the pin,*] Diſeaſes of the eye. JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609. One of the characters is giving a ludicrous deſcription of a lady's face, and when he comes to her eyes he ſays, "a *pin and web* argent, in hair du roy." STEEVENS.

[7] *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!] We ſhould read it thus:
Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her *name told,*
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee *right,*
i. e. Saint Withold traverſing the *wold* or *downs*, met the night-mare; who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from thoſe perſons whom ſhe rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more miſchief. This is taken from a ſtory of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron ſaint againſt that diſtemper. And theſe verſes were no other than a popular charm, or *night-ſpell* againſt the Epialtes. The laſt line is the formal execration or apoſtrophe of the ſpeaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i. e. depart forthwith. *Bedlams*, gipſies, and ſuch like vagabonds, uſed to ſell theſe kinds of ſpells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various diſorders, and addreſſed to various ſaints. We have another of them in the *Monſieur Thomas* of Fletcher, which he expreſsly calls a *night-ſpell*, and is in theſe words:

"Saint George, Saint George, our lady's knight,
"He walks by day, ſo he does by night;
"And when he had her found,
"He her beat and her bound;
"Until *to him her troth ſhe plight,*
"She would not ſtir from him that night." WARBURTON.

KENT. How fares your grace?

This is likewiſe one of the "magical cures" for the *incubus*, quoted, with little variation, by Reginald Scott in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. STEEVENS.

In the old quarto the corruption is ſuch as may deſerve to be noted. "Swithalde footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee." JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* ſeems to be put (for the ſake of the rhyme) inſtead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I ſuppoſe, is here called St. Withold. TYRWHITT.

Shakſpeare might have met with St. Withold in the old ſpurious play of *King John*, where this ſaint is invoked by a Franciſcan friar. The *wold* I ſuppoſe to be the true reading. So, in *The Coventry Collection of Myſteries*, Muſ. Brit. Veſp. D. viii. p. 23, Herod ſays to one of his officers:

"Seyward bolde, walke thou on *wolde*,
"And wyſely behold all abowte," &c.

Dr. Hill's reading, the *cold*, (mentioned in the next note,) is the reading of Mr. Tate in his alteration of this play in 1681.

Leſt the reader ſhould ſuppoſe the compound—night-*mare*, has any reference to *horſe*-fleſh, it may be obſerved that mara, Saxon, ſignifies an *incubus*. STEEVENS.

It is pleaſant to ſee the various readings of this paſſage. In a book called the *Actor*, which has been aſcribed to Dr. Hill, it is quoted "*Swithin* footed thrice the *cold*." Mr. Colman has it in his alteration of *Lear*,

"*Swithin* footed thrice the *world*."

The ancient reading is *the olds*: which is pompouſly corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Biſhop, to the *wolds*: in fact it is the ſame word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds*: the *provincial* pronunciation is ſtill the *oles*: and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the *oles*,
He met the night-mare, and her nine *foles*, &c.

FARMER.

I was ſurpriſed to ſee in the *Appendix* to the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, [i. e. that of 1773] that my reading of this paſſage was "Swithin footed thrice the *world*." I have ever been averſe to capricious variations of the old text; and, in the preſent inſtance,

Enter GLOSTER, *with a torch.*

LEAR. What's he?

KENT. Who's there? What is't you ſeek?

GLO. What are you there? Your names?

EDG. Poor Tom; that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water;[8] that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipp'd from

the rhime, as well as the ſenſe, would have induced me to abide by it. *World* was merely an error of the preſs. *Wold* is a word ſtill in uſe in the North of England; ſignifying a kind of down near the ſea. A large tract of country in the Eaſt-Riding of York-ſhire is called the *Wolds*. COLMAN.

Both the quartos and the folio have *old*, not *olds*. *Old* was merely the word *wold* miſpelled, from following the ſound. There are a hundred inſtances of the ſame kind in the old copies of theſe plays.

For what purpoſe the Incubus is enjoined to *plight her troth*, will appear from a paſſage in Scot's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584; which Shakſpeare appears to have had in view: "—howbeit, there are magical cures for it, [the *night-mare* or *incubus*,] as for example:

"S. George, S. George, our ladies knight,
"He walk'd by daie, ſo did he by night,
"Until ſuch time as he hir found:
"He hir beat and he hir bound,
"*Until hir troth ſhe to him plight*
"She would not come to hir [r. *him*] that night."

Her *nine fold* are her *nine familiars*. *Aroint thee!* [*Dii te averruncent!*] has been already explained in Vol. VII. p. 342, n. 4. MALONE.

[8] ——*the wall-newt, and the* water;] i. e. the water-*newt*. This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. "He was a wiſe man and a merry," was the common language. So Falſtaff ſays to Shallow, "he is your ſerving-*man*, and your *huſband*," i. e. huſ-band-*man*. MALONE.

tything to tything,[9] and ſtock'd, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd;[2] who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body, horſe to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.[3]

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace,[4] thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman;[5] Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.[6]

[9] ——*whipp'd from* tything *to* tything,] A *tything* is a diviſion of a place, a diſtrict; the ſame in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes to the acts of *Queen Elizabeth* and *James I.* againſt rogues, vagabonds, &c. In the Stat. 39 Eliz. ch. 4. it is enacted, that every vagabond, &c. ſhall be publickly *whipped and ſent* from pariſh to pariſh. Steevens.

[2] ——*and ſtock'd, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd*;] So the folio. The quartos read perhaps rightly: —and *ſtock-puniſh'd*, and impriſon'd, Malone.

[3] *But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall* deer,
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.] This diſtich is part of a deſcription given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardſhips ſuffered by *Bevis* when confined for ſeven years in a dungeon:

" Rattes and myce and ſuch ſmal dere
" Was his meate that ſeven yere." Sig. F. iij. Percy.

[4] ——*Peace*, Smolkin; *peace*,] " The names of other punie ſpirits caſt out of Trayford were theſe: Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio," &c. Harſnet, p. 49. Percy.

[5] *The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman*;] This is ſpoken in reſentment of what Gloſter had juſt ſaid—" Has your grace no *better* company?" Steevens.

[6] *The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman*;
Modo *he's call'd, and* Mahu.] So, in Harſnet's *Declaration*, *Mabo* was the chief devil that had poſſeſſion of Sarah Williams; but another of the poſſeſſed, named Richard Mainy, was moleſted

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my lord, is grown ſo vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer[7]
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talk with this philoſopher:—
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the houſe.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned Theban:[8]—
What is your ſtudy?

by a ſtill more conſiderable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the ſaid Richard Mainy depoſes: "Furthermore it is pretended, . . . that there remaineth ſtill in mee the prince of all other devils, whoſe name ſhould be *Modu*;" he is elſewhere called, "the prince *Modu*:" ſo, p. 269, "When the ſaid prieſts had diſpatched theire buſineſs at Hackney (where they had been exorciſing Sarah Williams) they then returned towards mee, uppon pretence to caſt the great prince *Modu* . . . out mee." STEEVENS.

In *The Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is introduced which concludes with theſe two lines:

"The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman:
"Mahu, Mahu is his name."

I am inclined to think this catch not to be the production of Suckling, but the original referred to by Edgar's ſpeech. REED.

[7] ——*cannot ſuffer*—] i. e. my duty will not ſuffer *me* &c. M. MASON.

[8] ——*learned Theban*:] Ben Jonſon in his *Maſque of Pan's Anniverſary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this paſſage. STEEVENS.

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me aſk you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unſettle.[9]

Glo. Can'ſt thou blame him?
His daughters ſeek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He ſaid it would be thus:—Poor baniſh'd man!—
Thou ſay'ſt, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almoſt mad myſelf: I had a ſon,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he ſought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee,
[*Storm continues.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beſeech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

[9] *His wits begin to unſettle.*] On this occaſion, I cannot prevail on myſelf to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, [now Lord Orford] inſerted in the poſtſcript to his *Myſterious Mother*. He obſerves, that when "*Belvidera* talks of

"*Lutes, laurels, ſeas of milk*, and *ſhips of amber*,——

ſhe is not mad, but light-headed. When madneſs has taken poſſeſſion of a perſon, ſuch character ceaſes to be fit for the ſtage, or at leaſt ſhould appear there but for a ſhort time; it being the buſineſs of the theatre to exhibit paſſions, not diſtempers. The fineſt picture ever drawn, of a head diſcompoſed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every ſentence that falls from his wildneſs excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely ſeized him, our compaſſion would abate: we ſhould conclude that he no longer felt unhappineſs. Shakſpeare wrote as a philoſopher, Otway as a poet."
Stervens.

Noble philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him; I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.

Kent. Good my lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: Huſh.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,[a]
His word was ſtill,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Child* Rowland *to the dark tower came,*] The word *child* (however it came to have this ſenſe) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old hiſtorical ſongs and romances; of this, innumerable inſtances occur in *The Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I. ſ. iv. v. 97, where in a deſcription of a battle between two knights, we find theſe lines:

" The Eldridge knighte, he prick'd his ſteed;
" Syr Cawline bold abode:
" Then either ſhook his truſty ſpear,
" And the timber theſe two *children* bare
" So ſoon in ſunder ſlode."

See in the ſame volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child waters*, *child Maurice*, (Vol. III. ſ. xx.) &c. The ſame idiom occurs in *Spenſer's Faery Queen*, where the famous knight ſir Triſtram is frequently called *Child Triſtram*. See B. V. c. ii. ſt. 8. 13. B. VI. c. ii. ſt. 36. ibid. c. viii. ſt. 15. Percy.

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

CORN. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman's Prize*, refer alſo to this:

" ——— a mere hobby-horſe
" She made the *Child Rowland.*"

In *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1598, part of theſe lines repeated by Edgar is quoted: " ——— a pedant, who will find matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the firſt invention of

" Fy, fa, fum,
" I ſmell the blood of an Engliſhman."

Both the quartos read:

——— to the dark *town come.* STEEVENS.

Child is a common term in our old metrical romances and ballads; and is generally, if not always, applied to the hero or principal perſonage, who is ſometimes a *knight*, and ſometimes a *thief*. *Syr Tryamoure* is repeatedly ſo called both before and after his knighthood. I think, however, that this line is part of a tranſlation of ſome Spaniſh, or perhaps, French, ballad. But the two following lines evidently belong to a different ſubject: I find them in the Second part of *Jack and the Giants*, which, if not as old as Shakſpeare's time, may have been compiled from ſomething that was ſo: They are uttered by a giant:

" *Fee, faw, fum,*
" *I ſmell the blood of an Engliſhman;*
" Be he alive, or be he dead,
" I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

Engliſh is here judiciouſly changed to *Britiſh*, becauſe the characters are *Britons*, and the ſcene is laid long before the Engliſh had any thing to do with this country. Our author is not ſo attentive to propriety on every occaſion. RITSON.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be cenſured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death; but a provoking merit,[3] ſet a-work by a reproveable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt! This is the letter he ſpoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treaſon were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the ducheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True, or falſe, it hath made thee earl of Gloſter. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Edm. [*Aſide.*] If I find him comforting[4] the king, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully.—I will

[3] —— *but a* provoking *merit,*] *Provoking*, here means *ſtimulating*; a merit he felt in himſelf, which irritated him againſt a father that had none. M. Mason.

Cornwall, I ſuppoſe, means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloſter, provoked or inſtigated Edgar to ſeek his father's death. Dr. Warburton conceived that the merit ſpoken of was that of Edgar. But how is this conſiſtent with the reſt of the ſentence? Malone.

[4] —— *comforting* ——] He uſes the word in the juridical ſenſe for *ſupporting, helping*, according to its derivation; *ſalvia* confortat *nervos.*—*Schol. Sal.* Johnson.

Johnſon refines too much on this paſſage; *comforting* means merely giving *comfort* or *aſſiſtance*. So Gloſter ſays in the beginning of the next ſcene:

" —— I will piece out the *comfort* with what addition I can."

M. Mason.

perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-houſe, adjoining the Caſtle.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, *and* Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindneſs! [*Exit* Gloster.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler[5] in the lake of darkneſs. Pray, innocent,[6] and beware the foul fiend.

[5] Frateretto *calls me*; *and tells me, Nero is an angler* &c.] See p. 165, n. 4.

Mr. Upton obſerves that Rabelais, B. II. c. xxx. ſays that Nero was a fidler in hell, and Trajan an angler.

Nero is introduced in the preſent play above 800 years before he was born. Malone.

The *Hiſtory of Gargantua* had appeared in Engliſh before 1575, being mentioned in Langham's *Letter*, printed in that year. Ritson.

[6] ——*Pray*, innocent,] Perhaps he is here addreſſing the *Fool*. *Fools* were anciently called *Innocents*. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "——the Sheriff's *Fool*—a dumb *innocent*, that could not ſay him nay." See Vol. VI. p. 327, n. 8.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me,[7] whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool.[8] No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon them:—

Edg.[9] The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, a horſe's health,[1] a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Again, in "The Whipper of the Satyre his pennance in a white Sheete," &c. 1601:

"A gentleman that had a wayward *foole*,
"To paſſe the time, would needes at puſh-pin play;
"And playing falſe, doth ſtirre the wav'ring ſtoole:
"The *innocent* had ſpi'd him, and cri'd ſtay," &c.

STEEVENS.

[7] Fool. *Pr'ythee*, nuncle, *tell me*,] And before in the ſame Act, ſc. iii:—"Cry to it, *nuncle*." Why does the Fool call the old king, *nuncle*? But we have the ſame appellation in *The Pilgrim*, by Fletcher:

"Farewell, *nuncle*,—" Act IV. ſc. i.

And in the next ſcene, alluding to Shakſpeare:

"What mops and mowes it makes." WHALLEY.

See Mr. Vaillant's very deciſive remark on this appellation, p. 56, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[8] *Fool.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[9] *Edg.*] This and the next thirteen ſpeeches (which Dr. Johnſon had encloſed in crotchets) are only in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a horſe's* health,] Without doubt we ſhould read—*heels*, i. e. to ſtand behind him. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is here ſpeaking not of things malicioufly treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horſe is above all other animals ſubject to diſeaſes. JOHNSON.

Heels is certainly right. "*Truſt not a horſe's heel*, nor a dog's

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign them ſtraight:—
Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;[3]——
[*To* Edgar.
Thou, ſapient ſir, ſit here. [*To the* Fool.]—Now, you ſhe foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he ſtands and glares!—Wanteſt thou eyes[4] at trial, madam?[5]

tooth," is a proverb in Ray's collection; as ancient at leaſt as the time of our Edward II:

Et ideo Babio *in comœdiis inſinuat, dicens;*
In fide, dente, pede, mulieris, equi, canis, eſt fraus.
Hoc ſic vulgariter eſt dici:
" Till horſis fote thou never traiſt,
" Till hondis toth, no womans faith."
Forduni Scotichronicon, L. XIV. c. xxxii.

That in the text is probably from the *Italian*. Ritson.

[3] —— *moſt learned* juſticer;—] The old copies read—*juſtice*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[4] *Wanteſt* &c.] I am not confident that I underſtand the meaning of this deſultory ſpeech. When Edgar ſays, *Look where he ſtands and glares!* he ſeems to be ſpeaking in the character of a mad man, who thinks he ſees the fiend. *Wanteſt thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a queſtion which appears to be addreſſed to the viſionary Goneril, or ſome other abandon'd female, and may ſignify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you ſtand at the bar of juſtice?* Mr. Seward propoſes to read, *wanton'ſt* inſtead of *wanteſt*. Steevens.

[5] —*at trial, madam?*] It may be obſerved that Edgar, being ſuppoſed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the reſt, connects not his ideas with thoſe of Lear, but purſues his own train of delirious or fantaſtick thought. To theſe words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear ſhould be put. The proceſs of the dialogue will ſupport this conjecture. Johnson.

Come o'er the bourn, Beſſy, to me:[3]—
FOOL. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And ſhe muſt not ſpeak
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

[3] *Come o'er the* bourn, *Beſſy, to me:*] Both the quartos and the folio have—o'er the *broome.* The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

As there is no relation between *broom* and a *boat,* we may better read:

Come o'er the *brook,* Beſſy, to me. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very mery and pythie commedie, called, The longer thou liveſt, the more Foole thou art,* &c. Imprinted at London by Wyllyam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entreth *Moros,* counterfaiting a vaine geſture and fooliſh countenance, ſynging the foote of many ſongs, as fooles were wont;" and among them is this paſſage, which Dr. Johnſon has very juſtly ſuſpected of corruption:

"Com over the *boorne* Beſſé,
"My little pretie Beſſé,
"Com over the *boorne,* Beſſé, to me."

This ſong was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1564.

A *bourn* in the north ſignifies a *rivulet* or *brook.* Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn,* as Mil*burn,* Sher*burn,* &c. The former quotation, together with the following inſtances, at once confirm the juſtneſs of Dr. Johnſon's remark, and ſupport the reading.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion,* Song 1:

"The *bourns,* the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen,* B. II. c. vi:

"My little boat can ſafely paſſe this perilous *bourne.*"

Shakſpeare himſelf, in *The Tempeſt,* appears to have diſcriminated *bourn* from *bound of land* in general:

"*Bourn,* bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none."

Again, in *The Viſion of Pierce Plowman,* line 8:

"Under a brode banke by *bourne* ſyde."

To this I may add, that *bourn,* a boundary, is from the French *borne. Bourne,* or (as it ought to be ſpelt) *burn,* a rivulet, is from the German *burn,* or *born,* a well. STEEVENS.

There is a peculiar propriety in this addreſs, that has not, I believe, been hitherto obſerved. *Beſſy* and poor *Tom,* it ſeems,

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.[6] *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly[7] for two white herring.[8] Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, ſir? Stand you not ſo amaz'd:
Will you lie down and reſt upon the cuſhions?

uſually travelled together. The author of *The Court of Conſcience, or Dick Whippers Seſſions*, 1607, deſcribing *beggars, idle rogues,* and *counterfeit madmen,* thus ſpeaks of theſe aſſociates:

" Another ſort there is among you; they
" Do rage with furie as if they were ſo frantique
" They knew not what they did, but every day
" Make ſport with ſtick and flowers like an antique;
" Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme;
" One calls herſelf poor *Beſſe*, the other *Tom.*"

The old ſong of which Mr. Steevens has given a part, conſiſted of nine lines, but they are not worth inſertion. Malone.

[6] ——*in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harſnet's book, (p. 225,) ſays, that the miſtreſs of the houſe kept *a nightingale* in a cage, which being one night called, and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in ſpite. Perhaps this paſſage ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the circumſtance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale.* Percy.

[7] ——*Hopdance cries in Tom's belly*——] In Harſnet's book, p. 194, 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacs) depoſeth, " —that if at any time ſhe did belch, as often times ſhe did by reaſon that ſhee was troubled with a wind in her ſtomacke, the prieſts would ſay at ſuch times, that then the ſpirit began to riſe in her .... and that the wind was the devil." And, " as ſhe ſaith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly*.... then they would make a wonderful matter of that." *Hoberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note. Steevens.

" One time ſhee remembereth, that ſhee having the ſaid *croaking in her belly*, they ſaid it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that ſpake *with the voice of a toad.*" *Ibidem.* Malone.

[8] ——*white herring.*] *White herrings* are *pickled herrings.* See *The Northumberland Houſehold Book*, p. 8. Steevens.

Lear. I'll ſee their trial firſt:—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;—
[*To* Edgar.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* Fool.
Bench by his ſide:—You are of the commiſſion,
Sit you too. [*To* Kent.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly.

Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd?[9]
Thy ſheep be in the corn;
And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.

Pur![2] the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the poor king her father.

[9] *Sleepeſt, or wakeſt* &c.] This ſeems to be a ſtanza of ſome paſtoral ſong. A ſhepherd is deſired to pipe, and the requeſt is enforced by a promiſe, that though his ſheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a treſpaſs by his negligence, implied in the queſtion, *Sleepeſt thou or wakeſt?* Yet a ſingle tune upon his pipe ſhall ſecure them from the pound. Johnson.

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the enterlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* ſays, "What *mynikin* carnal concupiſcence!" Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-faſhioned, *minikin*, handſome."

In *The Interlude of the Four Elements*, &c. printed by Raſtell, 1519, *Ignorance* ſings a ſong compoſed of the ſcraps of ſeveral others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakſpeare may have deſigned a parody:

"Sleepyſt thou, wakyſt thou, Geffery Coke."

Steevens.

[2] *Pur!*] This may be only an imitation of the noiſe made by a cat. *Purre* is, however, one of the devils mentioned in Harſnet's book, p. 50. Malone.

Fool. Come hither, miſtreſs; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ſtool.[3]

Lear. And here's another, whoſe warp'd looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, ſword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, ſee, they bark at me.[4]

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,[5]
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;

[3] *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint ſtool.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion which occurs likewiſe in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly. Steevens.

[4] ——*ſee, they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumſtance might have been taken from the pretended madneſs of one of the brothers in the tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595:

"Here's an old maſtiff bitch ſtands barking at me," &c.

Steevens.

[5] *Be thy mouth or* black *or* white,] To have *the roof of the mouth black* is in ſome dogs a proof that their breed is genuine.

Steevens.

Maſtiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or ſpaniel, brach, or lym;[6]
Or bobtail tike,[7] or trundle-tail;[8]
Tom will make them[9] weep and wail:

[6] ——*brach or lym*; &c.] Names of particular ſorts of dogs. POPE.

In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, Quarlous ſays,—"all the *lime*-hounds of the city ſhould have drawn after you by the ſcent."——A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was ſo called from the *leam* or leaſh in which he was held till he was let ſlip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*.——So, in the book of *Antient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, "canes domini regis *leſos*," are tranſlated "Leaſh hounds, ſuch as draw after a hurt deer in a *leaſh*, or *liam*."

Again, in *The Muſes Elyſium*, by Drayton:

"My dog-hook at my belt, to which my *lyam's* ty'd."

Again:

"My *bound* then in my *lyam*," &c.

Among the preſents ſent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were, "A cupple of *lyme-houndes* of ſingular qualities."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Baſhful Lover*:

"——ſmell out
"Her footing like a *lime-hound*."

The late Mr. Hawkins, in his notes to *The Return from Parnaſſus*, p. 237, ſays, that a *rache* is a dog that hunts by ſcent wild beaſts, birds, and even fiſhes, and that the female of it is called a *bracbe*: and in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude or morality, by Skelton; printed by Raſtell, no date, is the following line:

"Here is a leyſhe of *ratches* to renne an hare."

STEEVENS.

What is here ſaid of a *rache* might perhaps be taken by Mr. Hawkins, from Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Scotland*, p. 14, where the ſleuthound means a bloodhound. The females of all dogs were once called *braches*; and Ulitius upon Gratius obſerves, "*Racha* Saxonibus canem ſignificabat unde Scoti hodie *Rache* pro cane fœmina habent, quod Anglis eſt *Brache*." TOLLET.

——*brache, or lym*; &c.] The old copies have—brache or *hym*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. A *brache* ſignified a particular kind of hound, and alſo a bitch. A *lym* or *lyme*, was a blood-hound. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

[7] ——*bobtail* tike,] Tijk is the Runic word for a little, or worthleſs dog:

"Are Mr. Robinſon's dogs turn'd *tikes* with a wanion?"
Witches of Lancaſter, 1634. STEEVENS.

For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Seſſa. Come,[1] march to wakes and

[8] ——*trundle-tail*;] This ſort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindneſs*, 1617:

" ——your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs."

Again, in *The Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date:

" ——dunghill dogs, *trindle-tails*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Tom will make* them —] Thus the quartos. Folio—will make *him*. MALONE.

[1] *Do de, de de.* Seſſa. *Come*, &c.] The quartos read—*loudla, doudla*, come, &c. The folio as in the text, except that the word *Seſſa* is ſpelt *ſeſe*. See p. 163, n. 9. MALONE.

Here is *ſeſſey* again, which I take to be the French word *ceſſez* pronounced *ceſſey*, which was, I ſuppoſe, like ſome others in common uſe among us. It is an interjection enforcing ceſſation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done*. It ſeems to have been gradually corrupted into, *ſo, ſo*. JOHNSON.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *ſeſe*. It is difficult in this place to ſay what is meant by it. It ſhould be remembered, that juſt before, Edgar had been calling on *Beſſey* to come to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Seſſy* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs*. Nor is it impoſſible but that this may be a part of ſome old ſong, and originally ſtood thus:

Siſſy, come march to wakes,
And fairs, and market towns.——

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

" To make *Siſſe* in love withal."

Again:

" My heart's deare blood, ſweet *Siſſe* is my carouſe."

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have ſeen in an old ballad, viz.

" Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind."

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon is ſurely right, in ſuppoſing that *ſeſſy* is a corruption of *ceſſez*, be quiet, ſtop, hold, let alone. It is ſo uſed by Chriſtofero Sly, the drunken Tinker, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and by Edgar himſelf in a preceding ſcene—" Dolphin, my boy, *Seſſy*; let him trot by."—But it does not ſeem equally clear that it has been corrupted into *ſo, ſo*. RITSON.

fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.[3]

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, ſee what breeds about her heart: Is there any cauſe in nature, that makes theſe hard hearts?—You, ſir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments: you will ſay, they are Perſian attire;[4] but let them be changed. [*To* Edgar.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here,[5] and reſt awhile.

[3] ——*thy horn is dry.*] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy uſed formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the ſtreets. Johnson.

So, in Decker's *O per ſe O*, 4to. 1612. He is ſpeaking of beggars. "The ſecond beginnes:—what will you give *poor Tom* now? one pound of your ſheepes feathers to make *Poore Tom* a *blanket*, or one cutting of your Sow ſide &c. to make *poore Tom* a *ſharing horne* &c.—give *poore Tom* an old ſheete to keepe him from the cold" &c. Sig. M. 3.

A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the uſe of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, however, appears to be a proverbial expreſſion, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has ſaid all he had to ſay. *Such a one's pipe's out*, is a phraſe current in Ireland on the ſame occaſion.

I ſuppoſe Edgar to ſpeak theſe words *aſide*. Being quite weary of his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himſelf unable to ſupport it any longer, he ſays privately, "—I can no more: all my materials for ſuſtaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhauſted; *my horn is dry:* i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his diſſembled madneſs till he meets his father in the next act, when he reſumes it for a ſpeech or two, but not without expreſſing the ſame diſlike of it that he expreſſes here, "—I cannot daub it further." Steevens.

[4] ——*you will ſay, they are Perſian attire;*] Alluding perhaps to Clytus refuſing the Perſian robes offered him by Alexander. Steevens.

[5] ——*lie* here,] i. e. on the cuſhions to which he points. He had before ſaid,

"Will you lie down, and reſt upon the cuſhions?"

Malone.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe; draw the curtains: So, ſo, ſo: We'll go to ſupper i'the morning: So, ſo, ſo.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.[6]

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my maſter?

Kent. Here, ſir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter:
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs: Take up, take up;[7]
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppreſs'd nature ſleeps:[8]—

[6] *And I'll go to bed at noon.*] Omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[7] *Take up, take up;*] One of the quartos reads—Take up *the king*, &c, the other—Take up *to keep*, &c. Steevens.

[8] ——*Oppreſs'd nature ſleeps:*] Theſe two concluding ſpeeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have reſtored from the old quarto. The ſoliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the ſentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the ſubject. Beſides, with regard to the ſtage, it is abſolutely neceſſary: for as Edgar is not deſigned, in the con-

This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,[9]
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy maſter;
Thou muſt not ſtay behind. [*To the* Fool.

GLO. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, *and the* Fool, *bearing off the king.*

EDG. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' the mind;
Leaving free things,[1] and happy ſhows, behind:

ſtitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover; how abſurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the ſcene without one word ſaid, or the leaſt intimation what we are to expect from him? THEOBALD.

The lines inſerted from the quarto are in crotchets. The omiſſion of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakſpeare's laſt reviſion, careleſsly and haſtily performed, with more thought of ſhortening the ſcenes, than of continuing the action. JOHNSON.

9 —— *thy broken* ſenſes,] The quarto, from whence this ſpeech is taken, reads,—thy broken *ſinews*. *Senſes* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. STEEVENS.

A paſſage in *Macbeth* adds ſupport to Theobald's emendation:

" —— the innocent *ſleep*,
" *Balm* of hurt minds,—."

[The following is from Mr. Malone's Appendix.]

I had great doubts concerning the propriety of admitting Theobald's emendation into the text, though it is extremely plauſible, and was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. The following paſſage in *Twelfth Night* ſufficiently ſupports the reading of the old copy: " Nay, patience, or we *break* the *ſinews* of our plot." MALONE.

I cannot reconcile myſelf to the old reading, as I do not underſtand how *ſinews*, if *broken*, could be *balmed*, in any obvious ſenſe of that word. *Broken* (i. e. interrupted) *ſenſes*, like *broken* ſlumbers, would admit of a ſoothing cure. STEEVENS.

1 ——*free things*,] States clear from diſtreſs. JOHNSON.

But then the mind much ſufferance doth o'erſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.[3]
How light and portable my pain ſeems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noiſes;[4] and thyſelf bewray,[5]

[3] *But then the mind much ſufferance doth o'erſkip,*
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſuage."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Or, if your *woe* delights in fellowſhip—."

Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.—*Incer. Auct.*
MALONE.

[4] *Mark the high noiſes;*] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyſelf known when that *falſe opinion* now prevailing againſt thee ſhall, in conſequence of *juſt proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous ſentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

By the *high noiſes*, I believe, are meant the loud tumults of the approaching war.

Thus *Claudian* in his *Epiſt. ad Serenam:*

Prælaque altiſoni referens Phlegræa mariti. STEEVENS.

The *high noiſes* are perhaps the calamities and quarrels of thoſe in a higher ſtation than Edgar, of which he has been juſt ſpeaking. The words, however, may allude to the proclamation which had been made for bringing in Edgar:

"I heard myſelf proclaim'd,
"And by the happy hollow of a tree,
"Eſcap'd the hunt." MALONE.

[5] ——*and thyſelf* bewray,] *Bewray*, which at preſent has only a dirty meaning, anciently ſignified to *betray*, to *diſcover*. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Spenſer; and in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Well, to the king Andrugio now will hye,
"Hap lyfe, hap death, his ſafetie to *bewray*."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"With ink *bewray* what blood began in me."

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591:

"—leſt my head break, and ſo I *bewray* my brains."
STEEVENS.

When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,[6]
In thy juſt proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, ſafe ſcape the king!
Lurk, lurk.] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my lord your huſband; ſhow him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloſter.

[*Exeunt ſome of the* Servants.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure.—Edmund, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the duke, where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation;[7] we

[6] ——*whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,*] The quartos, where alone this ſpeech is found, read—whoſe wrong *thoughts defile* thee. The rhyme ſhows that the correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald, is right. MALONE.

[7] ——*a moſt* feſtinate *preparation*;] Here we have the ſame error in the firſt folio, which has happened in many other places; the *u* employed inſtead of an *n*. It reads—*feſtiuate*. The quartos *feſtuant*. See Vol. XI. p. 584, n. 9; and Vol. III. p. 474, n. 3. MALONE.

are bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us.[8] Farewell, dear ſiſter; —farewell, my lord of Gloſter.[9]

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloſter hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or ſix and thirty of his knights,
Hot queſtriſts after him,[2] met him at gate;
Who, with ſome other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boaſt
To have well-arm'd friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewell, ſweet lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt* Goneril *and* Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, ſeek the traitor Gloſter,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other* Servants.

Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our power

[8] —— *and* intelligent *betwixt us.*] So, in a former ſcene:
—— ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. Steevens.

Thus the folio. The quartos read—ſwift *and intelligence* betwixt us: the poet might have written—ſwift *in* intelligence—. Malone.

[9] —— *my lord of Gloſter.*] Meaning Edmund, newly inveſted with his father's titles. The ſteward, ſpeaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the ſame title. Johnson.

[2] *Hot* queſtriſts *after him,*] A *queſtriſt* is one who goes in ſearch or *queſt* of another. Mr. Pope and Sir T. Hanmer read—*queſters.* Steevens.

Shall do a courteſy to our wrath,[3] which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOSTER.

REG. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

CORN. Bind faſt his corky arms.[4]

GLO. What mean your graces?——Good my friends, conſider
You are my gueſts: do me no foul play, friends.

CORN. Bind him, I ſay. [Servants *bind him.*

[3] *Though well we may not* paſs *upon his life*
——*yet our power*
Shall do a courteſy *to our wrath,*] *To do a courteſy* is to gratify, to comply with. *To paſs,* is to paſs a judicial ſentence. JOHNSON.

I believe, "do a *courteſy* to our wrath," ſimply means—*bend* to our wrath, as a *courteſy* is made by *bending* the body.

The original of the expreſſion, *to paſs on any one,* may be traced from *Magna Charta:*

"——nec *ſuper eum ibimus,* niſi per legale judicium parium ſuorum."

It is common to moſt of our early writers. So, in *Acolaſtus,* a comedy, 1540: "I do not nowe conſider the miſchievous pageants he hath played; I do not now *paſſe upon* them." Again, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it,* 1612: "A jury of brokers, impanel'd, and deeply ſworn to *paſſe on* all villains in hell." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*corky arms.*] Dry, wither'd, huſky arms. JOHNSON.

As Shakſpeare appears from other paſſages of this play to have had in his eye *Biſhop Harſnet's Declaration of egregious Popiſh Impoſtures,* &c. 1603, 4to, it is probable, that this very expreſſive, but peculiar epithet, *corky,* was ſuggeſted to him by a paſſage in that very curious pamphlet. "It would poſe all the cunning exorciſts, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morice gamboles, as Martha Breſſier (one of the poſſeſſed mentioned in the pamphlet) did." PERCY.

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.[5]

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou ſhalt find— [Regan *plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods,[6] 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
Theſe hairs, which thou doſt raviſh from my chin,
Will quicken,[7] and accuſe thee: I am your hoſt;
With robbers' hands, my hoſpitable favours[8]
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?

[5] ——*I am none.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—I am *true.* Malone.

[6] *By the kind gods,*] We are not to underſtand by this the gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men; but that particular ſpecies of them called by the ancients *dii hoſpitales, kind gods.* So, Plautus, in *Pœnulo:*

" *Deum hoſpitalem* ac teſſeram mecum fero."

Warburton.

Shakſpeare hardly received any aſſiſtance from mythology to furniſh out a proper oath for Gloſter. People always invoke their deities as they would have them ſhow themſelves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls thoſe *kind gods* whom he would wiſh to find ſo on this occaſion. He does ſo yet a ſecond time in this ſcene. Our own liturgy will ſufficiently evince the truth of my ſuppoſition. Steevens.

Cordelia alſo uſes the ſame invocation in the 4th Act:

" O, you *kind* gods,
" Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature!"

M. Mason.

[7] *Will quicken,*] i. e. quicken into life. M. Mason.

[8] ——*my hoſpitable* favours——] *Favours* means the ſame as *features,* i. e. the different parts of which a face is compoſed. So, in Drayton's epiſtle from *Matilda to King John:*

" Within the compaſs of man's face we ſee,
" How many ſorts of ſeveral *favours* be."

Again, in *David & Bethſabe,* 1599:

" To daunt the *favours* of his lovely face." Steevens.

Corn. Come, ſir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be ſimple-anſwer'd,[8] for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whoſe hands have you ſent the lunatick king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Waſt thou not charg'd at thy peril[9]—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him firſt anſwer that.

Glo. I am tied to the ſtake,[2] and I muſt ſtand the courſe.[3]

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails

[8] *Be ſimple-anſwer'd,*] The old quarto reads, *Be ſimple anſwerer.*—Either is good ſenſe: *ſimple* means *plain.* STEEVENS.

[9] —— thy *peril*—] I have inſerted the pronoun—*thy*, for the ſake of metre. STEEVENS.

[2] *I am tied to the ſtake,*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" They have *chain'd me to a ſtake*; I cannot fly,
" But, bear-like, I muſt fight the *courſe.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —— *the courſe.*] The running of the dogs upon me.
JOHNSON.

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boariſh fangs.[4]
The ſea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the ſtelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.[5]
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that ſtern time,[6]
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd:[7]—But I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.

Corn. See it ſhalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—
Upon theſe eyes[8] of thine I'll ſet my foot.

[Gloster *is held down in his chair, while* Cornwall *plucks out one of his eyes, and ſets his foot on it.*

[4] ——ſtick *boariſh fangs.*] The quartos read—*raſh* boariſh fangs. This verb occurs in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

"And ſhields did ſhare, and mailes did *raſh*, and helmes did hew."

Again, B. V. c. iii:

"*Raſhing* off helmes, and ryving plates aſunder."

To *raſh* is the old hunting term for the ſtroke made by a wild boar with his fangs. Steevens.

[5] ——*to* rain.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—to *rage*. Steevens.

[6] ——*that* ſtern *time,*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, —that *dearn* time.——*Dearn* is a north-country word, ſignifying *lonely*, ſolitary, melancholy, uncomfortable, far from neighbours. So, in *The Valiant Scot:*

"Of all thy joys the *dearne* and diſmal end."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:

"They heard a rueful voice that *dearnly* cride."

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"By many a *dearne* and painful pearch." Steevens.

[7] ——*ſubſcrib'd:*] Yielded, ſubmitted to the neceſſity of the occaſion. Johnson.

[8] *Upon theſe eyes* &c.] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, one

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me ſome help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One ſide will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a child;
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain![9] [*draws, and runs at him.*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*draws. They fight.* Cornwall *is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy ſword.—[*to another* Serv.] A peaſant ſtand up thus!

[*ſnatches a ſword, comes behind, and ſtabs him.*

Serv. O, I am ſlain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him:—O! [*dies.*

Corn. Left it ſee more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!

of the ſons of *Bajazet pulls out the eyes* of an aga on the ſtage, and ſays,

" Yes, thou ſhalt live, but never ſee that day,
" Wanting the tapers that ſhould give thee light.
[" *Pulls out his eyes.*"

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this paſſage to ſhow that Shakſpeare's drama was not more ſanguinary than that of his contemporaries. Steevens.

In Marſton's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602. Piero's tongue is torn out on the ſtage. Malone.

[9] *My villain!*] Villain is here perhaps uſed in its original ſenſe of one in ſervitude. Steevens.

Where is thy luſtre now?

[*tears out* GLOSTER's *other eye, and throws it on the ground.*

GLO. All dark and comfortleſs.—Where's my ſon Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

REG. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons [2] to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLO. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and proſper him!

REG. Go, thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

CORN. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeleſs villain;—throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN;—*Servants unbind* GLOSTER, *and lead him out.*

1. *SERV.* I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,[3]

[2] —— *the* overture *of thy treaſons* —] *Overture* is here uſed for an opening or diſcovery. It was he who firſt laid thy treaſons *open* to us. Coles in his Dict. 1679, renders *Overture*, by *apertior apertura*. An *overt* act of treaſon, is the technical phraſe. MALONE.

[3] *I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,*] This ſhort dialogue I have inſerted from the old quarto, becauſe I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly ſee ſuch a barbarity committed on their

If this man come to good.

2. *Serv.* If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death,[4]
Women will all turn monſters.

1. *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguiſh madneſs
Allows itſelf to any thing.

2. *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch ſome flax,[5] and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

maſter, without pity; and the vengeance that they preſume muſt overtake the actors of it, is a ſentiment and doctrine well worthy of the ſtage. THEOBALD.

It is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe them the ſervants of Gloſter; for Cornwall was oppoſed to extremity by his own ſervant. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *meet the old courſe of death,*] That is, *die a natural death.* MALONE.

[5] ——*ſome flax,* &c.] This paſſage is ridiculed by Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is alter'd,* 1609:

" —— go, get *a white of an egg, and a little flax,* and cloſe the breaches of the head, it is the moſt conducible thing that can be." STEEVENS.

The Caſe is alter'd was written before the end of the year 1599; but Ben Jonſon might have inſerted this ſneer at our author, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,[6]

[6] *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,*] The meaning is, *'Tis better* to be *thus contemned, and* known *to yourſelf* to be contemned. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd.

When a man diveſts himſelf of his real character he feels no pain from contempt, becauſe he ſuppoſes it incurred only by a voluntary diſguiſe which he can throw off at pleaſure. I do not think any correction neceſſary. JOHNSON.

The ſentiment is this:—It is better to be thus contemn'd and know it, than to be flattered by thoſe who ſecretly contemn us. HENLEY.

I cannot help thinking that this paſſage ſhould be written thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd to be *worſe.*
The loweſt, &c.

The quarto edition has no ſtop after *flatter'd.* The firſt folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expreſſion in this ſpeech——*owes nothing to thy blaſts*—(in a more learned writer) might ſeem to be copied from Virgil, Æn. xi. 51:

" *Nos juvenem exanimum,* et nil jam cœleſtibus ullis
" Debentem, *vano mœſti comitamur honore.*" TYRWHITT.

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnſon's conjecture is well founded, and that the poet wrote—*unknown.* MALONE.

The meaning of Edgar's ſpeech ſeems to be this. Yet it is better to be thus, in this fixed and acknowledged contemptible ſtate,

Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worſt,
The loweſt, and moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear:[7]
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,[8]
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an old man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,[9]

than, living in affluence, to be flattered and deſpiſed at the ſame time. He who is placed in the worſt and loweſt ſtate, has this advantage; he lives in hope, and not in fear, of a reverſe of fortune. The lamentable change is from affluence to beggary. He laughs at the idea of changing for the worſe, who is already as low as poſſible. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

[7] ——*lives not in fear:*] So, in Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. III:
"For where no hope is left, is left no fear." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*World, world, O world!*
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,] The ſenſe of this obſcure paſſage is, O world! ſo much are human minds captivated with thy pleaſures, that were it not for thoſe ſucceſſive miſeries, each worſe than the other, which overload the ſcenes of life, we ſhould never be willing to ſubmit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to chuſe it as a proper aſylum. Beſides, by uninterrupted proſperity, which leaves the mind at eaſe, the body would generally preſerve ſuch a ſtate of vigour as to bear up long againſt the decays of time. Theſe are the two reaſons, I ſuppoſe, why he ſaid,

Life would not yield to age.

And how much the pleaſures of the body pervert the mind's judgement, and the perturbations of the mind diſorder the body's frame, is known to all. WARBURTON.

O world! if reverſes of fortune and changes ſuch as I now ſee

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I ſtumbled when I ſaw: Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean ſecures us;[2] and our mere defects

and feel, from eaſe and affluence to poverty and miſery, did not ſhow us the little value of life, we ſhould never ſubmit with any kind of reſignation to the weight of years, and its neceſſary conſequence, infirmity and death. Malone.

[2] *Our* mean *ſecures us*;] *Mean* is here a ſubſtantive, and ſignifies *a middle ſtate*, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, "It is no mean happineſs therefore to be ſeated in the *mean*." See more inſtances in Dr. Johnſon's *Dictionary*. Steevens.

Both the quartos and the folio read—our *means ſecure* us. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. In Shakſpeare's age writers often thought it neceſſary to uſe a plural, when the ſubject ſpoken of related to more perſons than one. So, in the laſt act of this play, "O, our *live's* ſweetneſs!" not, "O, our *life's* ſweetneſs." Again:

"———— O, you mighty gods,
"This world I do renounce, and, in your *ſights*," &c.

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"To worry lambs, and lap their gentle *bloods*."

Means therefore might have been here uſed as the plural of *mean*, or *moderate condition*. Gloſter's meaning is, that in a moderate condition or middle ſtate of life, we are ſecure from thoſe temptations to which the more proſperous and affluent are expoſed; and our very wants prove in this reſpect an advantage. Malone.

I believe, *means* is only a typographical error. Steevens.

Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear ſon Edgar,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath!
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,[3]
I'd ſay, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*aſide.*] O gods! Who is't can ſay, *I am at the worſt?*
I am worſe than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aſide.*] And worſe I may be yet: The worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, *This is the worſt.*[4]

Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I' the laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him: I have heard more ſince:
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

[3] ——*to ſee thee in my touch,*] So, in another ſcene, I *ſee* it *feelingly.* Steevens.

[4] ——*Who is't can ſay, I am at the worſt?*
——*The worſt is not,*
So long as we can ſay, This is the worſt.] i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a ſenſe of feeling, ſomething worſe than the preſent may ſtill happen. What occaſioned this reflection was his raſhly ſaying in the beginning of this ſcene,
" ——To be worſt,
" The loweſt, and moſt dejected thing of fortune, &c.
" The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt, &c."
Warburton.

They kill us for their ſport.[5]

Edg. How ſhould this be?—
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring itſelf and others. [*Aſide.*]—Bleſs thee, maſter!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, ſir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it[6] further. [*Aſide.*

[5] *As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;*
They kill us for their ſport.]
" Dii nos quaſi pilas homines habent."—*Plaut. Captiv. Prol.* l. 22. Steevens.
The quartos read—They *bit* us for their ſport. Malone.

[6] ——*I cannot* daub *it*——] i. e. Diſguiſe, Warburton.
So, in *King Richard III:*
" So ſmooth he *daub'd* his vice with ſhow of virtue."

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aſide.*] And yet I muſt.—Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been ſcared out of his good wits: Bleſs the good man from the foul fiend![7] [Five fiends[8] have been in poor Tom at once; of luſt, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbneſs: *Mabu*, of ſtealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing;[9] who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.[2] So, bleſs thee, maſter!]

Again, in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. III. p. 173: "—and ſaith to her, there is good craft in *dawbing*."

The quartos read, I cannot *dance* it further. STEEVENS.

[7] *Bleſs* the *good man from the foul fiend!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

Bleſs *thee*, good man's *ſon*, from the foul fiend!

MALONE.

[8] *Five* fiends &c.] The reſt of this ſpeech is omitted in the folio. In *Harſnet's* Book, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account publiſhed by the exorciſts themſelves, viz. "By commaundement of the exorciſt . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confeſſed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had beſides himſelf *ſeaven other ſpirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame." "Then Edmundes (the exorciſt) began againe with great earneſtneſs, and all the company cried out, &c. . . . ſo as both that wicked prince *Modu and his company*, might be caſt out." This paſſage will account *for five fiends having been in poor Tom at once.* PERCY.

[9] —*Flibbertigibbet, of* mopping and mowing;] "If ſhe have a little helpe of the mother, epilepſie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnaſh her teeth, ſtarte with her body, hold her armes and handes ſtiffe, make antike faces, grinne, *mow and mop* like an ape,—then no doubt—the *young girle* is owle-blaſted and *poſſeſſed*." Harſnet's *Declaration*, p. 136. MALONE.

[2] ——*poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.*] Shakſpeare has made Edgar, in his feigned diſtraction, frequently allude to a

GLO. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous,[3] and luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance,[4] that will not ſee

vile impoſture of ſome Engliſh jeſuits, at that time much the ſubject of converſation; the hiſtory of it having been juſt then compoſed with great art and vigour of ſtile and compoſition by Dr. S. Harſnet, afterwards archbiſhop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popiſh Impoſtures to withdraw her Majeſty's Subjects from their Allegiance*, &c. *practiſed by Edmunds, alias Weſton, a Jeſuit, and divers Romiſh Prieſts his wicked Aſſociates:* printed 1603. The impoſture was in ſubſtance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada againſt England, the jeſuits were here buſy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to diſpoſſeſs pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made ſeveral hundred converts amongſt the common people. The principal ſcene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a ſervant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treaſon) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friſwood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chambermaids* in that family, came into the prieſt's hands for cure. But the diſcipline of the patients was ſo long and ſevere, and the prieſts ſo elate and careleſs with their ſucceſs, that the plot was diſcovered on the confeſſion of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deſervedly puniſhed. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of thoſe who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*; and they were generally ſo ridiculouſly nick-named, that Harſnet has one chapter *on the ſtrange names of their devils; leſt*, ſays he, *meeting them otherwiſe by chance, you miſtake them for the names of tapſters or jugglers.* WARBURTON.

The paſſage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, becauſe I ſuppoſe as the ſtory was forgotten, the jeſt was loſt. JOHNSON.

[3] *Let the ſuperfluous,*] Lear has before uttered the ſame ſentiment, which indeed cannot be too ſtrongly impreſſed, though it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

Superfluous is here uſed for one living in abundance. WARBURTON.

[4] *That* ſlaves *your ordinance*, &c.] The language of Shakſpeare is

Becauſe he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough.—Doſt thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:[5]
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou doſt bear,
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original uſe. To *ſlave* or *beſlave* another is to *treat* him *with terms of indignity:* in a kindred ſenſe, to *ſlave the ordinance*, may be, to *ſlight* or *ridicule* it. JOHNSON.

To ſlave an ordinance, is to treat it as a *ſlave*, to make it ſubject to us, inſtead of acting in obedience to it.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

" ——none
" Could *ſlave* him like the Lydian Omphale."

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Maſſinger:

" ——that *ſlaves* me to his will." STEEVENS.

Heywood, in his *Pleaſant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, uſes this verb in the ſame ſenſe:

" What ſhall I do? my love I will not *ſlave*
" To an old king, though he my love ſhould crave."

Again, in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604:

" O powerful blood, how doſt thou *ſlave* their ſoul!"

That *ſlaves* your ordinance, is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos have—That *ſtands* your ordinance; perhaps for *withſtands*. *Stands*, however, may be right:—*that abides* your ordinance. The poet might have intended to mark the criminality of the *luſt-dieted man* only in the ſubſequent words, *that will not ſee, becauſe he doth not feel.* MALONE.

[5] *Looks* fearfully in *the confined deep:*] So the folio. The quartos read—Looks *firmly*. Mr. Rowe and all the ſubſequent editors for *in* read *on*. I ſee no need of change. Shakſpeare conſidered the ſea as a *mirrour*. To look *in* a glaſs, is yet our colloquial phraſeology. MALONE.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril *and* Edmund; Steward *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild huſband[6]
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your maſter?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He ſmil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His anſwer was, *The worſe:* of Gloſter's treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:—
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further. [*To* Edmund.
It is the cowiſh terror of his ſpirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,

[6] ——*our mild huſband*—] It muſt be remembered that Albany, the huſband of Goneril, diſliked, in the end of the firſt act, the ſcheme of oppreſſion and ingratitude. Johnson.

Which tie him to an anſwer: Our wiſhes, on the way,
May prove effects.[7] Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers:
I muſt change arms[8] at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my huſband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A miſtreſſes command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech;
[*giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air;[9]—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

[7] ——*Our wiſhes*, on the way,
May prove effects.] I believe the meaning of the paſſage to be this: "What we wiſh, before our march is at an end, may be brought to happen," i. e. the murder or deſpatch of her huſband.—*On the way*, however, may be equivalent to the expreſſion we now uſe, viz. *By the way*, or *By the by*, i. e. *en paſſant*. STEEVENS.

The wiſhes we have formed and communicated to each other, on our journey, may be carried into effect. M. MASON.

She means, I think, The wiſhes, which we expreſſed to each other on our way hither, may be completed, and prove effectual to the deſtruction of my huſband. On her entrance ſhe ſaid,

"——I marvel our mild huſband
"Not met us *on the way*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Richard III*:

"Thou know'ſt our *reaſons, urg'd upon the way*."

See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Umbella*. A kind of round thing like a round ſkreene, that gentlemen uſe in Italie in time of ſummer,—to keep the ſunne from them, when they are riding *by the way*." MALONE.

[8] *I muſt change* arms——] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—change *names*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Decline your head: this kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,*
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air;] She bids him decline his head, that ſhe might give him a kiſs (the ſteward being preſent) and that it might appear only to him as a whiſper. STEEVENS.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My moſt dear Gloſter!

[*Exit* Edmund.

O, the difference of man, and man![2] To thee
A woman's ſervices are due; my fool
Uſurps my bed.[3]

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit* Steward.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.[4]

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the duſt which the rude wind

[2] *O, the difference of man and man!*] Omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

Some epithet to *difference* was probably omitted in the folio. Malone.

According to the preſent regulation of this paſſage, the meaſure is complete. Steevens.

[3] —— *my fool*
Uſurps my bed.] One of the quartos read:
My *foot* uſurps my *head*; the other,
My foot uſurps my *body*. Steevens.

The quarto of which the firſt ſignature is A, reads—My *foot* uſurps my *head*. Some of the copies of quarto B, have—My *foot* uſurps my *body*; others—*A fool* uſurps my *bed*. The folio reads—*My fool* uſurps my *body*. Malone.

[4] *I have been worth the whiſtle.*] This expreſſion is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you diſregard me thus*, I have been worth the whiſtle, *I have found one that thinks me worth calling*. Johnson.

This expreſſion is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, conſiſting entirely of proverbs, ſays:

"It is a poor dog that is not *worth the whiſtling*."

Goneril's meaning ſeems to be—*There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you*; reproaching him for not having ſummoned her to conſult with on the preſent critical occaſion. Steevens.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. Malone.

Blows in your face.—I fear your diſpoſition:[5]
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itſelf;[6]
She that herſelf will ſliver and diſbranch[7]
From her material ſap,[8] perforce muſt wither,

[5] ——*I fear your diſpoſition:*] Theſe words, and the lines that follow to *monſters of the deep*, are found in the quartos, but are improperly omitted in the folio. They are neceſſary, as Mr. Pope has obſerved, "to explain the reaſons of the deteſtation which Albany here expreſſes to his wife." MALONE.

[6] *That nature, which contemns its origin,*
Cannot be border'd certain *in itſelf*;] The ſenſe is, That nature which is arrived to ſuch a pitch of unnatural degeneracy, as to contemn its origin, cannot from thenceforth be *reſtrained within any certain bounds*, but is prepared to break out into the moſt monſtrous exceſſes every way, as occaſion or temptation may offer. HEATH.

[7] *She that herſelf will* ſliver *and diſbranch*—] To *ſliver* ſignifies to tear off or diſbranch. So, in *Macbeth:*

"——ſlips of yew
"*Sliver'd* in the moon's eclipſe." WARBURTON.

[8] *She that herſelf will ſliver and diſbranch*
From her material *ſap*,] She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, muſt wither and periſh, like a branch ſeparated from that *ſap* which ſupplies it with nouriſhment, and gives life to the *matter* of which it is compoſed. So, in *A Brief Chronycle concernynge the examinacyon and death of Syr Johan Oldcaſtle*, 1544: "Then ſayd the lorde Cobham, and ſpredde his armes abrode: This is a very croſſe, yea and ſo moche better than your croſſe of *wode*, in that yt was created as God: yet will I not ſeke to have yt worſhipped. Than ſayd the byſhop of London, Syr, ye wote wele that he dyed on a *materyall* croſſe."

Mr. Theobald reads *maternal*, and Dr. Johnſon thinks that the true reading. Syr John Froiſſart's *Chronicle* (as Dr. Warburton has obſerved) in the title-page of the Engliſh tranſlation printed in 1525, is ſaid to be *tranſlated out of French to our* material *Engliſh tongue by John Bourchier*. And I have found *material* (from *mater*) uſed in ſome other old books for *maternal*, but neglected to note the inſtances. I think, however, that the word is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. *Maternal* ſap (or any ſynonymous words,) would introduce a mixed and confuſed metaphor. *Material* ſap is

And come to deadly uſe.[9]

Gon. No more; the text is fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile:
Filths ſavour but themſelves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whoſe reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,[2]
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother ſuffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him ſo benefited?
If that the heavens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame theſe vile offences,[3]
'Twill come,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.[4]

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

ſtrictly correct. From the word *herſelf* to the end, the *branch* was the figurative object of the poet's thought. MALONE.

Throughout the plays of our author I do not recollect a ſingle inſtance of the adjective—*maternal.* STEEVENS.

[9] *And come to deadly* uſe.] Alluding to the *uſe* that witches and inchanters are ſaid to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine inſinuation in the ſpeaker, that ſhe was ready for the moſt unnatural miſchief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the baſtard againſt her huſband's life. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have ſupported his interpretation by the paſſage in *Macbeth*, quoted in the preceding page, n. 7. MALONE.

[2] ——*would lick,*] This line, which had been omitted by all my predeceſſors, I have reſtored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] —— theſe *vile offences,*] In ſome of the impreſſions of quarto B, we find—*this* vile offences; in others, and in quarto A,—*the* vile. *This* was certainly a miſprint for *theſe*. MALONE.

[4] ——*like monſters of the deep.*] Fiſhes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own ſpecies. JOHNSON.

That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour from thy ſuffering; that not know'ſt,[5]
Fools do thoſe villains pity,[6] who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy drum?
France ſpreads his banners in our noiſeleſs land;
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins threats;
Whilſt thou, a moral fool, ſit'ſt ſtill, and cry'ſt,
Alack! why does he ſo?

Alb. See thyſelf, devil!
Proper deformity[7] ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and ſelf-cover'd thing,[8] for ſhame,

[5] —— *that not know'ſt*, &c.] The reſt of this ſpeech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] *Fools do thoſe villains pity*, &c.] She means, that *none but* fools would pity thoſe villains, who are prevented from executing their malicious deſigns, and puniſhed for their evil intention. It is not clear whether this fiend means her father, or the king of France. If theſe words were intended to have a retroſpect to Albany's ſpeech, which the word *pity* might lead us to ſuppoſe, Lear muſt be in her contemplation; if they are conſidered as connected with what follows—*Where's thy drum?* &c. the other interpretation muſt be adopted. The latter appears to me the true one; and perhaps the punctuation of the quarto, in which there is only a comma after the word *miſchief*, ought to have been preferred. MALONE.

I do not perceive, to what the word—*fiend*, in the fourth line of the foregoing note, refers. STEEVENS.

[7] *Proper deformity* ——] i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not ſo horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who unnaturally aſſumes them. WARBURTON.

[8] *Thou changed and* ſelf-cover'd *thing*,] Of theſe lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have publiſhed this line thus:

Thou chang'd, and *ſelf-converted* thing;

but I cannot but think that by *ſelf-cover'd* the author meant, thou

Be-monſter not thy feature.[9] Were it my fitneſs
To let theſe hands obey my blood,[a]
They are apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloſter.

Alb. Gloſter's eyes!

that haſt *diſguiſed* nature by wickedneſs; thou that haſt *bid* the woman under the fiend. Johnson.

This and the next ſpeech are wanting in the folio. Steevens.

The following words *bemonſter not thy nature*, ſeem rather to ſupport the reading of the former editors, which was *ſelf-converted*; and a thought ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in Fletcher's play of *The Captain*, where the father ſays to Lelia:

"————Oh, good God!
"To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,
"Haſt thou begot thyſelf again!"—— M. Mason.

By thou *ſelf-cover'd* thing, the poet, I think, means, thou who haſt put a *covering on thyſelf*, which nature did not give thee. The covering which Albany means, is, the ſemblance and appearance of a fiend. Malone.

[9] *Be-monſter not thy* feature.] *Feature* in Shakſpeare's age meant the general caſt of countenance, and often beauty. Bullokar, in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, explains it by the words, "handſomeneſs, comelineſs, beautie." Malone.

[a] *To let theſe hands obey my blood,*] As this line wants a foot, perhaps our author wrote:

"To let theſe hands *of mine* obey my blood,—."

So, in *King John:*

"——This hand *of mine*
"Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand." Steevens.

Mes. A ſervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act, bending his ſword
To his great maſter; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead:[2]
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhows you are above,
You juſticers,[3] that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloſter!
Loſt he his other eye!

Mes. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer;
'Tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. [*Aſide.*] One way I like this well;[4]
But being widow, and my Gloſter with her,
May all the building in my fancy[5] pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not ſo tart.—I'll read, and anſwer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my lady hither.

[2] ——*and amongſt them* fell'd *him dead:*] i. e. *they* (Cornwall and his other ſervants) amongſt them fell'd him dead. Malone.

[3] *You* juſticers,] Moſt of the old copies have *juſtices*; but it was certainly a miſprint. The word *juſticer* is uſed in two other places in this play; and though printed rightly in the folio, is corrupted in the quarto in the ſame manner as here. Some copies of quarto B read rightly—*juſticers*, in the line before us. Malone.

[4] *One way I like this well*;] Goneril's plan was to poiſon her ſiſter—to marry Edmund—to murder Albany—and to get poſſeſſion of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the laſt part of her ſcheme, ſhe was pleaſed at it; but diſliked it, as it put it in the power of her ſiſter to marry Edmund. M. Mason.

[5] ——*all the building in my fancy*——] So, in *Coriolanus*. Act II. ſc. i. "—the buildings in my fancy." Steevens.

Alb. He is not here.

Mes. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Mes. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd againſt him;
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Gloſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhow'dſt the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.[6]

The French *Camp, near* Dover.

Enter Kent, *and a* Gentleman.[7]

Kent. Why the king of France is ſo ſuddenly gone back[8] know you the reaſon?

[6] [*Scene III.*] This ſcene, left out in all the common books, is reſtored from the old edition; it being manifeſtly of Shakſpeare's writing, and neceſſary to continue the ſtory of Cordelia, whoſe behaviour is here moſt beautifully painted. Pope.

The ſcene ſeems to have been left out only to ſhorten the play, and is neceſſary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the firſt folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets. Johnson.

[7] ——*a Gentleman.*] The gentleman whom he ſent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. Johnson.

[8] *Why the king of France is ſo ſuddenly gone back* &c.] The king of France being no longer a neceſſary perſonage, it was fit that ſome pretext for getting rid of him ſhould be formed,

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his perſonal return was moſt requir'd,
And neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareſchal of France, Monſieur le Fer.[9]

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. Ay, ſir;[a] ſhe took them, read them in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion; who, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

before the play was too near advanced towards a concluſion. Decency required that a Monarch ſhould not be ſilently ſhuffled into the pack of inſignificant characters; and therefore his diſmiſſion (which could be effected only by a ſudden recall to his own dominions) was to be accounted for before the audience. For this purpoſe, among others, the preſent ſcene was introduced. It is difficult indeed to ſay what uſe could have been made of the King, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and ſurvived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occaſion, might have weakened the effect of Lear's parental ſorrow; and, being an object of reſpect as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the ſpectator's attention, and thereby diminiſhed the conſequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whoſe exemplary virtues deſerved to be ultimately placed in the moſt conſpicuous point of view.
STEEVENS.

[9] *The mareſchal of France,* Monſieur le Fer.] Shakſpeare ſeems to have been poor in the names of Frenchmen, or he would ſcarce have given us here a *Monſieur le Fer* as mareſchal of France, after he had appropriated the ſame appellation to a common ſoldier, who was *fer'd, ferreted,* and *ferk'd,* by Piſtol in *King Henry V.*
STEEVENS.

[a] *Ay, ſir;*] The quartos read—*I ſay.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and ſorrow ſtrove[3]
Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt. You have ſeen
Sunſhine and rain at once: her ſmiles and tears
Were like a better day:[4] Thoſe happy ſmiles,[5]

[3] ——*patience and ſorrow* ſtrove—] The quartos for *ſtrove* have *ſtreme*. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

[4] ——*her ſmiles and tears*
Were like a better day:] It is plain, we ſhould read—*a wetter May*, i. e. A ſpring ſeaſon wetter than ordinary. WARBURTON.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in ſunſhine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occaſion is apparently copied from *Philoclea's*. The ſame book, in another place, ſays,——"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The quartos read,—*a better* way, which may be an accidental inverſion of the M.

A *better* day, however, is the *beſt* day, and the *beſt day* is a day moſt favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and ſunſhine.

It muſt be obſerved that the *comparative* is uſed by Milton and others, inſtead of the *poſitive* and *ſuperlative*, as well as by Shakſpeare himſelf, in the play before us:

"The *ſafer* ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
"Its maſter thus."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again,

"——Go not my horſe the *better*."

Mr. Pope makes no ſcruple to ſay of Achilles, that:

"The Pelian javelin in his *better* hand
"Shot trembling rays," &c.

i. e. his *beſt* hand, his *right*. STEEVENS.

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration infer that Cordelia's ſorrow was ſuperior to her patience? But it ſeem'd that ſhe was a queen over her paſſion; and the ſmiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. "Her ſmiles and tears were like a *better day*," or "like a *better May*," may ſignify that they were like ſuch a ſeaſon where ſunſhine prevailed over rain. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*, Act V. ſc. iii. we ſee in the king "*ſunſhine and hail at once*, but to the brighteſt beams diſtracted clouds give way: the time is fair again, and he is like a *day* of ſeaſon," i. e. a better day. TOLLET.

That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.[6]—In brief, ſorrow

Both the quartos read—a *better way*; which being perfectly unintelligible, I have adopted part of the emendation introduced by Dr. Warburton. The late editions have given—a better *day*, a reading which firſt appeared in a note of Mr. Theobald's. A *better day*, however it be underſtood, is, in my opinion, inconſiſtent with the context. If a *better* day means either a *good* day, or the *beſt* day, it cannot repreſent Cordelia's ſmiles and tears; for neither the one or the other neceſſarily implies *rain*, without which, there is nothing to correſpond with her *tears*; nor can a *rainy day*, occaſionally brightened by ſunſhine, with any propriety be called a *good* or the *beſt* day. We are compelled therefore to make ſome other change.

A *better May*, on the other hand, whether we underſtand by it, a good May, or a May better than ordinary, correſponds exactly with the preceding image; for in every May rain may be expected, and in a good, or a better May than ordinary, the ſunſhine, like Cordelia's ſmiles, will predominate. With reſpect to the corrupt reading, I have no great faith in the inverſion of the *w* at the preſs, and rather think the error aroſe in ſome other way.

Mr. Steevens has quoted a paſſage from Sidney's *Arcadia*, which Shakſpeare may have had in view, Perhaps the following paſſage in the ſame book, p. 163, edit. 1593, bears a ſtill nearer reſemblance to that before us: "And with that ſhe prettily *ſmiled*, which mingled with her *tears*, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or a delightful ſorrow; but like when a few *April* drops are ſcattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-coloured flowers." MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads—a better *May*.—As objections may be ſtarted againſt either reading, I declare my inability to decide between them. I have therefore left that word in the text which I found in poſſeſſion of it. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſmiles*,] The quartos read *ſmilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakſpeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

[6] *As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.*— &c.] In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have the ſame image:

"A ſea of melting *pearl*, which ſome call *tears*."

MALONE.

The harſhneſs of the foregoing line in the ſpeech of the *Gentleman*, induces me to believe that our author might have written:

Would be a rarity moſt belov'd, if all
Could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?[7]

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice,[8] ſhe heav'd the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it preſs'd her heart;
Cry'd, *Siſters! ſiſters!—Shame of ladies! ſiſters!*
Kent! father! ſiſters! What? i' the ſtorm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed![9]—There ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

" Like pearls from diamonds dropping."

The idea might have been taken from the ornaments of the ancient carcanet or necklace, which frequently conſiſted of table *diamonds* with *pearls* appended to them, or, in the jewellers' phraſe, *dropping* from them. Pendants for the ear are ſtill called—*drops*.

A ſimilar thought to this of Shakſpeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Cheſs*, no date:

" —— the holy dew lies like a pearl
" Dropt from the *opening eye-lids of the morn*
" Upon the baſhful roſe."

Milton has tranſplanted this image into his *Lycidas:*

" Under the *opening eye-lids of the morn*," Steevens.

[7] *Made ſhe no* verbal queſtion?] Means only, Did ſhe enter into no converſation with you? In this ſenſe our poet frequently uſes the word *queſtion*, and not ſimply as the act of *interrogation*. Did ſhe give you to underſtand her meaning *by words* as well as by the foregoing external teſtimonies of ſorrow?

So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

" —— ſhe told me
" In a ſweet *verbal* brief," &c. Steevens.

[8] 'Faith, *once, or twice,*] Thus the quartos. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*Yes*, once, &c. Regan in a ſubſequent ſcene, in like manner, uſes the rejected word, however inelegant it may now appear:

" *Faith*, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter." Malone.

[9] *Let pity not be believed!*] i. e. Let not ſuch a thing as pity be ſuppoſed to exiſt! Thus the old copies; but the modern editors have hitherto read,

Let pity not believe it;—— Steevens.

And clamour moiſten'd:[9] then away ſhe ſtarted
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us, govern our conditions;[2]
Elſe one ſelf mate and mate[3] could not beget
Such different iſſues. You ſpoke not with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, ſir; The poor diſtreſs'd Lear is i'the town:
Who ſometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good ſir?

[9] *And clamour moiſten'd:*] It is not impoſſible but Shakſpeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joſeph; who, being no longer able to reſtrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his preſence; and then *wept aloud*, and diſcovered himſelf to his brethren. THEOBALD.

Clamour moiſten'd——] That is, *her out-cries were accompanied with tears.* JOHNSON.

The old copies read—And clamour moiſten'd *her*. I have no doubt that the word *her* was inſerted by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the middle of the preceding line, where that word occurs; and therefore have omitted it. It may be obſerved that the metre is complete without this word. A ſimilar error has happened in *The Winter's Tale*. See Vol. VII. p. 177, n. 4. She *moiſten'd clamour*, or the exclamations ſhe had uttered, with tears. This is perfectly intelligible; but *clamour moiſten'd her*, is certainly nonſenſe. MALONE.

[2] ——*govern our* conditions;] i. e. regulate our *diſpoſitions*. See Vol. IX. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

[3] ——*one ſelf mate and mate*——] The ſame huſband and the ſame wife. JOHNSON.

Self is uſed here, as in many other places in theſe plays, for *ſelf-ſame*. MALONE.

Kent. A ſovereign ſhame ſo elbows him: his own unkindneſs,
That ſtripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—theſe things ſting
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame[4]
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo; they are afoot.[5]

Kent. Well, ſir, I'll bring you to our maſter Lear,
And leave you to attend him: ſome dear cauſe[6]
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.] [*Exeunt.*

[4] —— *theſe things ſting*
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame —] The metaphor is here preſerved with great knowledge of nature. The *venom* of poiſonous animals being a high cauſtick ſalt, that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part. WARBURTON.

[5] *'Tis ſo; they are afoot.*] Dr. Warburton thinks it neceſſary to read, *'tis ſaid*; but the ſenſe is plain, *So it is* that *they are on foot.* JOHNSON.

'Tis ſo, means, I think, I have heard of them; they do not exiſt in report only; they are actually on foot. MALONE.

[6] *Some* dear *cauſe* —] Some *important* buſineſs. See Vol. XI. p. 649, n. 7. MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" —— a ring, that I muſt uſe
" In *dear* employment." STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Phyſician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd ſea: ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock,[7] nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel,[8] and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn.—A century ſend forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.]—What can man's wiſdom do,
In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foſter-nurſe of nature is repoſe,

[7] *With* harlocks, *hemlock*, &c.] The quartos read—With *hor-docks*; the folio—With *hardokes*. MALONE.

I do not remember any ſuch plant as a *hardock*, but one of the moſt common weeds is a *burdock*, which I believe ſhould be read here; and ſo Hanmer reads. JOHNSON.

Hardocks ſhould be *harlocks*. Thus Drayton in one of his *Eclogues*:

" The honey-ſuckle, the *harlocke*,
" The lilly, and the lady-ſmocke," &c. FARMER.

One of the readings offer'd by the quartos (though mis-ſpelt) is perhaps the true one. The *boar-dock*, is the dock with whitiſh woolly leaves. STEEVENS.

[8] *Darnel*,] According to Gerard, is *the moſt hurtful of weeds* among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancaſhire*, 1634:

" That cockle, *darnel*, poppy wild,
" May choak his grain," &c.

See Vol. IX. p. 594, n. 9. STEEVENS.

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cor. All bleſs'd ſecrets,
All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's diſtreſs!—Seek, ſeek for him;
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.[9]

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mes. Madam, news;
The Britiſh powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important[a] tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition[3] doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

[9] —— *the means to lead it.*] The reaſon which ſhould guide it. JOHNSON.

[a] —— *important* ——] In other places of this author for *importunate.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 300, n. 8. The folio reads, *importuned.* STEEVENS.

[3] *No* blown *ambition* ——] No inflated, no ſwelling pride. Beza on the Spaniſh armada:

" Quam bene te ambitio merſit vaniſſima, ventus,
" Et tumidos tumidæ vos ſuperaſtis aquæ." JOHNSON.

In *The Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, the ſame epithet is given to ambition.

Again, in *The Little French Lawyer:*

" I come with no *blown* ſpirit to abuſe you." STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter REGAN *and* Steward.

REG. But are my brother's powers ſet forth?

STEW. Ay, madam.

REG. Himſelf
In perſon there?

STEW. Madam, with much ado:
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.

REG. Lord Edmund ſpake not with your lord [4] at home?

STEW. No, madam.

REG. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?

STEW. I know not, lady.

REG. 'Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.

[4] ——*your* lord—] The folio reads, *your lord*; and rightly. Goneril not only converſes with Lord Edmund, in the Steward's preſence, but prevents him from ſpeaking to, or even ſeeing her huſband. RITSON.

The quartos read—with your *lady*. In the manuſcripts from which they were printed an L only was probably ſet down, according to the mode of that time. It could be of no conſequence to Regan, whether Edmund ſpoke with Goneril *at home*, as they had travelled together from the earl of Gloſter's caſtle to the duke of Albany's palace, and had on the road ſufficient opportunities for laying thoſe plans of which Regan was apprehenſive. On the other hand, Edmund's abrupt departure without even ſpeaking to the duke, to whom he was ſent on a commiſſion, could not but appear myſterious, and excite her jealouſy. MALONE.

It was great ignorance, Gloſter's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to deſpatch
His nighted life;[5] moreover, to deſcry
The ſtrength o' the enemy.

Stew. I muſt needs after him, madam, with my letter.[6]

Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow; ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to Edmund? Might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unſeal the letter.[7]

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her huſband;
I am ſure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange œiliads,[8] and moſt ſpeaking looks

[5] *His* nighted *life*;] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. Steevens.

[6] ——*with my* letter.] So the folio. The quartos read—*letters*. The meaning is the ſame. Malone.

[7] *Let me unſeal* &c.] I know not well why Shakſpeare gives the ſteward, who is a mere factor of wickedneſs, ſo much fidelity. He now refuſes the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be ſafely delivered. Johnson.

[8] ——*She gave ſtrange* œiliads,] *Oeillade*, Fr. a caſt, or ſignificant glance of the eye.

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her boſom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding; you are, I know it:[9]
Therefore, I do adviſe you, take this note:[2]
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.[3]
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;[4]
And when your miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, deſire her call her wiſdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would ſhow

Greene, in his *Diſputation between a He and She Coney-catcher*, 1592: ſpeaks of "amorous glances, ſmirking *oeiliades*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *I ſpeak in underſtanding*; you are, I know it.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—in underſtanding, *for I know't*. MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*I do adviſe you, take this* note:] *Note* means in this place not a *letter*, but a *remark*. Therefore *obſerve* what I am ſaying. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"—— *takes note* of what is done." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I have directly told you. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:
"Thou art my heir; the reſt I wiſh thee *gather*."
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*give him* this;] I ſuppoſe Regan here delivers a ring or ſome other favour to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund. MALONE.

What party[5] I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.[6]

The Country near Dover.

Enter Gloster *and* Edgar, *dreſs'd like a Peaſant.*

Glo. When ſhall we come to the top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ſteep:
Hark, do you hear the ſea?

Glo. No, truly.[7]

Edg. Why, then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd;[8] and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter, than thou didſt.

[5] *What party* ——] Quarto, *What lady.* Johnson.

[6] Scene VI.] This ſcene, and the ſtratagem by which Gloſter is cured of his deſperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II. Johnson.

[7] *No, truly.*] Somewhat, neceſſary to complete the meaſure, is omitted in this or the foregoing hemiſtich. Sir Thomas Hanmer ſupplies the defect, though perhaps but awkwardly, by reading—
No truly, *not.* Steevens.

[8] ——*thy voice is alter'd*; &c.] Edgar alters his voice in order to paſs afterwards for a malignant ſpirit. Johnson.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on, ſir; here's the place:—ſtand
ſtill.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low![8]
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
air,
Show ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade![9]

[8] —— *How fearful*
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!] This deſcription has been much admired ſince the time of Addiſon, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleaſantry, that "he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one." The deſcription is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmoſt excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himſelf aſſailed by one great and dreadful image of irreſiſtible deſtruction. But this overwhelming idea is diſſipated and enfeebled from the inſtant that the mind can reſtore itſelf to the obſervation of particulars, and diffuſe its attention to diſtinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the ſamphire-man, and the fiſhers, counteracts the great effect of the proſpect, as it peoples the deſert of intermediate vacuity, and ſtops the mind in the rapidity of its deſcent through emptineſs and horror.
JOHNSON.

It is to be conſidered that Edgar is deſcribing an imaginary precipice, and is not therefore ſuppoſed to be ſo ſtrongly impreſſed with the dreadful proſpect of inevitable deſtruction, as a perſon would be who really found himſelf on the brink of one.
M. MASON.

[9] —— *Half way down*
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!] "*Samphire* grows in great plenty on moſt of the ſea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to ſee how people gather it, hanging by a rope ſeveral fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." Smith's *Hiſtory of Waterford*, p. 315, edit. 1774. TOLLET.

This perſonage is not a mere creature of Shakſpeare's imagination, for the gathering of ſamphire was literally a *trade* or common occupation in his time, it being carried and cried about the ſtreets,

Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head:
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock;[2] her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight: The murmuring ſurge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high:—I'll look no more;
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.[3]

Glo. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot

and much uſed as a pickle. So, in a ſong in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, in which the cries of London are enumerated under the title of the cries of Rome:

" I ha' rock-*ſamphier*, rock-ſamphier;
" Thus go the cries in Rome's faire towne;
" Firſt they go up ſtreet, and then they go downe:
" Buy a map, a mil-mat," &c.

Again, in Venner's *Via recta*, &c. 4to. 1622: " *Samphire* is in like manner preſerved in pickle, and eaten with meates. It is a very pleaſant and familiar ſauce, and agreeing with man's body." MALONE.

[2] ——*her cock*;] Her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

" ——I cauſed my lord to leap into the *cock*, &c.—at laſt our *cock* and we were caſt aſhore."

Again, in the ancient bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions*:

" *B.* Lanche out the *cocke*, *boies*, and ſet the maiſter aſhoare.
" *M.* The *cocke* is lanſhed, eche man to his oare.—
" *M.* Boie, come up, and grounde the *cocke* on the ſande."

Again, in Barclay's *Ship of Fools*:

" ——our ſhip can hold no more,
" Hauſe in the *cocke*."——

Hence the term *cockſwain*, a petty officer in a ſhip. STEEVENS.

[3] Topple *down headlong*.] To *topple* is to *tumble*. The word has been already uſed in *Macbeth*. So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: " ——fifty people *toppled* up their heels there." Again: " ——he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car, &c. into the ſea." STEEVENS.

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.[4]

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purſe; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good ſir. [*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

[4] ——*for all beneath the moon*
Would I not leap upright.] But what danger is in leaping *upwards* or *downwards?* He who leaps thus muſt needs fall again on his feet upon the place from whence he roſe. We ſhould read:

Would I not leap *outright*;

i. e. forward: and then being on the verge of a precipice he muſt needs fall headlong. Warburton.

I doubt whether the word—*outright*, was even in uſe at the time when this play was written.

Upright, with the ſtrict definition—"*perpendicularly erect*," is abſurd; for ſuch a leap is *phyſically* impoſſible. *Upright* is barely expletive: "*upwards*,"—"*from the ground.*" Farmer.

One of the ſenſes of the word *upright* in Shakſpeare's time, was that in which it is now uſed. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"—time goes *upright* with his carriage."

Again, in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſays*, 1603:

"I have ſeene a man take his full carier: ſtanding boult *upright* on both his feete in the ſaddle."

And with this ſignification, I have no doubt it was uſed here. Every man who leaps, in his firſt effort to raiſe himſelf from the ground, *ſprings upright*. Far from thinking of leaping *forward*, for which, being certain deſtruction, nothing could compenſate, Edgar ſays, he would not for all beneath the moon run the riſk of even leaping *upwards*.

Dr. Warburton idly objects, that he who leaps upwards, muſt needs fall again on his feet upon the ſame place from whence he roſe. If the commentator had tried ſuch a leap *within a foot* of the edge of a preciſpice, before he undertook the reviſion of theſe plays, the world would, I fear, have been deprived of his labours.

Upright in our author's time meant alſo *ſupinus*. See Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "*Upright*, or on the back, with the face upward. G. renverſé, ventre en haut. L. ſupinus, reſupinus:" but this ſenſe is here inadmiſſible. Malone.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his deſpair,
Is done to cure it.[5]

Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your ſights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff, and loathed part of nature, ſhould
Burn itſelf out. If Edgar live, O, bleſs him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*

Edg. Gone, ſir? farewell.[6]—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life itſelf
Yields to the theft:[7] Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been paſt.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you ſir! friend!—Hear you, ſir?—ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs indeed:[8]—Yet he revives:
What are you, ſir?

[5] *Why I do trifle thus with his deſpair,*
Is *done to cure it.*] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton, who read, with one of the quartos—*'Tis* done, place an interrogation point at the end of the firſt of theſe lines; but, in my opinion improperly. Steevens.

Is *done* ——] Thus the quarto A, and the folio. The other quarto reads—*'Tis* done. Malone.

[6] *Gone, ſir? farewell.*] Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good ſir*, &c. Steevens.

They followed the arbitrary alteration of the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Perhaps, a mere typographical error. Steevens.

[7] ——*when life itſelf*
Yields to the theft:] When life is willing to be deſtroyed. Johnson.

[8] *Thus might he* paſs *indeed:*] Thus might he *die* in reality. We ſtill uſe the word *paſſing* bell. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:
" Diſturb him not, let him *paſs* peaceably." Steevens.

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'ſt thou been aught but goſſomer, feathers, air,[2]
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe;
Haſt heavy ſubſtance; bleed'ſt not; ſpeak'ſt; art ſound.
Ten maſts at each make not the altitude,[3]
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

[2] *Had'ſt thou been aught but* goſſomer, *feathers, air,*] *Goſſomore,* the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot ſunny weather. Skinner ſays, in a book called *The French Gardiner,* it ſignifies the down of the ſow-thiſtle, which is driven to and fro by the wind:

" As ſure ſome wonder on the cauſe of thunder,
" On ebb and flood, on *goſſomer* and miſt,
" And on all things, till that the cauſe is wiſt." Grey.

The ſubſtance called Goſſamer is formed of the collected webs of flying ſpiders, and during calm weather in Autumn ſometimes falls in amazing quantities. Holt White.

See *Romeo and Juliet,* Act II. ſc. vi. Malone.

[3] *Ten maſts* at each *make not the altitude,*] So Mr. Pope found it in the old editions; and ſeeing it corrupt, judiciouſly corrected it to *attacht.* But Mr. Theobald *reſtores* again the old nonſenſe, *at each.* Warburton.

Mr. Pope's conjecture may ſtand if the word which he uſes were known in our author's time, but I think it is of later introduction. We may ſay:

Ten maſts *on end*—— Johnson.

Perhaps we ſhould read—at *reach,* i. e. extent.
In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten maſts at* leaſt. Steevens.

Ten maſts at each *make not the altitude,*] i. e. each, at, or near, the other. Such I ſuppoſe the meaning, if the text be right; but it is probably corrupt. The word *attach'd* certainly exiſted in Shakſpeare's time, but was not uſed in the ſenſe required here. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor,* 8vo. 1616, to *attach* is interpreted, " To take, lay hold on." It was *verbum juris.* Malone.

Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn:[4]
Look up a-height;—the ſhrill-gorg'd lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end itſelf by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You ſtand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns whelk'd,[5] and wav'd like the enridged ſea;[6]

[4] ——*chalky* bourn:] *Bourn* ſeems here to ſignify a *hill*. Its common ſignification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uſes *boſky bourn*, in the ſame ſenſe perhaps with Shakſpeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*. Johnson.

Here it certainly means "this chalky boundary of England, towards France." Steevens.

[5] *Horns* whelk'd,] *Whelk'd*, I believe, ſignifies *varied with protuberances*. So, in *King Henry V.* Fluellen ſpeaking of Bardolph: "——his face is all bubukles, and *whelks*," &c. Steevens.

Twiſted, convolved. A welk or whilk is a ſmall ſhell-fiſh. Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596, ſeems to uſe this participle in the ſenſe of *rolling* or *curled*:

"The ſunny palfreys have their traces broke,
"And ſetting fire upon the *welked* throuds
"Now through the heaven flie gadding from the yoke."
Malone.

[6] ——enridged *ſea*;] Thus the 4to. The folio *enraged*. Steevens.

It was ſome fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the cleareſt gods,[7] who make them honours
Of men's impoſſibilities,[8] have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and, *die.* That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.[9]—But who comes here?

Enter Lear, *fantaſtically dreſſed up with flowers.*

The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.[2]

Enridged was certainly our author's word; for he has the ſame expreſſion in his *Venus and Adonis:*

" Till the wild *waves* will have him ſeen no more,
" Whoſe *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend."

Malone.

[7] —— *the* cleareſt *gods,*] The pureſt; the moſt free from evil. Johnson.

So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" Roots! you *clear* gods!"

See Vol. XI. p. 546, n. 9. Malone.

[8] —— *who make them honours*
Of men's impoſſibilities,] Who are graciouſly pleaſed to preſerve men in ſituations in which they think it impoſſible to eſcape: Or, perhaps, who derive honour from being able to do what man can not do. Malone.

By *men's impoſſibilities* perhaps is meant, what men call impoſſibilities, what appear as ſuch to mere mortal beings. Steevens.

[9] *Bear* free *and patient* thoughts.] To be melancholy is to have the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloſter to *free thoughts,* to an emancipation of his ſoul from grief and deſpair. Johnson.

[2] *The* ſafer *ſenſe will ne'er accommodate*
His maſter thus.] I read:
The ſaner *ſenſe will ne'er accommodate*
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;[3] I am the king himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect.—There's your preſs-money.[4] That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:[5] draw me a clothier's

" Here is Lear, but he muſt be mad: his ſound or *ſane* ſenſes would never ſuffer him to be thus diſguiſed." Johnson.

I have no doubt but that *ſafer* was the poet's word. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" Nor do I think the man of *ſafe* diſcretion
" That does affect it." Steevens.

[3] ——*for* coining;] So the quartos. Folio—for *crying.* Malone.

[4] *There's your* preſs-money.] It is evident from the whole of this ſpeech, that Lear fancies himſelf in a battle: but, *There's your preſs-money* has not been properly explained. It means the money which was paid to ſoldiers when they were retained in the King's ſervice; and it appears from ſome antient ſtatutes, and particularly 7 Henry VII. c. 1. and 3 Henry VIII. c. 5. that it was felony in any ſoldier to withdraw himſelf from the King's ſervice after receipt of this money, without ſpecial leave. On the contrary, he was obliged at all times to hold himſelf *in readineſs.* The term is from the French " preſt," *ready.* It is written *preſt* in ſeveral places in *King Henry VIIth's* Book of houſhold expences ſtill preſerved in the Exchequer. This may ſerve alſo to explain the following paſſage in Act V. ſc. ii. " And turn our *impreſt* lances in our eyes;" and to correct Mr. Whalley's note in *Hamlet,* Act I. ſc. i. —" Why ſuch *impreſs* of ſhipwrights?" Douce.

[5] *That fellow handles his bow like a* crow-keeper:] Mr. Pope in his laſt edition reads *cow-keeper.* It is certain we muſt read *crow-keeper.* In ſeveral counties to this day, they call a ſtuffed figure, repreſenting a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, ſet up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper,* as well as a *ſcare-crow.* Theobald.

This *crow-keeper* was ſo common in the author's time, that it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account of our iſland. Johnson.

So, in the 48th *Idea* of Drayton:

" Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
" To ſome baſe ruſtic do thyſelf prefer;

yard.[9]—Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;—this pieee of toaſted cheeſe will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.[2]—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout,[3] i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.[4]

" And when corn's ſown, or grown into the ear,
" Practiſe thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper.*"

Mr. Tollet informs me, that Markham in his *Farewell to Huſbandry*, ſays, that ſuch ſervants are called field-keepers, or *crow-keepers.* STEEVENS.

So, in *Bonduca*, by Fletcher:

" —— Can theſe fight? They look
" Like empty ſcabbards all; no mettle in them;
" Like *men of clouts*, ſet to *keep crows* from orchards."

See alſo *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. iv. MALONE.

The following curious paſſage in Latimer's *Fruitful Sermons*, 1584. fol. 69. will ſhow how indiſpenſable was practice to enable an archer to *handle his bow* ſkilfully. " In my time (ſays the good biſhop) my poor father was diligent to teach me to ſhoote, as to learne me any other thing, and ſo I thinke other men did their chilſdren. He taught me how to draw, howe to lay my body in my bow, and not to drawe with ſtrength of armes as other nations doe, but with ſtrength of the bodye. I had my bowes bought me according to my age and ſtrength: as I encreaſed in them, ſo my bowes were made bigger and bigger: for men ſhall neuer ſhoote well, except they be brought up in it." HOLT WHITE.

[9] —— *draw me a* clothier's yard.] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a ſtanza of the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace:*

" An arrow of a *cloth-yard* long,
" Up to the head drew he," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *the* brown bills.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe, affixed to a long ſtaff:

" Which is the conſtable's houſe?—
" At the ſign of the *brown bill.*"
Blurt Mr. Conſtable, 1602.

Again, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1622:

" Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
" *Brown bills*, and targetiers," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 477-8, n. 6. MALONE.

[3] *O, well flown*, bird!—i' the clout, &c.] Lear is here rav-

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard![5]—They flatter'd me like a dog;[6] and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.[7] To ſay *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I ſaid!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the

ing of *archery*, and ſhooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they ſet up and aim at: hence the phraſe, to *hit the white*. Warburton.

So, in *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

"Change your mark, ſhoot at a white; come ſtick me in the *clout*, ſir."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

"For kings are *clouts* that every man ſhoots at."

Again, in *How to chooſe a good Wife from a bad One*, 1602:

"——who could miſs the *clout*,

"Having ſuch ſteady aim?"——

Mr. Heath thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the ſwiftneſs of its flight, eſpecially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-flown bird*, was the falconer's expreſſion when the hawk was ſucceſsful in her flight; and is ſo uſed in *A Woman kill'd with Kindneſs*. Steevens.

The quartos read—O, well flown bird *in the ayre*, hugh, give the word. Malone.

4 ——*Give the word.*] Lear ſuppoſes himſelf in a garriſon, and before he lets Edgar paſs, requires the watch-word. Johnson.

5 ——*Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!*] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Goneril, ha! Regan! they flattered me*, &c. which is not ſo forcible. Johnson.

6 *They flatter'd me like a dog*;] They played the ſpaniel to me. Johnson.

7 ——*and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.*] They told me that I had the wiſdom of age, before I had attained to manhood. Malone.

rain came to wet me[8] once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I ſmelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice[9] I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.[2]
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cauſe?—
Adultery.—
Thou ſhalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded fly
Does lecher in my ſight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloſter's baſtard ſon
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful ſheets.
To't, luxury,[1] pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers.—
Behold yon' ſimpering dame,

[8] —— *When the rain came to wet me* &c.] This ſeems to be an alluſion to king Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the ſea. STEEVENS.

[9] *The* trick *of that voice* ——] *Trick* (ſays Sir Thomas Hanmer) is a word frequently uſed for the *air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or geſture, which diſtinguiſhes it from others.* We ſtill ſay "—he has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, of ſpeaking loud," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 11, n. 4. MALONE.

[2] *Ay, every inch a* king:
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Who, like a *king* perplexed in his throne,
"By their ſuggeſtion gives a deadly groan,
"Whereat each tributary *ſubject quakes.*" MALONE.

[1] *To't,* luxury, &c.] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence.* See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Creſſida,* Act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

Whoſe face between her forks [4] preſageth ſnow;
That minces virtue,[5] and does ſhake the head
To hear of pleaſure's name;
The fitchew,[6] nor the ſoiled horſe,[7] goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waiſt they are centaurs,[8]
Though women all above:
But to the girdle [9] do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';[a] there's hell, there's darkneſs,

[4] *Whoſe face between her* forks —] The conſtruction is not "whoſe face between her *forks*," &c. but "whoſe face preſageth ſnow between her *forks*." So, in *Timon*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
"That lies on Dian's lap." EDWARDS.

To preſerve the modeſty of Mr. Edwards's happy explanation, I can only hint a reference to the words *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

[5] *That* minces *virtue*,] Whoſe virtue conſiſts in appearance only; in an affected delicacy and prudery: who is as nice and ſqueamiſh in talking of virtue and of the frailer part of her ſex, as a lady who walks *mincingly* along:

"——and turn two *mincing* ſteps
"Into a manly ſtride." *Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

This is a paſſage which I ſhall not venture to explain further than by recommending a reconſideration of the paſſage, quoted by Mr. Malone, from *The Merchant of Venice*. STEEVENS.

[6] *The fitchew*,] A polecat. POPE.

[7] ——*nor the* ſoiled horſe,] *Soiled horſe* is a term uſed for a horſe that has been fed with hay and corn in the ſtable during the winter, and is turned out in the ſpring to take the firſt fluſh of graſs, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanſes the animal, and fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

[8] *Down from the* waiſt *they are centaurs*,] In *The Malcontent*, is a thought as ſingular as this:

"'Tis now about the immodeſt *waiſt* of night."
STEEVENS.

[9] But *to the girdle* &c.] To *inherit* in Shakſpeare is, to poſſeſs. See Vol. III. p. 249, n. 9. *But* is here uſed for *only*. MALONE.

[a] *Beneath is all the fiends'*;] According to Grecian ſuperſtition,

there is the ſulphurous pit,[3] burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt; it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall ſo wear out to nought.—Doſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Doſt thou ſquiny at me?[4] No, do thy worſt, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

every limb of us was conſigned to the charge of ſome particular deity. Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, enlarges much on it, and concludes by ſaying:

" And Venus through the letcherie
" For whiche thei hir deifie,
" *She kept all doune the remenant*
" *To thilke office appertainant.*" Collins.

In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's ſpeech is printed as proſe. I doubt much whether any part of it was intended for metre. Malone.

[3] —— *there is the ſulphurous pit*, &c.] Perhaps theſe lines ſhould be regulated as follows:

There is the ſulphurous pit, ſtench, burning, ſcalding,
Conſumption: fie, fie, fie! pah! pah! pah!
An ounce of civet, &c. Steevens.

[4] *Doſt thou* ſquiny *at me?*] To *ſquiny* is to look aſquint. The word is uſed by our poet's fellow-comedian, Robert Armin, in *A Neſt of Ninnies*, &c. 4to, 1609: " The world—*ſquinies* at this, and looks as one ſcorning." Malone.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the caſe of eyes?[5]

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light: Yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee how yon' juſtice rails upon yon' ſimple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy,[6] which is the juſtice, which is the thief?—

[5] *What, with* the *caſe of eyes?*] Mr. Rowe changed *the* into *this*, but without neceſſity, I have reſtored the old reading. The *caſe of eyes* is the *ſocket* of either eye. Statius in his firſt *Thebaid*, has a ſimilar expreſſion. Speaking of Oedipus he ſays:

" Tunc *vacuos orbes* crudum ac miſerabile vitæ
" Supplicium, oſtentat cœlo, manibuſque cruentis
" Pulſat *inane ſolum.*
" *Inane ſolum*, i. e. *vacui oculorum loci.*"

Shakſpeare has the expreſſion again in *The Winter's Tale:*

" — they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear *the caſes* of their eyes." STEEVENS.

In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we have the ſame expreſſion:

" —— her *eyes* as jewel-like,
" And *cas'd* as richly."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Her *eye-lids, caſes* to thoſe heavenly jewels
" Which Pericles hath loſt,
" Begin to part their fringes of bright gold."

This could not have been the author's word; for " this *caſe* of eyes" in the language of his time ſignified—*this pair of eyes*, a ſenſe directly oppoſite to that intended to be conveyed. MALONE.

[6] *Change places*; *and*, handy-dandy,] The words *change places, and*, are not in the quartos. *Handy-dandy* is, I believe, a play among children, in which ſomething is ſhaken between two hands, and then a gueſs is made in which hand it is retained. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: " *Bazzicchiare.* To ſhake between two hands; to play *handy-dandy.*" Coles in his Latin Dict, 1679,

Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, ſir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—
Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind
For which thou whipp'ſt her. The uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes ſmall vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.[7] Plate ſin[8] with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I'll able 'em:[9]

renders "to play handy-dandy," by *digitis micare*; and he is followed by Ainſworth; but they appear to have been miſtaken; as is Dr. Johnſon in his definition in his Dictionary, which ſeems to have been formed on the paſſage before us, miſunderſtood. He ſays, Handy-dandy is "a play in which children *change* hands and *places*." Malone.

7 *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"Hiding baſe ſin in pleats of majeſty." Malone.

From *hide all* to *accuſer's lips*, the whole paſſage is wanting in the firſt edition, being added, I ſuppoſe, at his reviſal. Johnson.

8 *Plate ſin*——] The old copies read—*Place* ſin. Mr. Pope made the correction. Malone.

So, in *King Richard II*:
"Thus *plated* in habiliments of war." Steevens.

9 ——*I'll able 'em*:] An old phraſe ſignifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, ſays:
"Set all my life after thyne ordinaunce,
"And *able me* to mercie or thou deme." Warburton.

So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widow's Tears*, 1612:
"Admitted! ay, into her heart, and I'll *able* it."
Steevens.

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To ſeal the accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes;
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou doſt not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; ſo.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloſter:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawl, and cry:[2]—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools;——This a good block?[3]—

[2] *Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,*
We wawl, and cry:]
" Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum eſt
" Cui tantum in vitâ reſtat tranſire malorum." *Lucretius.*
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*This a good block?*] Perhaps, we ſhould read—
'Tis *a good block.* RITSON.

Upon the king's ſaying, *I will preach to thee,* the poet ſeems to have meant him to pull off his *hat,* and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of thoſe times, (whom I have ſeen ſo repreſented in ancient prints,) till the idea of *felt,* which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raiſes the ſtratagem in his brain of ſhoeing a troop of horſe with a ſubſtance ſoft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him ſtart from his preachment.—*Block* anciently ſignified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed,* and ſometimes the hat itſelf.—See *Much Ado about Nothing:* " He weares his faith but as the faſhion of his *hat*; it changes with the next *block.*"

It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt:[4] I'll put it in proof;

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons:*

" I am ſo haunted with this broad-brim'd *hat*
" Of the laſt progreſs *block*, with the young hatband."

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: " —— my haberdaſher has a new *block*, and will find me and all my generation in *beavers*," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: " —that cannot obſerve the time of his hatband, nor know what faſhion'd *block* is moſt kin to his head; for in my opinion, the braine that cannot chuſe his *felt* well," &c.

Again, in *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London* by Decker, 1606. " —The *blocke* for his head alters faſter than the *felt*maker can fitte him."

Again, in *Run and a great Caſt*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to. without date, *Epigram* 46. *In Sextinum:*

" A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *hat*;
" So much the fitter for his head by that." STEEVENS.

[4] *It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoe*
A troop of horſe with felt:] i. e. with flocks kneaded to a maſs, a practice I believe ſometimes uſed in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Arioſto:*

" —fece nel cadar ſtrepito quanto
" Aveſſe avuto ſotto i piedi il *feltro*." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare however might have adopted the ſtratagem of ſhoeing a troop of horſe with *felt*, from the following paſſage in Fenton's *Tragicall Diſcourſes*, 4to. b. l. 1567: " —— he attyreth himſelfe for the purpoſe in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a paire of *ſhoes* of *felte*, leaſte the noyſe of his feete ſhoulde diſcover his goinge." P. 58.

Again, in *Hay any Worke for a Cooper*, an ancient pamphlet, no date: " Their adverſaries are very eager: the ſaints in heaven have *felt* o' their tongues." STEEVENS.

This " delicate ſtratagem" had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakſpeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41. " And now," ſays that hiſtorian, " having feaſted the ladies royally for divers dayes, he [Henry] departed from Tournay to Liſle, [Oct 13, 1513,] whither he was invited by the lady Margaret, who cauſed there a juſte to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raiſed high from the ground by many ſteps, and paved with black ſquare ſtones like marble; while *the horſes*, to

And when I have ſtolen upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.[5]

Enter a Gentleman, *with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter—

Lear. No reſcue? What, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.[6]—Uſe me well;
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have a ſurgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds? All myſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of ſalt,[7]
To uſe his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's duſt.[8]

prevent ſliding, *were ſhod with felt* or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro ſive tormento*): after which the ladies danced all night." Malone.

[5] *Then,* kill, kill, &c.] This was formerly the word given in the Engliſh army, when an onſet was made on the enemy. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" Gives falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
" And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill.*"

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates,* 1610, p. 315:

" For while the Frenchmen freſh aſſaulted ſtill,
" Our Engliſhmen came boldly forth at night,
" Crying, Saint George, Saliſbury, *kill, kill,*
" And offer'd freſhly with their foes to fight." Malone.

[6] *The natural fool of* fortune.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" O, I am *fortune's* fool!" Steevens.

[7] ——*a man of* ſalt,] *A man of ſalt* is *a man of tears.* In *All's Well that ends Well,* we meet with—" your *ſalt tears'* head;" and in *Troilus and Creſſida,* " the *ſalt* of broken *tears.*" Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
" For certain drops of *ſalt,* your city Rome." Malone.

[8] *Ay, and* for *laying autumn's duſt.*] Theſe words are not in the folio. Malone.

Gent. Good ſir,[9]—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it.[2] Nay, an you get it, you ſhall get it by running. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa.
[*Exit, running*; *Attendants follow.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch;
Paſt ſpeaking of in a king!—Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, ſir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot; the main deſcry

For the ſake of metre, I have here repeated the prepoſition—*for*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted in the old copies. Steevens.

9 Gent. *Good ſir,*] Theſe words I have reſtored from one of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads:
——*a ſmug* bridegroom—— Steevens.

2 *Then there's life in it.*] The caſe is not yet deſperate. Johnson.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"There's ſap in't yet." Steevens.

Stands on the hourly thought.[3]

Edg. I thank you, ſir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, ſir. [*Exit* Gent.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit[4] tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good ſir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame by fortune's blows;[5]
Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,[6]

[3] —— *the main deſcry*
Stands on the hourly thought.] The *main* body is *expected* to be *deſcry'd* every hour. The expreſſion is harſh. Johnson.

[4] —— *my worſer ſpirit* ——] By this expreſſion may be meant—*my evil genius.* Steevens.

[5] —— *made* tame by *fortune's blows.*] So, in *Much ado about nothing:*
"*Taming* my wild heart *to* thy gentle hand."
The quartos read:
—— made *lame by* fortune's blows. Steevens.

The folio has—made *tame to* fortune's blows. I believe the original is here, as in many other places, the true reading. So, in our poet's 37th Sonnet:
"So I, *made lame by fortune's* deareſt ſpight,—."
Malone.

[6] *Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,*] i. e. Sorrows paſt and preſent. Warburton.

Haud ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.

I doubt whether *feeling* is not uſed, with our poet's uſual licence, for *felt.* Sorrows known, not by relation, but by experience.
Malone.

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyſelf remember:[7]—The ſword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to it. [Edgar *oppoſes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? Hence;
Leſt that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,[8] and let poor volk paſs. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis

[7] *Briefly thyſelf remember:*] i. e. Quickly recollect the paſt offences of thy life, and recommend thyſelf to heaven. Warburton.

So Othello ſays to Deſdemona:

"If you bethink yourſelf of any crime,
"Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
"Solicit for it ſtraight." Malone.

[8] ——*go your gait,*] *Gang your gate* is a common expreſſion in the North. In the laſt rebellion, when the Scotch ſoldiers had finiſhed their exerciſe, inſtead of our term of diſmiſſion, their phraſe was, *gang your gaits.* Steevens.

by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye,[9] or iſe try whether your coſtard[2] or my bat[3] be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.[4]

[*They fight*; *and* Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me:—Villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloſter;[5] ſeek him out

[9] ——*che vor'ye,*] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the weſtern dialect. Johnson.

When our ancient writers have occaſion to introduce a ruſtick, they commonly allot him this Somerſetſhire dialect. Mercury, in the ſecond book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, aſſumes the appearance of a clown, and our tranſlator *Golding* has made him ſpeak with the provinciality of Shakſpeare's Edgar. Steevens.

[2] —*your* coſtard!—] *Coſtard*, i. e. head. So, in *K. Richard III:* "Take him over the *coſtard* with the hilt of thy ſword." Steevens.

[3] ——*my* bat——] i. e. club. So, in *Spenſer:*
"——a handſome *bat* he held,
"On which he leaned, as one far in eld."
Again, in *Mucedorus*, 1598:
"With this my *bat* I will beat out thy brains."
Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
"——let every thing be ready,
"And each of you a good *bat* on his neck." Steevens.

Rather in this place a *ſtaff*. In Suſſex a walking-ſtick is called a *bat*. *Bats* and *clubs* are diſtinguiſhed in *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. i. "where go you with *bats* and *clubs*." Holt White.

[4] ——*no matter vor your* foins.] *To foin*, is to make what we call a *thruſt* in fencing. Shakſpeare often uſes the word. Steevens.

[5] *To Edmund earl of Gloſter*;] Mr. Smith has endeavoured,

Upon the Britiſh party:——O, untimely death!
[*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: A ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; reſt you.—
Let's ſee his pockets: theſe letters, that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only ſorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us ſee:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.[6]

without any ſucceſs, to prove in a long note, that we ought to read—*letter* both here and below, becauſe the Steward had only one letter in his pocket, namely that written by Goneril. But there is no need of change, for *letters* formerly was uſed like *epiſtolæ* in Latin, when one only was intended. So, in Act I. ſc. v. Lear ſays to Kent, "Go, you, before to Gloſter, with *theſe letters*;" and Kent replies, "I will not ſleep, my lord, till I have delivered your *letter*." Again, in Act IV. ſc. v. the Steward ſays to Regan, "I muſt needs after him, madam, with my *letters*," meaning only Goneril's letter, which Edgar preſently reads. Such, as I obſerved on that paſſage, is the reading of the original quarto copies, which in the folio is changed to *letter*. Whether the Steward had alſo a letter from Regan, it is not here neceſſary to inquire. The words which he uſes, do not, for the reaſon I have aſſigned, neceſſarily imply two letters: and as Edgar finds no letter from Regan, we may infer that when ſhe ſaid to the Steward in a former ſcene, *take thou this*, ſhe gave him a ring or ſome other token of regard for Edmund, and not a letter. Malone.

[6] *To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;*
Their papers, is more lawful.] This is darkly expreſſed: the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confeſſion of their ſecrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful. Warburton.

——*we'd rip*——] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*we rip*. The editor of the ſecond folio, imagining that *papers* was

[reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.*

Your wife, (ſo I would ſay,) and your affectionate ſervant,[7]

Goneril

O undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will![8]—
A plot upon her virtuous huſband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the ſands,
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified[9]

the nominative caſe, for *it* ſubſtituted *are:* Their papers *are* more lawful. But the conſtruction is,—*to rip* their papers, is more lawful. His alteration, however, has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

[7] ——*affectionate* ſervant,] After *ſervant*, one of the quartos has this ſtrange continuation: "——and for you her owne for *venter*, Gonerill." STEEVENS.

In this place I have followed the quarto of which the firſt ſignature is A. The other reads—"Your (wife, ſo I would ſay) *your* affectionate ſervant;" and adds the words mentioned by Mr. Steevens. The folio, reads—"Your (wife ſo I would ſay) affectionate ſervant, Goneril." MALONE.

[8] *O undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—of woman's *wit!* The meaning (ſays Dr. Warburton in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition,) is, "The variations in a woman's will are ſo ſudden, and their liking and loathing follow ſo quick upon each other, that there is no diſtinguiſhable ſpace between them." MALONE.

I believe, the plain meaning is—*O undiſtinguiſhing licentiouſneſs of a woman's inclinations!* STEEVENS.

[9] *Thee I'll* rake *up, the poſt* unſanctified *&c.*] I'll *cover* thee. In Staffordſhire, to *rake* the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.

Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd duke: [2] For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

[*Exit* EDGAR, *dragging out the body.*

GLO. The king is mad: How ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling [3]
Of my huge ſorrows! Better I were diſtract:
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd [4] from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

The epithet, *unſanctified*, refers to his want of burial in *conſecrated* ground. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the death-practis'd duke:*] The duke of Albany, whoſe death is machinated by *practice* or treaſon. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*and have* ingenious feeling—] *Ingenious feeling* ſignifies a feeling from an underſtanding not diſturbed or diſordered, but which, repreſenting things as they are, makes the ſenſe of pain the more exquiſite. WARBURTON.

[4] ——*ſever'd*——] The quartos read *fenced.* STEEVENS.

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French *camp.* LEAR *on a bed, aſleep*; Phyſician, Gentleman,[5] *and Others, attending*: *Enter* CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how ſhall I live, and work,
To match thy goodneſs? My life will be too ſhort,
And every meaſure fail me.[6]

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-pay'd.
All my reports go with the modeſt truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but ſo.

Cor. Be better ſuited:[7]
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours;[8]

[5] ——*Phyſician, Gentleman,* &c.] In the quartos the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Doctor*," omitting by negligence the *Gentleman*, who yet in thoſe copies is a ſpeaker in the courſe of the ſcene, and remains with KENT, when the reſt go out. In the folio, the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Gentleman*;" to the latter of whom all the ſpeeches are given, which in the original copies are divided between the *phyſician* and the *gentleman*. I ſuppoſe, from a penury of actors, it was found convenient to unite the two characters, which, we ſee, were originally diſtinct. Cordelia's words, however, might have taught the editor of the folio to have given the *gentleman* whom he retained the appellation of *Doctor*:

"Be govern'd by *your knowledge*, and proceed
"I' the ſway of your own will." MALONE.

[6] ——*every meaſure fail me.*] All good which I ſhall allot thee, or *meaſure out* to thee, will be ſcanty. JOHNSON.

[7] *Be better ſuited:*] i. e. Be better dreſs'd, put on a better ſuit of clothes. STEEVENS.

[8] *Theſe weeds are* memories *of thoſe worſer hours;*] *Memories,*

I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent:[9]
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it ſo, my good lord.—How does the king? [*to the* Phyſician.

Phys. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature!
The untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father![2]

i. e. Memorials, remembrancers. Shakſpeare uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe, *As You Like It*, Act II. ſc. iii:

" O, my ſweet maſter! O you *memory*
" Of old Sir Rowland!"—— Steevens.

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618:—" A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church-door."
Malone.

[9] ——*my* made intent:] There is a diſſonancy of terms in *made intent*; one implying the idea of a thing done, the other, undone. I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare wrote—laid *intent*, i. e. projected.
Warburton.

An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we ſay in common language, to *make a deſign*, and to *make a reſolution*. Johnson.

[2] *Of this child-changed father!*] i. e. Changed to a child by his years and wrongs; or perhaps, reduced to this condition by his children. Steevens.

Lear is become inſane, and this is the change referred to. Inſanity is not the property of ſecond childhood, but dotage. Conſonant to this explanation is what Cordelia almoſt immediately adds:

" O my dear father! reſtoration hang
" Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
" Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
" Have in thy reverence made!" Henley.

Of this child-changed *father!*] That is, *changed* by *his children*; a father, whoſe jarring ſenſes have been untuned by the monſtrous

Phys. So pleaſe your majeſty,
That we may wake the king? he hath ſlept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the ſway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam;[3] in the heavineſs of his ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.[4]

Phys. Pleaſe you, draw near.—Louder the muſick there.[5]

ingratitude of his daughters. So, *care-craz'd*, crazed *by* care; *wave-worn*, worn *by* the waves; *woe-wearied*, haraſſed *by* woe; &c. Malone.

[3] *Ay, madam*; &c.] The folio gives theſe four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the ſame year, and for the ſame printer) gives the two firſt to the *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two firſt to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two firſt, which beſt belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Phyſician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more ſuitable to his profeſſion. Steevens.

In the folio the *Gentleman* and (as he is here called) the *Phyſician*, is one and the ſame perſon. Ritson.

[4] *Very well.*] This and the following line I have reſtored from the quartos. Steevens.

[5] ——*Louder the muſick there.*] I have already obſerved in a note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Vol. IX. p. 192, n. 4, that Shakſpeare conſidered *ſoft muſick* as favourable to ſleep. Lear, we may ſuppoſe, had been thus compoſed to reſt; and now the Phyſician deſires *louder* muſick to be played, for the purpoſe of waking him. So again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Cerimon, to recover Thaiſa, who had been thrown into the ſea, ſays,

Cor. O my dear father! Reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips;[6] and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princeſs!

Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
[To ſtand[7] againſt the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick, croſs lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?[8]] Mine enemy's dog,[9]

" The *rough* and woeful muſick that we have,
" Cauſe it to ſound, 'beſeech you."
Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" *Muſick, awake* her; ſtrike!" Malone.

[6] —— Reſtoration, *hang*
Thy medicine on my lips;] This is fine. She invokes the goddeſs of health, Hygeiia, under the name of *Reſtoration*, to make her the miniſter of her rites, in this holy office of recovering her father's loſt ſenſes. Warburton.

Reſtoration is no more than *recovery* perſonified. Steevens.

[7] [*To ſtand* &c.] The lines within crotchets are omitted in the folio. Johnson.

[8] —— *to watch* (*poor* perdu!)
With this thin helm?] The alluſion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon deſperate adventures, and called in French *enfans perdus*. Theſe *enfans perdus* being always ſlightly and badly armed, is the reaſon that ſhe adds, With thisthin helm? i. e. bare-headed. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of the word *perdu* is juſt, though the latter part of his aſſertion has not the leaſt foundation. Paulus Jovius, ſpeaking of the body of men who were anciently ſent on this deſperate adventure, ſays, " Hos ab immoderatâ fortitudine *perditos* vocant, et in ſummo honore atque admiratione habent." It is not likely that thoſe who deſerved ſo well of their country for expoſing themſelves to certain danger, ſhould be ſent out, *ſummâ admiratione*, and yet ſlightly and badly armed.

Though he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night Againſt my fire; And waſt thou fain, poor father,

The ſame alluſion occurs in Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

" ——— I have endur'd
" Another night would tire a *perdu*,
" More than a wet furrow and a great froſt."

Again, in Cartwright's *Ordinary*:

" —— as for *perdues*,
" Some choice ſous'd fiſh, brought couchant in a diſh
" Among ſome fennel or ſome other graſs,
" Shows how they lye i' th' field." STEEVENS.

In Polemon's *Collection of Battels*, 4to. bl. l. printed by Bynneman, p. 98, an account of the battle of Marignano is tranſlated from Jovius, in which is the following paſſage:—" They were very choſen ſelowes taken out of all the Cantons, men in the prime of youth, and of ſingular forwardeneſſe: who by a very auntient order of that country, that by dooyng ſome deede of paſſyng proweſſe they may obtaine rare honour of warrefare before they be growen in yeares, doe of themſelves requeſt all perillous and harde pieces of ſervice, and often uſe with deadlye praiſe to runne unto propoſed death. Theſe men do they call, of their immoderate fortitude and ſtoutneſſe, the deſperats forlorne hopen, and the Frenchmen *enfans perdus*: and it is lawfull for them, by the prerogative of their proweſſe, to beare an enſigne, to have conducte and double wages all their life long. Neyther are the forlorne knowen from the reſt by anye other marke and cogniſance than the plumes of white feathers, the which, after the manner of captaines, they doe tourn behinde, waveryng over theyr ſhoulder with a brave kynde of riot."

Again, in Bacon's *Apology*, touching the late Earl of Eſſex, 12mo. 1651, p. 105: " —— you have put me like one of thoſe that the Frenchmen call *Enfans perdus* that ſerve on foot before horſemen." REED.

Amongſt other deſperate ſervices in which the forlorn hope, or *enfans perdus*, were engaged, the night-watches ſeem to have been a common one. So Beaumont and Fletcher:

" I am ſet here like a *perdu*,
" To *watch* a fellow that has wrong'd my miſtreſs."

Little French Lawyer, Act II. ſc. ii. WHALLEY.

With this thin helm?] With this thin covering of hair. MALONE.

[9] —— *Mine enemy's dog*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos

To hovel thee with ſwine, and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.[2]—He wakes; ſpeak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fitteſt.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majeſty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide!

Phys. He's ſcarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
I am mightily abus'd.[3]—I ſhould even die with pity,
To ſee another thus.—I know not what to ſay.—
I will not ſwear, theſe are my hands:—let's ſee;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.

read, Mine *injurious* dog. Poſſibly the poet wrote—Mine *injurer's* dog. Steevens.

[2] *Had not concluded* all.] *Is is wonder that thy wits and life had not* all *ended.* Johnson.

So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, c. viii:

"Ne ſpared they to ſtrip her naked *all.*"

Again, in *Timon:*

"And diſpoſſeſs her *all.*" Steevens.

[3] *I am mightily abus'd.*] I am ſtrangely impoſed on by appearances; I am in a ſtrange miſt of uncertainty. Johnson.

Cor. O, look upon me, ſir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, ſir, you muſt not kneel.[5]

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:[6]
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward;[7] and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.[8]
Methinks, I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the ſkill I have
Remembers not theſe garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night: Do not laugh at me;

[5] *No, ſir, you muſt not kneel.*] This circumſtance I find in the old play on the ſame ſubject, apparently written by another hand, and publiſhed before any edition of Shakſpeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to ſay whether ſuch accidental reſemblances proceed from imitation, or a ſimilarity of thinking on the ſame occaſion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whoſe determination I leave the queſtion. STEEVENS.

The words, *No, ſir,* are not in the folio. MALONE.

[6] *Pray, do not mock me:*] So, in *The Winter's Tale,* Act V:

"——Let no man mock me,
"For I will kiſs her." STEEVENS.

[7] *Fourſcore and upward;*] Here the folio (and the folio only) adds—*not an hour more or leſs.* The authenticity of this paſſage Sir Joſhua Reynolds juſtly ſuſpects. It was probably the interpolation of ſome player, and is better omitted, both in regard to ſenſe and verſification. STEEVENS.

The words *not an hour more or leſs,* are judiciouſly reprobated by Mr. Steevens as the interpolation of ſome fooliſh player. We ſhould therefore read:

Fourſcore and upward; and, to deal plainly *with you.*
RITSON.

[8] *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads:
I fear, I am not perfect in my mind. JOHNSON.

So one of the quartos. The other reads accordingly to the preſent text. STEEVENS.

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And ſo I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, ſir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You ſee, is cur'd [9] in him: [and yet [2] it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has loſt.[3]]

[9] ——*is cur'd*——] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, ——is *kill'd*. Steevens.

[2] ——[*and yet* &c.] This is not in the folio. Johnson.

[3] *To make him* even *o'er the time he has loſt.*] i. e. To reconcile it to his apprehenſion. Warburton.

The uncommon verb—to *even*, occurs again in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll *even*
"All that good time will give us."

The meaning there ſeems to be, we will fully employ all the time we have. So here the Phyſician ſays, that it is dangerous to draw from Lear a full relation of all that he felt or ſuffered while his reaſon was diſturbed; to make him employ as much time in the recital of what has befallen him as paſſed during his ſtate of inſanity. Malone.

I believe, Dr. Warburton's explanation is juſt. The poor old king had nothing to tell, though he had much to hear. The ſpeaker's meaning therefore I conceive to be—it is dangerous to render all that paſſed during the interval of his inſanity, *even* (i. e. plain or level,) to his underſtanding, while it continues in its preſent ſtate of uncertainty. Steevens.

Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your highneſs walk?

Lear. You muſt bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and fooliſh.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Cordelia, Phyſician, *and Attendants.*

[*Gent.* Holds it true, ſir,[4]
That the duke of Cornwall was ſo ſlain?

Kent. Moſt certain, ſir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis ſaid,
The baſtard ſon of Gloſter.

Gent. They ſay, Edgar,
His baniſh'd ſon, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] [*Exit.*

[4] *Holds it true, ſir,*] What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at leaſt proper if not neceſſary; and was omitted by the author, I ſuppoſe, for no other reaſon than to ſhorten the repreſentation. Johnson.

It is much more probable, that it was omitted by the players, after the author's departure from the ſtage, without conſulting him. His plays have been long exhibited with ſimilar omiſſions, which render them often perfectly unintelligible. The loſs however is little felt by the greater part of the audience, who are intent upon other matters. Malone.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the Britiſh Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

EDM. Know of the duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold;
Or, whether ſince he is adviſ'd by aught
To change the courſe: He's full of alteration,[5]
And ſelf-reproving:—bring his conſtant pleaſure.[6]
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

REG. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarried.

EDM. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

REG. Now, ſweet lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

EDM. In honour'd love.

[*REG.* But have you never[7] found my brother's way

[5] ——*of* alteration,] One of the quartos reads,
——*of abdication.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*his* conſtant *pleaſure.*] His ſettled reſolution. JOHNSON.
So, before:
" We have this hour a *conſtant* will" &c.
See p. 8. n. 2. STEEVENS.

[7] *But have you never* &c.] The *firſt* and *laſt* of theſe ſpeeches, printed within crotchets, are inſerted in Sir Thomas Hanmer's, Theobald's, and Dr. Warburton's editions; the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, I have reſtored from the old quartos, 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or becauſe the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but ſure a material injury is done

To the forefended place?[8]

Edm. That thought abuſes you.[9]

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And boſom'd with her,[2] as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never ſhall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her huſband,—

Enter Albany, Goneril, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather loſe the battle, than that ſiſter
Should looſen him and me. [*Aſide.*

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,

to the character of the Baſtard by the omiſſion; for he is made to deny that flatly at firſt, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return ſlight anſwers to, till he is urged ſo far as to be obliged to ſhelter himſelf under an immediate falſehood. Query, however, whether Shakſpeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way *to the forefended place?* Steevens.

[8] ——— forefended *place?*] *Forefended* means *prohibited, forbidden.* So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"Now, heaven *forefend!* the holy maid with child?"

Steevens.

[9] *That thought abuſes you.*] That thought impoſes on you: you are deceived. This ſpeech and the next are found in both the quartos, but omitted in the folio. Malone.

[2] ——boſom'd *with her,*] *Boſom'd* is uſed in this ſenſe by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt,* 1631:

"We'll crown our hopes and wiſhes with more pomp
"And ſumptuous coſt, than Priam did his ſon
"That night he *boſom'd* Helen."

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age,* 1613:

"With fair Alcmena, ſhe that never *boſom'd*
"Mortal, ſave thee." Steevens.

With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not [3] be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant: [4] for this buſineſs,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; [5] with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe. [6]

[3] ——[*Where I could not* ——] What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *Where I could not be honeſt,*
I never yet was valiant:] This ſentiment has already appeared in *Cymbeline:*

Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entituled, *The ſecond Maiden's Tragedy:*

" That worke is never undertooke with corage,
" That makes his maſter bluſh." STEEVENS.

[5] *Not* bolds *the king*;] The quartos read *bolds*, and this may be the true reading. *This buſineſs* (ſays Albany) *touches us as France invades our land, not* as it *bolds the king*, &c. i. e. *emboldens* him to aſſert his former title. Thus in the ancient interlude of *Hycke Scorner:*

" Alas, that I had not one to *bold* me!" STEEVENS.

[6] *Sir, this I hear,—to—make oppoſe,*] The meaning is, The king, and others whom we have oppoſed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a juſt quarrel. We muſt diſtinguiſh; it is juſt in one ſenſe and unjuſt in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him; but as he *bolds*, entertains, and ſupports the king, and *others whom I fear* many *juſt and heavy cauſes make*, or compel, as it were, to *oppoſe* us, I eſteem it unjuſt to engage againſt them. This ſpeech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewiſe very neceſſary: for otherwiſe Albany, who is characteriſed as a man of honour and obſerver of juſtice, gives no reaſon for going to war with thoſe, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. WARBURTON.

The quartos read—*For* this I hear, &c. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*'Fore* this, I hear, the king, &c. *Sir* is the reading of the folio. Dr. Warburton has explained this paſſage, as if the copies read—Not *holds* the king. i. e. not *as he* holds the king; but both the quartos, in which alone the latter part of this ſpeech

Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.[7]]

Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils[8]
Are not to queſtion here.[9]

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm.[2] I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.

Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aſide.*] I will go.

is found, read—*bolds*. However, Dr. Warburton's interpretation is preſerved, as *bolds* may certainly have been a miſprint for *holds*, in copies in which we find *mov't*, for *noble*, (Act V. ſc. iii.) *O father*, for *O fault*, (ibid.) the *miſtreſs* of Hecate, for the *myſteries* of Hecate, (Act I. ſc. i.) *bloſſoms* for *boſoms*, Act V. ſc. iii. a miſtreſſes *coward*, for a miſtreſſes *command*, Act IV. ſc. ii. &c. &c. Malone.

[7] *Sir, you ſpeak nobly.*] This reply muſt be underſtood ironically. Malone.

[8] *For theſe domeſtick and particular broils* —] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it,

For theſe domeſtic doore particulars. Steevens.

Doore, or *dore*, as quarto B has it, was probably a miſprint for *dear*; i. e. important. Malone.

Door particulars, ſignify, I believe, *particulars at our very doors*, cloſe to us, and conſequently fitter to be ſettled at home. Steevens.

[9] *Are not* to *queſtion here.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, Are not *the* queſtion here. Steevens.

[2] *Edm.*] This ſpeech is wanting in the folio." Steevens.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *diſguiſed.*

EDG. If e'er your grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.

ALB. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt* EDM. REG. GON. *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes.[3] Fortune love you!

ALB. Stay till I have read the letter.

EDG. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

ALB. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

EDM. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the gueſs[4] of their true ſtrength and forces

[3] *And* machination *ceaſes.*] i. e. All deſigns againſt your life will have an end. STEEVENS.

Theſe words are not in the quartos. In the latter part of this line, for *love*, the reading of the original copies, the folio has *loves*. MALONE.

[4] Here *is the gueſs* &c.] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the gueſs. So the quartos. But had the diſcovery been diligent, the gueſs could not have proved ſo difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. STEEVENS.

By diligent diſcovery;—but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.[5] [*Exit.*

Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter Goneril;
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,[6]

The original reading is, I think, ſufficiently clear. The moſt diligent inquiry does not enable me to form a conjecture concerning the true ſtrength of the enemy. Whether we read *hard* or *here*, the adverſative particle *but* in the ſubſequent line ſeems employed with little propriety. According to the preſent reading, it may mean, *but* you are now ſo preſſed in point of time, that you have little leiſure for ſuch ſpeculations. The quartos read—their *great* ſtrength. Malone.

[5] *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occaſion. Johnson.

[6] ——*carry out my ſide,*] Bring my purpoſe to a ſucceſsful iſſue, to completion. *Side* ſeems here to have the ſenſe of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie, to take his reſolution.* Johnson.

So, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— and *carry out*
" A world of evils with thy title."

Again, in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 155. " Heydon's ſon hath *borne out the ſide* ſtoutly here" &c. Steevens.

And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her huſband being alive.] That is, " I ſhall ſcarcely be able to make out my game." The alluſion is to a party at cards, and he is afraid that he ſhall not be able to make his ſide ſucceſsful.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Centaure ſays of Epicene:

" She and Mavis will *ſet up a ſide.*"

That is, will be partners. And in Maſſinger's *Unnatural Combat*, Belgard ſays:

Her huſband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.[7] [*Exit.*

" —— And if now
" At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,
" I'll not *pull down the ſide.*"

In *The Maid's Tragedy*, the ſame expreſſion occurs:

Dula. I'll hold your cards againſt any two I know.
Evad. Aſpaſia take her part.
Dula. I will refuſe it;
She will *pluck down a ſide*, ſhe does not uſe it.

But the phraſe is ſtill more clearly explained in Maſſinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, where Cozimo ſays to Petronella, who had challenged him to drink a ſecond bowl of wine:

" Pray you, pauſe a little;
" If I hold your cards, *I ſhall pull down the ſide*;
" I am not good at the game." M. MASON.

Edmund, I think, means, hardly ſhall I be able *to make my party good*; to maintain my cauſe. We ſhould now ſay—to *bear* out, which Coles in his Dict. 1679, interprets, *to make good, to ſave harmleſs.*

Side for *party* was the common language of the time. So, in a letter from William earl of Pembroke to Robert earl of Leiceſter, Michaelmas day, 1625, *Sydney Papers*, Vol. II. p. 361: " The queenes *ſide*, and ſo herſelf, labour much to ly at Saliſbury."
MALONE.

[7] ——*for my ſtate*
Stands on me &c.] I do not think that *for* ſtands in this place as a word of inference or cauſality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear*; *as* for my ſtate *it requires now, not* deliberation, *but* defence *and ſupport.* JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.[8]

EDG. Here, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

GLO. Grace go with you, ſir! [*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

GLO. No further, ſir; a man may rot even here.

EDG. What, in ill thoughts again? Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:

[8] *Enter Edgar* &c.] Thoſe who are curious to know how far Shakſpeare was here indebted to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter from it entitled,——"The pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; firſt related by the Sonne, then by the blind father." P. 141, edit. 1590, quarto, annexed to the concluſion of this play. STEEVENS.

Ripeneſs is all:[9] Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.[2]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Britiſh Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conqueſt, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear *and* Cordelia, *as priſoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known
That are to cenſure them.[3]

Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who, with beſt meaning, have incurr'd the worſt.[4]
For thee, oppreſſed king, am I caſt down;
Myſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.—
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to priſon:
We two alone will ſing like birds i' the cage:

[9] *Ripeneſs is all:*] i. e. To be *ready, prepared,* is all. The ſame ſentiment occurs in *Hamlet,* ſcene the laſt:

" —if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readineſs is all.*"

Steevens.

[2] *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto. Steevens.

[3] —— *to* cenſure *them.*] i. e. to paſs ſentence or judgement on them. So, in *Othello:*

" —— To you, lord governor,
" Remains the *cenſure* of this helliſh villain." Steevens.

[4] *Who, with beſt meaning, have incurr'd* the worſt.] i. e. the worſt that fortune can inflict. Malone.

When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: So we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies:[5] And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects[6] of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe.[7] Have I caught thee?[8]
He, that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes.[9] Wipe thine eyes;

[5] *And take upon us the myſtery of things,*
As if we were God's ſpies:] As if we were angels commiſſioned to ſurvey and report the lives of men, and were conſequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the myſteries of conduct. Johnson.

[6] ——*packs and ſects*——] Packs is uſed for *combinations* or *collections*, as is a *pack of cards*. For *ſects*, I think *ſets* might be more commodiouſly read. So we ſay, *affairs are now managed by a new* ſet. *Sects*, however, may well ſtand. Johnson.

[7] *Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,*
The gods themſelves throw incenſe.] The thought is extremely noble, and expreſſed in a ſublime of imagery that Seneca fell ſhort of on the like occaſion. "Ecce ſpectaculum dignum ad quod reſpiciat intentus operi ſuo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortuna compoſitus." Warburton.

[8] ——*Have I caught thee?*] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel*, is a line of one of Sir Philip Sidney's ſongs, which Shakſpeare has put into Falſtaff's mouth in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*.
Malone.

See Vol. III. p. 415. n. 6. Steevens.

[9] *And fire us hence, like foxes.*] I have been informed that it is uſual to *ſmoke foxes* out of their holes.

The goujeers ſhall devour them,[2] fleſh and fell,[3]
Ere they ſhall make us weep: we'll ſee them ſtarve firſt.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*

So, in Harrington's tranſlation of *Arioſto*, B. XXVII. ſtan. 17:

" Ev'n as a *foxe* whom *ſmoke and fire* doth fright
" So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
" Bolts out, and through the *ſmoke and fire* he flieth
" Into the tarier's mouth, and there he dieth."

Again, *Every Man out of his Humour:*

" —— my walk and all,
" You *ſmoke* me from, as if I were a *fox*." STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

" Advance your ſtandard, Edward, in the field,
" And march to *fire* them from their ſtarting *holes*."

Mr. Upton, however, is of opinion that " the alluſion is to the ſcriptural account of Sampſon's tying foxes, two and two together by the tail, and faſtening a fire-*brand* to the cord; then letting them looſe among the ſtanding corn of the Philiſtines. Judges, xv. 4."

The words—ſhall bring a *brand from heaven*, ſeem to favour Mr. Upton's conjecture. If it be right, the conſtruction muſt be, they ſhall bring a brand from heaven, and, *like foxes, fire us hence:* referring *foxes*, not to Lear and Cordelia, but to thoſe who ſhould ſeparate them. MALONE.

The *brands* employed by Sampſon were not brought *from heaven*. I therefore prefer the common and more obvious explanation of the paſſage before us. STEEVENS.

[2] *The* goujeers *ſhall devour them,*] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. ſignifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that diſeaſe was firſt diſperſed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the firſt name it obtained among us was the *gougerics*, i. e. the diſeaſe of the *gouges*. HANMER.

The reſolute John Florio has ſadly miſtaken theſe *goujeers*. He writes " With a *good yeare* to thee!" and gives it in Italian, " Il *mal' anno* che dio ti dia." FARMER.

Golding, in his verſion of the 3d book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, has fallen into the ſame error, or rather, the ſame mis-ſpelling.—Juno is the ſpeaker:

Perfeci quid enim toties per jurgia? dixit.

which is thus anglicized, p. 35:

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [4] [*giving a paper.*] go, follow
them to priſon:
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a ſword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear queſtion; [5] either ſay, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

" And what a *good-yeare* have I wonne by ſcolding erſt? ſhe ſed." Steevens.

The old copies have *good yeares*, the common corruption in Shakſpeare's time of the other word. Sir T. Hanmer made the correction. Malone.

[3] ——*fleſh and fell*,] Fleſh and ſkin. Johnson.

——*fleſh and fell*,] So, Skelton's works, p. 257:

" Naky'd aſyde,
" Neither *fleſh* nor *fell*."

Chaucer uſes *fell* and *bones* for *ſkin* and *bones*:

" And ſaid that he and all his kinne at once,
" Were worthy to be brent with *fell* and *bone*."
Troilus and Creſſeide. Grey.

In *The Dyar's Play*, among the Cheſter *Collection of Myſteries*, in the Muſeum, *Antichriſt* ſays:

" I made thee, man, of *fleſh* and *fell*."

Again, in *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell* &c. 1560:

" This leſſon heether to I kept, and ſhall here after kepe,
" Tylle I to earthe retorne again where *fleſhe and fell* muſt ſleepe." Steevens.

[4] *Take thou* this note;] This was a warrant, ſigned by the Baſtard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia. In a ſubſequent ſcene Edmund ſays—

" ——quickly ſend,—
" Be brief in't,—to the caſtle: for my *writ*
" Is on the life of Lear, and of Cordelia:—
" He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me
" To hang Cordelia in the priſon." Malone.

[5] —— Thy *great employment*
Will not bear queſtion;] By *great employment* was meant the

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou haſt done.
Mark,—I ſay, inſtantly; and carry it ſo,
As I have ſet it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart,[6] nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit* Officer.

Flouriſh. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhown to-day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
We do require them of you;[7] ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable king
To ſome retention, and appointed guard;[8]

commiſſion given him for the murder; and this, the Baſtard tells us afterwards, was ſigned by Goneril and himſelf. Which was ſufficient to make this captain *unaccountable* for the execution. Warburton.

The important buſineſs which is now entruſted to your management, does not admit of *debate:* you muſt inſtantly reſolve to do it, or not. *Queſtion,* here, as in many other places, ſignifies *diſcourſe, converſation.* Malone.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"You may as well uſe *queſtion* with the wolf." Steevens.

[6] *I cannot draw* &c.] Theſe two lines I have reſtored from the old quarto. Steevens.

[7] *We do require* them *of you*;] So the folio. The quartos read: We do require *then* of you ſo to uſe them, &c. Malone.

[8] ——*and appointed guard*;] Theſe words are omitted in the quarto of which the firſt ſignature is B, and in the folio. Malone.

Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſom on his ſide,
And turn our impreſs'd lances in our eyes[9]
Which do command them. With him I ſent the queen;
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further ſpace, to appear
Where you ſhall hold your ſeſſion. [At this time,[2]
We ſweat, and bleed: the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs:—
The queſtion of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.[3]]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks, our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our powers;
Bore the commiſſion of[4] my place and perſon;

[9] *And turn our* impreſs'd *lances in our eyes*—] i. e. Turn the *launcemen* whom we have hired by giving them *preſs*-money (See p. 233, n. 4.) againſt us.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. vii:

"——people
"Ingroſs'd by ſwift *impreſs*."

Impreſs, however, in this place, may poſſibly have its common ſignification. Steevens.

[2] ——[*At this time*, &c.] This paſſage, well worthy of reſtoration, is omitted in the folio. Johnson.

[3] *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the queſtion what ſhall be done with Cordelia and her father, ſhould be reſerved for greater privacy. Steevens.

[4] *Bore the* commiſſion *of*——] *Commiſſion*, for authority. Warburton.

The which immediacy[5] may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace[6] he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.[7]

Reg. In my rights,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt,

Gon. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſband you.[8]

Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.[9]

[5] *The which* immediacy ——] *Immediacy* is *ſupremacy* in oppoſition to *ſubordination*, which has *quiddam medium* between itſelf and power. JOHNSON.

Immediacy here implies proximity without intervention; in rank, or ſuch a plenary delegation of authority, as to conſtitute the perſon on whom it is conferred, *another* SELF: *alter et idem.* HENLEY.

Immediacy is, I think, cloſe and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me, without, to uſe Dr. Johnſon's words, *quiddam medium.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" —— let the world take note,
" You are the moſt *immediate* to our throne." MALONE.

[6] *In his own* grace ——] *Grace* here means *accompliſhments*, or *honours.* So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" With all good *grace* to grace a gentleman." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *in your* advancement.] So the quartos. Folio—your *addition.* MALONE.

[8] Gon. *That were* the moſt, *if he ſhould huſband you.*] If he were married to you, you could not ſay more than this, nor could he enjoy greater power.—Thus the quartos. In the folio this line is given to *Albany.* MALONE.

[9] *That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but* a-ſquint.] Alluding to the proverb: " Love being jealous makes a good eye look *aſquint.*" See Ray's *Collection.* STEEVENS.

So Milton:

" And gladly baniſh *ſquint ſuſpicion.*" Comus.

HOLT WHITE.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach.—General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony;
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine:[2]
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.[3]

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.[4] [*To* Edmund.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon:—Edmund, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt,[5]
This gilded ſerpent: [*pointing to* Gon.]—for your claim, fair ſiſter,

[2] ——*the walls are thine:*] A metaphorical phraſe taken from the camp, and ſignifying, *to ſurrender at diſcretion.* Warburton.

A ſimilar alluſion occurs in *Cymbeline:*

"The heavens hold firm *the walls* of thy dear honour."

Steevens.

[3] *The let-alone lies not in your good will.*] Whether he ſhall not or ſhall, depends not on your choice. Johnson.

Albany means to tell his wife, that, however ſhe might want the power, ſhe evidently did not want the inclination to prevent the match. Ritson.

To *obſtruct* their union lies not in your good pleaſure: your *veto* will avail nothing. Malone.

[4] Reg. *Let the drum ſtrike,* &c.] So the folio. This line is given to the *Baſtard* in the quartos, and they read,

Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title *good.*

Regan, it appears from this ſpeech, did not know that Albany had diſcharged her forces. Malone.

[5] ——*thy arreſt,*] The quartos read—*thine attaint.* Steevens.

I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her huſband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is beſpoke.

Gon. An interlude![6]

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloſter:—Let the trumpet ſound:[7]
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon,[8]
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge; [*throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, ſick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon.[9] [*Aſide.*

Edm. There's my exchange: [*throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald![2]

[6] *An interlude!*] This ſhort exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I ſuppoſe, only to break the ſpeech of Albany, that the exhibition on the ſtage might be more diſtinct and intelligible. Johnson.

[7] —*Let the trumpet ſound:*] Theſe words are not in the quartos. Malone.

[8] ——*thy* perſon,] The quartos read—thy *head.* Steevens.

[9] ——*poiſon.*] The folio reads—*medicine.* Steevens.

[2] *A herald,* &c.] This ſpeech I have reſtored from the quartos. Steevens.

Alb. Truſt to thy ſingle virtue;[3] for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* Regan, *led.*
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet ſound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.[4]
[*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald *reads.*

If any man of quality, or degree, within the liſts of the army,[5] *will maintain upon* Edmund, *ſuppoſed earl of* Gloſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third ſound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound.[6] [1. *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2. *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3. *trumpet.*
[*Trumpet anſwers within.*

[3] ——*thy ſingle* virtue;] i. e. valour; a Roman ſenſe of the word. Thus *Raleigh:* "The conqueſt of Paleſtine with ſingular *virtue* they performed." Steevens.

[4] *Sound, trumpet.*] I have added this from the quartos. Steevens.

[5] ——*within the* liſts *of the army,*] The quartos read:—within the *boſt* of the army,——. Steevens.

[6] Edm. *Sound.*] Omitted in the folio. Malone.

Enter EDGAR, *armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

ALB. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

HER. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?

EDG. Know, my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble,[6] as the adverſary
I come to cope withal.

ALB. Which is that adverſary?

EDG. What's he, that ſpeaks for Edmund earl of Gloſter?

EDM. Himſelf;—What ſay'ſt thou to him?

EDG. Draw thy ſword;
That, if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice: here is mine.[7]
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

[6] *Yet am I noble,* &c.] One of the quartos reads:

——yet *are I mou't,*
Where is the adverſarie I come to cope withal?

—are I mou't, is, I ſuppoſe, a corruption of—*ere I move it.* STEEVENS.

The other quarto alſo reads—*Where is* the adverſary, &c. omitting the words—*Yet am I noble,* which are only found in the folio. The word *withal* is wanting in that copy. MALONE.

[7] *—here is mine.* &c.] Here I draw my ſword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profeſſion *to draw* it againſt a traitor. I proteſt therefore, &c.

It is not the *charge itſelf* (as Dr. Warburton has erroneouſly ſtated,) but *the right of bringing* the charge and maintaining it with his ſword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profeſſion. MALONE.

My oath, and my profeſſion:[8] I proteſt,—
Maugre[9] thy ſtrength, youth, place, and eminence,
Deſpite thy victor ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
Falſe to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt[2] this high illuſtrious prince;
And, from the extremeſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt beneath thy feet,[3]
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.

[8] *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*
My oath, and my profeſſion:] The charge he is going to bring againſt the Baſtard, he calls *the privilege*, &c. To underſtand which phraſeology, we muſt conſider that the old rights of knighthood are here alluded to; whoſe oath and profeſſion required him to diſcover all treaſons, and whoſe privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwiſe to have his charge taken *pro confeſſo*. For if one who was no knight accuſed another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was neceſſary, as Edgar came diſguiſed, to tell the Baſtard he was a knight. WARBURTON.

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath adminiſtered in the regular initiation of a knight profeſſed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—it is the privilege of *my tongue*. STEEVENS.

The folio reads:

Behold, it is *my privilege*,
The privilege of mine *honours*,
My oath and my profeſſion. MALONE.

[9] *Maugre* ——] i. e. notwithſtanding. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:
" I love thee ſo, that *maugre* all thy pride ——."
STEEVENS.

[2] Conſpirant *'gainſt* ——] The quartos read:
Conſpicuate 'gainſt.—— STEEVENS.

[3] —— beneath *thy* feet,] So the quartos. Folio: *below* thy *foot*. MALONE.

Edm. In wiſdom, I ſhould aſk thy name;[3]
But, ſince thy outſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay of breeding breathes,[4]
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay[5]
By rule of knighthood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe,)

[3] *In wiſdom, I ſhould aſk thy name;*] Becauſe, if his adverſary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Hence the herald proclaimed—"If any man of *quality*, or *degree*," &c. So Goneril afterwards ſays,

"By the law of arms, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
"An *unknown* oppoſite." Malone.

[4] *And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay of breeding breathes,*] *'Say*, for *eſſay*, ſome ſhow or probability. Pope.

Say is ſample, a taſte. So, in *Sidney:*

"So good a *ſay* invites the eye
"A little downward to eſpy——,"

Again, in the Preface to Maurice Kyffin's tranſlation of the *Andria of Terence*, 1588:

"Some other like places I could recite, but theſe ſhall ſuffice for a *ſay*."

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"——— But pray do not
"Take the firſt *ſay* of her yourſelves——."

Again, in *The Unnatural Combat*, by Maſſinger:

"——or to take
"A *ſay* of veniſon, or ſtale fowl."—

Again, in *Holinſhed*, p. 847: "He (C. Wolſey) made dukes and erles to ſerve him of wine, with a *ſay* taken," &c. To take the *aſſaie* was the technical term. Steevens.

[5] *What ſafe and nicely* &c.] The phraſeology is here very licentious. I ſuppoſe the meaning is, That delay which by the laws of knighthood I might make, I ſcorn to make. *Nicely* is, punctiliouſly; if I ſtood on minute forms. This line is not in the quartos; and furniſhes one more proof of what readers are ſo ſlow to admit, that a whole line is ſometimes omitted at the preſs. The ſubſequent line without this is nonſenſe. See Vol. X. p. 535, n. 7; and Vol. IV. p. 181, n. 4. Malone.

This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for ever.[6]—Trumpets, ſpeak.
[*Alarums. They fight.* EDMUND *falls.*

ALB. O ſave him, ſave him!

GON. This is mere practice, Gloſter:[7]
By the law of arms,[8] thou waſt not bound to anſwer[9]
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it:—Hold, ſir:—
Thou worſe than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the letter to* Edmund.

GON. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who ſhall arraign me for't?

ALB. Moſt monſtrous![a]

[6] Where *they ſhall reſt for ever.*] *To that place,* where they ſhall reſt for ever; i. e. thy heart. MALONE.

[7] Alb. *O ſave him, ſave him!*
Gon. *This is mere practice, Gloſter:*] Thus all the copies; but I have ventured to place the two hemiſtichs to Goneril. 'Tis abſurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treaſons, and his own wife's paſſion for him, ſhould be ſolicitous to have his life ſaved. THEOBALD.

Albany deſires that Edmund's life might be ſpared at preſent, only to obtain his confeſſion, and to convict him openly by his own letter. JOHNSON.

The words, *Hold, ſir,* in Albany's next ſpeech, ſhow that the old copies are right. MALONE.

[8] *By the law of* arms,] So the quartos. Folio—of *war.* MALONE.

[9] ——*thou waſt not bound to anſwer*—] One of the quartos reads:
——thou *art* not bound to *offer,* &c. STEEVENS.

[a] *Moſt monſtrous!*] So the quarto of which the firſt ſignature is B.

Know'ſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aſk me not what I know.

[*Exit* GONERIL.

Alb. Go after her: ſhe's deſperate; govern her.

[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou,
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.[3]
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou haſt wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's ſon.
The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us:[4]
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.

Edm. Thou haſt ſpoken right, 'tis true;

and the folio. The other quarto reads—*Monſter*, know'ſt thou this paper? The folio—Moſt monſtrous, *O* know'ſt, &c. MALONE.

"Knoweſt thou theſe letters?" ſays Leir to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he ſhows her both her own and her ſiſter's letters, which were written to procure his death. Upon which ſhe ſnatches the letters and tears them. STEEVENS.

[3] *Let's exchange charity.*] Our author by negligence gives his heathens the ſentiments and practices of chriſtianity. In *Hamlet* there is the ſame ſolemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the perſonages are Chriſtians:

"Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble Hamlet," &c. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *to ſcourge us:*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:
—— to *plague* us. STEEVENS.

The wheel is come full circle;[5] I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophecy
A royal nobleneſs:—I muſt embrace thee;
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.[6]

Alb. Where have you hid yourſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?

Edg. By nurſing them, my lord. Liſt a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burſt!—
The bloody proclamation to eſcape,
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives' ſweetneſs!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,[7]
Rather than die at once!) taught me to ſhift[8]
Into a mad-man's rags; to aſſume a ſemblance
That very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious ſtones new loſt;[9] became his guide,

[5] ——*full circle*;] Quarto, *full circled.* Johnson.

[6] *I know it* well.] The adverb—*well*, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

[7] *That* with *the pain of death* &c.] Thus both the quartos. The folio reads unintelligibly, That *we* the pain, &c. The original copies have *would*; but this was, I apprehend, a miſprint in thoſe copies for *w'ould*, i. e. *we would*, or, as we ſhould now write it, *we'd*. In *The Tempeſt* we have *ſh'ould* for *ſhe would*. See Vol. III. p. 58, n. 9. Malone.

[8] *The bloody proclamation to eſcape,*
——*taught me to ſhift*—] *A wiſh* to eſcape the bloody proclamation, taught me, &c. Malone.

[9] ——*his bleeding rings,*
Their precious ſtones new loſt;] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
" Her *eye-lids*, caſes to thoſe heavenly *jewels*
" Which Pericles hath loſt—." Malone.

Led him, begg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping, of this good ſucceſs,
I aſk'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport!)
'Twixt two extremes of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Edm. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good: but ſpeak you on;
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

[*Edg.*[9] This would have ſeem'd a period
To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.[2]

[9] [*Edg.*] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *This would have ſeem'd a period*
To *ſuch as love not ſorrow*; *but* another,
To amplify too-*much*, *would make much more*,
And top extremity.] The reader eaſily ſees that this reflection refers to the Baſtard's deſiring to hear more; and to Albany's thinking he had ſaid enough. But it is corrupted into miſerable nonſenſe. We ſhould read it thus:

This would have ſeem'd a period. But ſuch
As love to amplify another's ſorrow,
To much, would make much more, and top extremity.

i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the utmoſt of my ſufferings; but ſuch as love cruelty are always for adding more to much, till they reach the extremity of miſery. WARBURTON.

The ſenſe may probably be this. *This would have ſeemed a period to ſuch as love not ſorrow*; *but—another*, i. e. but I muſt add *another*, i. e. another period, another kind of concluſion to

Whilſt I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſt eſtate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd ſociety; but then, finding

my ſtory, ſuch as will increaſe the horrors of what has been already told. So, in *King Richard II:*

" I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,
" To lengthen out the worſt."—— STEEVENS.

This would have ſeem'd a period
To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" Deviſe extremes beyond extremity."

Too-much is here uſed as a ſubſtantive. A *period* is an end or concluſion. So, in *King Richard III:*

" O, let me make the *period* to my curſe."

This reflection perhaps refers, as Dr. Warburton has obſerved, to the baſtard's deſiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that enough had been ſaid. This, ſays Edgar, would have ſeemed the utmoſt completion of woe, to ſuch as do not delight in ſorrow; but *another*, of a different diſpoſition, to amplify miſery, would " *give more ſtrength to that which hath too much.*"

Edgar's words, however, may have no reference to what Edmund has ſaid; and he may only allude to the relation he is about to give of Kent's adding a new ſorrow to what Edgar already ſuffered, by recounting the miſeries which the old king and his faithful follower had endured.

Mr. Steevens points thus:

—— but another;—
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity:—

But if ſuch a punctuation be adopted, what ſhall we do with the word *would*, which is thus left without a nominative caſe? A preceding editor, who introduced the above punctuation, to obtain ſome ſenſe, reads and points:

——— but another:—
(To amplify too-much, *to* make much more,
And top extremity,)
Whilſt I was big, &c.

and indeed without that alteration, the words thus pointed afford, in my apprehenſion, no ſenſe. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation may be juſt; and yet it is probable that we are ſtruggling with a paſſage, the obſcurity of which is derived from its corruption. STEEVENS.

Who 'twas that ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms
He faſten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burſt heaven; threw him on my father:[3]
Told the moſt piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet ſounded,[4]
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, ſir, the baniſh'd Kent; who in diſguiſe
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him ſervice
Improper for a ſlave.]

Enter a Gentleman *haſtily, with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

[3] ——*threw* him *on my father*;] The quartos read,
——threw *me* on my father.
The modern editors have corrected the paſſage, as it is now printed, and as I ſuppoſe it to have been originally written. There is tragick propriety in Kent's throwing himſelf on the body of a deceaſed friend; but this propriety is loſt in the act of clumſily tumbling a ſon over the lifeleſs remains of his father. Steevens.

——*threw* me *on my father*;] Thus both the quartos, where alone this ſpeech is found. Mr. Theobald, and the ſubſequent editors, read—threw *him* on my father. This is a new and diſtinct idea; but I do not think myſelf warranted to adopt it; the text being intelligible, and it being very improbable that the word *me* ſhould have been printed inſtead of *him*.—Kent in his tranſport of joy, at meeting Edgar, embraced him with ſuch violence, as to throw him on the dead body of Gloſter. Malone.

[4] ——*the* trumpet *ſounded*,] The quartos, where alone this ſpeech is found, read *trumpets*; but it was certainly a miſprint, for one trumpet only had ſounded. Dr. Johnſon made the correction. Malone.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmokes;
It came even from the heart of[5]—

Alb. Who, man? ſpeak.[6]

Gent. Your lady, ſir, your lady: and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.[7]

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.[8]

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgement[9] of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* Gent.

[5] ——*from the heart of*—] Here the folio, in defiance of metre and propriety, adds—
——*O ſhe's dead!* Steevens.

[6] *Who, man? ſpeak.*] The folio reads, *Who dead? Speak man.* Steevens.

[7] ——*ſhe* confeſſes *it.*] Thus the firſt and ſecond folio. The quartos—ſhe *has* [and *hath*] confeſs'*d* it. As theſe readings are equally proper, I have choſen the more metrical of the two. Steevens.

[8] *Now marry in an inſtant.*] In the folio, after theſe words, we have—
Edg. Here comes Kent.
Enter Kent.
and the words—*O, is this he,* are ſpoken by Albany, immediately after *touches us not with pity.* I have followed the quartos. Malone.

[9] *This judgement* &c.] If Shakſpeare had ſtudied Ariſtotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more preciſion the diſtinct operations of *terror* and *pity.* Tyrwhitt.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have—This *juſtice,* &c. Malone.

Enter KENT.

EDG. Here comes Kent, ſir.[9]

ALB. O! it is he.[2]
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

KENT. I am come
To bid my king and maſter aye good night;
Is he not here?

ALB. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
See'ſt thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of* GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*

KENT. Alack, why thus?

EDM. Yet Edmund was belov'd:[3]
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelf.

ALB. Even ſo.—Cover their faces.

EDM. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Deſpite of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,—

[9] *Here comes Kent, ſir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, ſeems to require the lines which are inſerted from the firſt edition in the foregoing ſcene. JOHNSON.

[2] *O!* it is *he.*] Thus the quartos. Folio: O, *is this* he? MALONE.

[3] *Yet Edmund was belov'd:*] Rowe's dying Rake ſuggeſts to himſelf a ſimilar conſolation, ariſing from the remembrance of ſucceſsful gallantry:

"*Yet*, let not this advantage ſwell thy pride;
"I conquer'd in my turn, *in love I triumph'd.*"

Thus alſo in *The Double Marriage* by Fletcher:

"—— this happineſs yet ſtays with me:
"You have been mine." STEEVENS.

Be brief in it,—to the caſtle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, ſend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? ſend
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my ſword,
Give it the captain.[4]

Alb. Haſte thee, for thy life.[5] [*Exit* Edgar.

Edm. He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair,
That ſhe fordid herſelf.[6]

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [Edmund *is borne off.*

[4] *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:
——Take my ſword, the captain,
Give it the captain.—— Steevens.

[5] Alb. *Haſte thee, for thy life.*] Thus the quartos. In the folio this ſpeech is improperly aſſigned to *Edgar*, who had the moment before received *the token of reprieve*, which Edmund enjoined him to give the officer, in whoſe cuſtody Lear was. Malone.

[6] *That ſhe* fordid *herſelf.*] To *fordo*, ſignifies to *deſtroy*. It is uſed again in *Hamlet*, Act V:
"——did, with deſperate hand,
"*Fordo* its own life."—— Steevens.

Here the folio and quarto B unneceſſarily add—*That ſhe fordid herſelf*, i. e. deſtroyed herſelf, I have followed the quarto A. Malone.

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms*;[7] EDGAR, Officer, *and Others.*

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of ſtones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo
That heaven's vault ſhould crack:—O, ſhe is gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glaſs;
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why, then ſhe lives.

KENT. Is this the promis'd end?

EDG. Or image of that horror?[8]

[7] ——*Cordelia dead in his arms*;] This princeſs, according to the old hiſtorians, retired with victory from the battle which ſhe conducted in her father's cauſe, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a ſubſequent one fought againſt her (after the death of the old king) by the ſons of Goneril and Regan, ſhe was taken, and died miſerably in priſon. The poet found this in hiſtory, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramatick writers of this age ſuffered as ſmall a number of their heroes and heroines to eſcape as poſſible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakſpeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes. STEEVENS.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original relater of this ſtory, ſays, that Cordelia was thrown by her nephews into priſon, "where, for grief at the loſs of her kingdom, ſhe *killed herſelf*."
MALONE.

[8] Kent. *Is this the promis'd end?*
Edg. *Or image of that horror?*] It appears to me that by the *promiſed end* Kent does not mean that concluſion which the ſtate of their affairs ſeemed to promiſe, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Goſpel, when Chriſt foretels to his diſciples the end of the world, and is deſcribing to them the ſigns that were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final diſſolution, he ſays, "For in thoſe days *ſhall be affliction ſuch as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time*, neither ſhall be:" and afterwards he ſays, "Now *the brother ſhall betray the brother*

Alb. Fall, and ceaſe! [9]

to death, and the father the ſon; and *children ſhall riſe up againſt their parents, and ſhall cauſe them to be put to death.*" Kent in contemplating the unexampled ſcene of exquiſite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan againſt their father's life, recollects theſe paſſages, and aſks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us. To which Edgar adds, or only a repreſentation or reſemblance of that horror?

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, ſays,

" ——up, up, and ſee
" *The great doom's image!*"

There is evidently an alluſion to the ſame paſſages in ſcripture, in a ſpeech of Gloſter's, which he makes in the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act:

" Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us;—love cools; friendſhip falls off; brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces treaſon; and the bond crack'd 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes *under the prediction*; *there's ſon againſt father*; *the king falls from the bias of nature*; *there's father againſt child:* We have ſeen the beſt of our time."

If any criticks ſhould urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the perſons of the drama are pagans, and of conſequence unacquainted with the ſcriptures, they give Shakſpeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he poſſeſſed. M. Mason.

This note deſerves the higheſt praiſe, and is inſerted in the preſent work with the utmoſt degree of gratitude to its author.

Stevens.

I entirely agree with Mr. Maſon in his happy explanation of this paſſage. In a ſpeech which our poet has put into the mouth of young Clifford in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* a ſimilar imagery is found. On ſeeing the dead body of his father, who was ſlain in battle by the duke of York, he exclaims,

" —O, let the vile world end,
" And the premiſed flames of the laſt day
" Knit earth and heaven together!
" Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
" Particularities and petty ſounds
" To ceaſe!"

There is no trace of theſe lines in the old play on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* was formed.

Image is again uſed for delineation or repreſentation, in *King*

LEAR. This feather ſtirs;[2] ſhe lives! if it be ſo,

Henry IV. P. I. " No counterfeit, but the true and perfect *image* of life indeed."

Again, in *Hamlet:* " The play is the *image* of a murder done in Vienna."

Mr. M. Maſon has not done juſtice to his ingenious explanation of theſe words, by not quoting the whole of the paſſage in *Macbeth:*

" —— up, up, and ſee
" *The great doom's image!* Malcolm! Banquo!
" As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
" To countenance this *horrour.*"

Here we find *diſjecti membra poetæ*; the ſecond and fourth line, taken together, furniſhing us with the very expreſſion of the text. MALONE.

[9] *Fall, and ceaſe!*] Albany, is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miſeries he muſt ſurvive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having theſe images preſent to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and ceaſe to be, at once, than continue in exiſtence only to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well,* &c. to *ceaſe* is uſed for to *die:* and in *Hamlet,* the death of majeſty is called " the *ceaſe* of majeſty."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

" Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *ceaſe!*
" Both ſuffer under this complaint you bring,
" And both ſhall *ceaſe,* without your remedy." STEEVENS.

The word is uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in a former ſcene of this play:

" Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
" Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
" That things might change or *ceaſe.*"

I doubt, however, whether Albany's ſpeech is addreſſed to *Lear.* MALONE.

To whom then is it addreſſed? STEEVENS.

There is a paſſage in the *Double Marriage* of Fletcher, which ſupports Steevens's conjecture: Juliana ſays to Virolet,

" Be what you pleaſe, this happineſs yet ſtays with me,
" You have been mine:—oh my unhappy fortune!
" *Pand.* —— *Nay break, and die.*
" *Jul.* It cannot yet; I muſt live
" Till I ſee this man bleſt in his new love,
" And then—" M. MASON.

[2] *This* feather *ſtirs;*] So, in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona,* 1612:

It is a chance that does redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.

KENT. O my good maſter! [*kneeling.*

LEAR. Pr'ythee, away.

EDG. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all![3]
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!
What is't thou ſay'ſt?—Her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.

OFF. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

LEAR. Did I not, fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip:[4] I am old now,

" Fetch a looking-glaſs, ſee if his breath will not ſtain it; or pull ſome *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips." STEEVENS.

A common experiment of applying a light feather to the lips of a perſon ſuppoſed to be dead, to ſee whether he breathes. There is the ſame thought in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. ſc. iv:

" ——— By his gates of breath
" There *lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not.*"

And to expreſs a total ſtillneſs in the air, in Donne's poem, called *The Calm*, there is the like ſentiment; which Jonſon, in his converſation with Drummond of Hawthornden, highly commended:

" ——— in one place lay
" *Feathers and duſt*, to-day and yeſterday." WHALLEY.

[3] ——murderers, *traitors all!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*murderous* traitors all. MALONE.

[4] *I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion*
I would have made them ſkip:] It is difficult for an author who never peruſes his firſt works, to avoid repeating ſome of the ſame thoughts in his later productions. What Lear has juſt ſaid,

And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the beſt:—I'll tell you ſtraight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.[5]

Lear. This is a dull ſight:[6] Are you not Kent?

Kent. The ſame;
Your ſervant Kent: Where is your ſervant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll ſtrike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll ſee that ſtraight.

Kent. That, from your firſt of difference and decay,[7]

had been anticipated by Juſtice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "I have ſeen the time with my long ſword I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats." It is again repeated in *Othello:*

"——I have ſeen the day
"That with this little arm and this good ſword
"I have made my way," &c. Steevens.

[5] *If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,*
One of them we behold.] I ſuppoſe by the two whom fortune once loved, and then hated, Kent means, Lear and himſelf; and that each of them, looking on the other, ſaw a rare inſtance of her caprice. He may, however, be only thinking of Lear, the object of her hate.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read—lov'd *or* hated; and they may be right, if the interpretation laſt given be the true one. Malone.

[6] *This is a dull ſight:*] This paſſage is wanting in the quartos. So, in *Macbeth:*

"This is a ſorry ſight." Steevens.

[7] ——*of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes.

Warburton.

Have follow'd your ſad ſteps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man elſe;[8] all's cheerleſs, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-doom'd themſelves,[9]
And deſperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, ſo I think.

Alb. He knows not what he ſays;[2] and vain it is
That we preſent us to him.

Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,[3]

The quartos read:

That from your *life* of difference and decay. Steevens.

[8] *Nor no man elſe*;] Kent means, *I welcome! No*, nor no man elſe. Malone.

[9] —— fore-doom'd *themſelves*,] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,—*fordone*.

Have *fore-doom'd themſelves* is—have anticipated their own doom. To *fordo* is to deſtroy. So, in *Taylor*, the water-poet's character of a ſtrumpet:

"So deſperately had ne'er *fordone* themſelves."

Again, in *A Warning for faire Women*, &c. 1599: "Speak who has done this deed? thou haſt not *fordone* thyſelf, haſt thou?" Steevens.

See Vol. V. p. 168, n. 9. Malone.

[2] —— *he* ſays;] The quartos read—he *ſees*, which may be right. Steevens.

[3] *What comfort to this* great decay *may come*,] This *great decay*

Shall be applied: For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old majeſty,
To him our abſolute power:—You, to your rights;
[*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited.[4]—All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings.—O, ſee, ſee!

LEAR. And my poor fool is hang'd![5] No, no, no life:

is Lear, whom Shakſpeare poetically calls ſo, and means the ſame as if he had ſaid, *this piece of decay'd royalty*, this *ruin'd majeſty*. STEEVENS.

A preceding paſſage in which Gloſter laments Lear's frenzy, fully ſupports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"O *ruin'd piece* of nature! This great world
"Shall ſo wear out to nought."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"Thou art the *ruins* of the nobleſt man," &c. MALONE.

[4] ——*You, to your rights*;
With boot, *and ſuch addition as your* honours
Have more than merited.] Theſe lines are addreſſed to Kent as well as to Edgar, elſe the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. By *honours* is meant *honourable conduct*. M. MASON.

With boot,] With advantage, with increaſe. JOHNSON.

[5] *And my poor fool is hang'd!*] This is an expreſſion of tenderneſs for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as ſome have thought) on whoſe lips he is ſtill intent, and dies away while he is ſearching there for indications of life.

Poor fool, in the age of Shakſpeare, was an expreſſion of endearment. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——*poor* venomous *fool*,
"Be angry and deſpatch."——

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yean."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"And, *pretty fool*, it ſtinted and ſaid—ay."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where Julia is ſpeaking of her lover Proteus;

Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,

" Alas, *poor fool!* why do I pity him?"

I may add, that *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the ſpace allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been ſilently withdrawn in the 6th ſcene of the 3d act.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bittereſt of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, ſhould recur to the antick who had formerly diverted him, has ſomewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine ſorrow and deſpair.

Beſides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the *Fool* had ſuffered in the ſame manner, nor can imagine why he ſhould. The party adverſe to Lear was little intereſted in the fate of his jeſter. The only uſe of him was to contraſt and alleviate the ſorrows of his maſter; and, that purpoſe being fully anſwered, the poet's ſolicitude about him was at an end.

The term—*poor fool* might indeed have miſbecome the mouth of a vaſſal commiſerating the untimely end of a princeſs; but has no impropriety when uſed by a weak, old, diſtracted king, in whoſe mind the diſtinctions of nature only ſurvive, while he is uttering his laſt frantick exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it ſerves to introduce ſome contradictory obſervations from a critick, in whoſe taſte and judgement too much confidence cannot eaſily be placed. STEEVENS.

I confeſs, I am one of thoſe who *have thought* that Lear means his *Fool*, and not *Cordelia*. If he means *Cordelia*, then what I have always conſidered as a beauty, is of the ſame kind as the accidental ſtroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate remembrance of the *Fool* in this place, I uſed to think, was one of thoſe ſtrokes of genius, or of nature, which are ſo often found in Shakſpeare, and in him only.

Lear appears to have a particular affection for this *Fool*, whoſe fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his diſtreſs, ſeems to deſerve all his kindneſs.

Poor fool and knave, ſays he, in the midſt of the thunder-ſtorm, *I have one part in my heart that's ſorry yet for thee.*

It does not therefore appear to me, to be allowing too much conſequence to the *Fool*, in making Lear beſtow a thought on him, even when in ſtill greater diſtreſs. Lear is repreſented as a good-natured, paſſionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old

Never, never, never, never, never!—

age of a cocker'd ſpoilt boy. There is no impropriety in giving to ſuch a character thoſe tender domeſtic affections, which would ill become a more heroick character, ſuch as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words—*No, no, no life*; I ſuppoſe to be ſpoken, not tenderly, but with paſſion: Let nothing now live;—let there be univerſal deſtruction;—*Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life, and thou no breath at all?*

It may be obſerved, that as there was a neceſſity, the neceſſity of propriety at leaſt, that this *Fool*, the favourite of the author, of Lear, and conſequently of the audience, ſhould not be loſt or forgot, it ought to be known what became of him.—However, it muſt be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence; Shakſpeare is not always attentive to finiſh the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, of applying the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I ſhould imagine, think it a ſtrange mode of expreſſing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen.——The words *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expreſſive of endearment; and Shakſpeare himſelf, in another place ſpeaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool:* but it never is, nor never can be, uſed with any degree of propriety, but to commiſerate ſome very inferior object, which may be loved, without much eſteem or reſpect. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

It is not without ſome reluctance that I expreſs my diſſent from the friend whoſe name is ſubſcribed to the preceding note; whoſe obſervations on all ſubjects of criticiſm and taſte are ſo ingenious and juſt, that poſterity may be at a loſs to determine, whether his conſummate ſkill and execution in his own art, or his judgement on that and other kindred arts, were ſuperior. But *magis amica veritas* ſhould be the motto of every editor of Shakſpeare; in conformity to which I muſt add, that I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that Mr. Steevens's interpretation of theſe words is the true one. The paſſage indeed before us appears to me ſo clear, and ſo inapplicable to any perſon but Cordelia, that I fear the reader may think any further comment on it altogether ſuperfluous.

It is obſervable that Lear from the time of his entrance in this ſcene to his uttering theſe words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loſs of his daughter. He is diverted indeed from it for a moment by the intruſion of Kent, who forces himſelf on his notice; but he inſtantly returns to his beloved Cordelia, over whoſe dead body he continues to hang. He is now himſelf

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, ſir.—

in the agony of death; and ſurely at ſuch a time, when his heart is juſt breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he ſhould think of his fool. But the great and *deciſive* objection to ſuch a ſuppoſition is that which Mr. Steevens has mentioned; that Lear has juſt ſeen his daughter *hanged*, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preſerve her life, though time enough to puniſh the perpetrator of the act: but we have no authority whatſoever for ſuppoſing his Fool hanged alſo.

Whether the expreſſion—*poor fool*—can be applied with propriety only to *inferior objects, for whom we have not much reſpect or eſteem*, is not, I conceive, the queſtion. Shakſpeare does not always uſe his terms with ſtrict propriety, but he is always the beſt commentator on himſelf, and he certainly *has* applied this term in another place to the *young*, the *beautiful*, and *innocent*, Adonis, the object of ſomewhat more than the eſteem of a goddeſs:

"For pity now ſhe can no more detain him;
"The *poor fool* prays her that he may depart."

Again, though leſs appoſitely, in *Twelfth Night:*

"Alas, *poor fool*, how have they baffled thee!"

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"Lady, you have a merry heart.
"*Beat.* Yes, my lord, I thank it, *poor fool*, it keeps on the windy ſide of care."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"—— Do not weep, *good fools*,
"There is no cauſe."

In *Romeo and Juliet* a ſimilar term of endearment is employed. Mercutio, ſpeaking of Romeo, whom certainly he both eſteemed and loved, ſays

"The *ape* is dead, and I muſt conjure him."

Nor was the phraſeology which has occaſioned this long note, peculiar to Shakſpeare. It was long before his time incorporated in our language; as appears from the following paſſage in the old poem entitled *The Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Yea, he forgets himſelfe, ne is the wretch ſo bolde
"To aſk her name that without force doth him in bondage hold;
"Ne how to unlooſe his bondes doth the *poor foole* deviſe,
"But only ſeeketh by her ſight to feed his hungry eyes."

In old Engliſh a *fool* and an *innocent* were ſynonymous terms. Hence probably the peculiar uſe of the expreſſion—*poor fool*. In the paſſage before us, Lear, I conceive, means by it, *dear, tender, helpleſs innocence!* MALONE.

Do you ſee this?[8] Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break![9]

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: O, let him paſs![2] he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world[3]
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:

[7] *Pray you, undo this button:*] The rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciouſly obſerves, that the ſwelling and heaving of the heart is deſcribed by *this* moſt expreſſive circumſtance.

So, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, 1616:

" ——oh my heart!——
" It beats ſo it has *broke my buttons.*"

Again, in *King Richard III:*

" ——Ah, cut my lace aſunder,
" That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
" Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news!"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" O, cut my lace; leſt my heart, cracking it,
" Break too!"——

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" ——ſwell heart! *buttons* fly open!
" Thanks gentle doublet, elſe my heart had broke."

Steevens.

[8] *Do you ſee this?* &c.] This line, and the following hemiſtich, are not in the quartos. After *thank you, ſir,* they have only the interjection *O,* five times repeated. Malone.

[9] *Break, heart;* &c.] This line is in the quartos given to the dying Lear. Malone.

[2] ——*O, let him paſs!*] See p. 229, n. 8. Malone.

[3] ——*this* tough *world*—] Thus all the copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without neceſſity. This *tough* world is this *obdurate rigid* world. Steevens.

He but uſurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe. Friends of my ſoul, you twain
[*to* Kent *and* Edgar.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, ſir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls, and I muſt not ſay, no.[4]

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey;[5]
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.

[4] ——*I muſt not ſay, no.*] The modern editors have ſuppoſed that Kent expires after he has repeated theſe two laſt lines; but the ſpeech rather appears to be meant for a deſpairing than a dying man; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forborn to inſert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another perſon, viz. that the quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have ſince diſcovered that they vary one from another in many inſtances. Steevens.

The ſecond folio, at the end of this ſpeech, has the word—*Dyes*, in the margin. Reed.

Kent in his entrance in this ſcene ſays,

"I am come
"To bid my king and maſter aye good night;"—

but this, like the ſpeech before us, only marks the deſpondency of the ſpeaker. The word *ſhortly* [i. e. ſome time hence, at no very diſtant period,] deciſively proves, that the poet did not mean to make him die on the ſcene. He merely ſays, that he ſhall not *live long*, and therefore cannot undertake the office aſſigned to him.

The marginal direction, *he dies*, was firſt introduced by the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[5] *The weight of this ſad time* &c.] This ſpeech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of cuſtom ſpoken. And the caſe was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in ſpite of decorum it was thought proper he ſhould have the laſt word. Theobald.

The oldeſt hath borne moſt: we, that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*[6]

[6] The tragedy of Lear is deſervedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakſpeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention ſo ſtrongly fixed; which ſo much agitates our paſſions, and intereſts our curioſity. The artful involutions of diſtinct intereſts, the ſtriking oppoſition of contrary characters, the ſudden changes of fortune, and the quick ſucceſſion of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no ſcene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the diſtreſs or conduct of the action, and ſcarce a line which does not conduce to the progreſs of the ſcene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irreſiſtibly along.

On the ſeeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be obſerved, that he is repreſented according to hiſtories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this ſtory is referred, it will appear not ſo unlikely as while we eſtimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or reſignation of dominion on ſuch conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagaſcar. Shakſpeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by ſofter manners; and the truth is, that though he ſo nicely diſcriminates, and ſo minutely deſcribes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling cuſtoms ancient and modern, Engliſh and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticiſed this play, remarks, that the inſtances of cruelty are too ſavage and ſhocking, and that the intervention of Edmund deſtroys the ſimplicity of the ſtory. Theſe objections may, I think, be anſwered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an hiſtorical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a ſeries by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plauſibility for the extruſion of Gloſter's eyes, which ſeems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and ſuch as muſt always compel the mind to relieve its diſtreſs by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would pleaſe the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the ſimplicity of the action is abundantly recompenſed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief deſign, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked ſon with the wicked daughters, to impreſs this important moral, that villainy is never at a ſtop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at laſt terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakſpeare has ſuffered the virtue of Cordelia to periſh in a juſt cauſe, contrary to the natural ideas of juſtice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more ſtrange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is juſtified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia ſucceſs and happineſs in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the Tragedy has loſt half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether juſtly or not, that, to ſecure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poiſoned with much falſe and abominable criticiſm*, and that endeavours had been uſed to diſcredit and decry poetical juſtice. A play in which the wicked proſper, and the virtuous miſcarry, may doubtleſs be good, becauſe it is a juſt repreſentation of the common events of human life: but ſince all reaſonable beings naturally love juſtice, I cannot eaſily be perſuaded, that the obſervation of juſtice makes a play worſe; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always riſe better pleaſed from the final triumph of perſecuted virtue.

In the preſent caſe the publick has decided.* Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my ſenſations could add any thing to the general ſuffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago ſo ſhocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the laſt ſcenes of the play till I undertook to reviſe them as an editor.

There is another controverſy among the criticks concerning this play. It is diſputed whether the predominant image in Lear's diſordered mind be the loſs of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular paſſages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary ſource of his diſtreſs, and that the loſs of royalty affects him only as a ſecondary and ſubordinate evil. He obſerves with great juſtneſs, that Lear would move our compaſſion but little, did we not rather conſider the injured father than the degraded king.

The ſtory of this play, except the epiſode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry

* Dr. Johnſon ſhould rather have ſaid that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the publick has been obliged to acquieſce in their deciſion. The altered play has the upper gallery on its ſide; the original drama was patronized by Addiſon:

Victrix cauſa *Diis* placuit, ſed victa *Catoni*. STEEVENS.

of Monmouth, whom Holinſhed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old hiſtorical ballad. My reaſon for believing that the play was poſterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakſpeare's nocturnal tempeſt, which is too ſtriking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it firſt hinted Lear's madneſs, but did not array it in circumſtances. The writer of the ballad added ſomething to the hiſtory, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more muſt have occurred if he had ſeen Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

The epiſode of Gloſter and his ſons is borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which we find the following chapter, which is ſaid to be entitled, in the firſt edition of 1590, "The pitifull ſtate and ſtorie of the Paphlagonian unkinde king, and his kind ſonne: firſt related by the ſonne, then by the blind father."

In the ſecond edition printed in folio in 1593, there is no diviſion of chapters. There the ſtory of the king of Paphlagonia commences in p. 69, b, and is related in the following words:

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the ſeaſon being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then ſodainely growne to ſo extreame and foule a ſtorme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought foorth a fowler child; ſo that the princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to ſeeke ſome ſhrowding place, which a certaine hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their ſhield againſt the tempeſts furie. And ſo ſtaying there, till the violence thereof was paſſed, they heard the ſpeach of a couple, who, not perceiuing them, (being hidde within that rude canapy) helde a ſtraunge and pitifull diſputation, which made them ſteppe out; yet in ſuch ſort, as they might ſee vnſeene. There they perceaued an aged man, and a young, ſcarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arayed, extreamely weather-beaten; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all thoſe miſeries, in both there ſeemed to appeare a kinde of nobleneſſe, not ſutable to that affliction. But the firſt words they heard, were theſe of the old man. Well, *Leonatus*, (ſaid he) ſince I cannot perſwade thee to leade mee to that which ſhould end my griefe, and thy trouble, let me now entreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miſerie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miſerie; feare not the danger of my blind ſteps; I cannot fall worſe then I am. And doo not, I pray thee, doo not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But flie, flie from this region, onely worthy of me. Deare father, (anſwered he,) doo not take away from me the onely remnant of my happineſſe: while I haue power to doo you ſeruice, I am not wholly miſerable: Ah, my

ſonne, (ſaid he, and with that he groned, as if ſorrow ſtraue to breake his harte,) how euill fits it me to have ſuch a ſonne, and how much doth thy kindneſſe vpbraide my wickedneſſe! Theſe dolefull ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe, (well ſhowing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the princes to goe out vnto them, and aſke the younger, what they were. Sirs, (anſwered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kinde of pitiouſnes) I ſee well you are ſtraungers, that know not our miſerie, ſo well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we muſt be miſerable. In deede our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needful vnto vs as pittie, yet nothing is more daungerous vnto vs, then to make our ſelues ſo knowne as may ſtirre pittie. But your preſence promiſeth, that cruelty ſhall not ouer-runne hate. And if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſoncke below the degree of feare.

" This old man whom I leade, was lately rightfull prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-harted vngratefulnes of a ſonne of his, depriued, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were euer able to ſpoyle him) but of his ſight; the riches which nature graunts to the pooreſt creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath been driuen to ſuch griefe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the toppe of this rocke, thence to caſt himſelfe headlong to death: and ſo would have made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his deſtruction. But noble gentlemen, (ſaid he) if either of you haue a father, and feele what duetifull affection is engraffed in a ſonnes heart, let me entreate you to conuay this afflicted prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecuritie. Amongſt your worthie actes it ſhall be none of the leaſt, that a king, of ſuch might and fame, and ſo vniuſtlie oppreſſed, is in any ſort by you relieued.

" But before they coulde make him aunſwere, his father began to ſpeake. Ah, my ſonne, (ſaid he) how euill an hiſtorian are you, that leaue out the chief knot of all the diſcourſe? my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou doeſt it to ſpare my ears, (the onely ſenſe now left mee proper for knowledge,) aſſure thy ſelfe thou doeſt miſtake me. And I take witneſſe of that ſunne which you ſee, (with that he caſt vp his blinde eies, as if he would hunt for light,) and wiſh my ſelfe in worſe caſe then I doe wiſh my ſelfe, which is as euill as may bee, if I ſpeake vntruely, that nothing is ſo welcome to my thoughts, as the publiſhing of my ſhame. Therefore know you, gentlemen, (to whome from my heart I wiſh that it may not proue ſome ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with ſuch a miſer as I am,) that whatſoeuer my ſonne (ô God, that truth bindes me to reproch him with the name of my ſon!) hath ſaide, is true. But beſides thoſe truthes, this alſo is

true; that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fitte to beare roiall children, this ſonne, (ſuch a one as partly you ſee, and better ſhall knowe by my ſhort declaration,) and ſo enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growen to iuſtifie their expectations, (ſo as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue an other ones ſelfe after me,) I was carried by a baſtard ſonne of mine (if at leaſt I be bounde to beleeue the words of that baſe woman my concubine, his mother,) firſt to miſlike, then to hate, laſtly to deſtroy, or to doo my beſt to deſtroy, this ſonne (I thinke you thinke) vndeſeruing deſtruction. What waies he vſed to bring me to it, if I ſhoulde tell you, I ſhoulde tediouſlie trouble you with as much poiſonous hypocriſie, deſperate fraud, ſmooth malice, hidden ambition, and ſmiling enuie, as in any liuing perſon could be harbored. But I liſt it not; no remembraunce of naughtineſſe delightes me, but mine owne; and me thinkes, the accuſing his trappes might in ſome manner excuſe my fault, which certainelie I loth to doo. But the concluſion is, that I gaue order to ſome ſeruauntes of mine, whom I thought as apte for ſuch charities as my ſelfe, to lead him out into a forreſt, and there to kill him.

" But thoſe theeues (better natured to my ſonne than my ſelfe) ſpared his life, letting him goe, to learne to liue poorlie: which he did, giuing himſelfe to be a priuate ſouldier, in a countrey here by. But as he was ready to be greatlie aduaunced for ſome noble peeces of ſeruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who, dronke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall ſonne of mine, ſuffered my ſelfe ſo to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and puniſhments paſſed by him; all offices, and places of importance, diſtributed to his fauourites; ſo that ere I was aware, I had left my ſelfe nothing but the name of a king: which he ſhortly wearie of too, with manie indignities, if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laide vpon me, threw me out of my ſeate, and put out my eies; and then, proud in his tirannie, let me goe, neither impriſoning nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feele my miſerie; miſerie in deede, if euer there were any; full of wretchedneſſe, fuller of diſgrace, and fulleſt of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by ſo vniuſt meanes, as vniuſtlie he kept it, by force of ſtraunger ſouldiers in cittadels, the neſtes of tirannie, and murderers of libertie; diſarming all his own countrimen, that no man durſt ſhew himſelfe a well-willer of mine; to ſay the truth, (I thinke) few of them being ſo, conſidering my cruell folly to my good ſonne, and fooliſh kindneſſe to my vnkind baſtard: but if there were any who felt a pitty of ſo great a fall, and had yet any ſparkes of vnſlaine duety lefte in them towards me, yet durſt they not ſhewe it, ſcarcely with giuing mee almes at their doores; which yet was the

onely ſuſtenaunce of my diſtreſſed life, no body daring to ſhowe ſo much charitie, as to lende mee a hande to guide my darke ſteppes: till this ſonne of mine, (God knowes, woorthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father,) forgetting my abhominable wronges, not recking daunger, and neglecting the preſent good way hee was in of doing himſelfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you ſee him performe towardes me, to my vnſpeakable griefe; not only becauſe his kindnes is a glaſſe euen to my blind eies, of my naughtines, but that, aboue all griefes, it greeues me he ſhould deſperatlie aduenture the loſſe of his well deſeruing life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deſerts; as if hee would cary mudde in a cheſt of chriſtall. For well I know, he that now raigneth, howe much ſoeuer (and with good reaſon) he deſpiſeth me, of all men deſpiſed, yet hee will not let ſlippe any aduantage to make away him, whoſe iuſt title, enobled by courage and goodnes, may one day ſhake the ſeate of a neuer-ſecure tyrannie. And for this cauſe I craued of him to leade mee to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I muſt confeſſe, with meaning to free him from ſo ſerpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purpoſed, onely therein ſince hee was borne, ſhewed himſelfe diſobedient vnto mee. And now, gentlemen, you haue the true ſtorie, which I pray you publiſh to the world, that my miſchieuous proceedings may bee the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for ſo greate a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my ſonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in ſauing any, then in ending me; both becauſe therein my agonies ſhall ende, and ſo ſhall you preſerue this excellent young man, who els wilfully followes his owne ruine.

" The matter in it ſelfe lamentable, lamentably expreſſed by the old prince, which needed not take to himſelfe the geſtures of pitie, ſince his face coulde not put of the markes thereof, greatly moued the two princes to compaſſion, which coulde not ſtay in ſuch harts as theirs without ſeeking remedie. But by and by the occaſion was preſented: for *Plexirtus* (ſo was the baſtard called) came thether with fortie horſe, onely of purpoſe to murder this brother; of whoſe comming he had ſoone aduertiſement, and thought no eyes of ſufficient credite in ſuch a matter, but his owne; and therefore came himſelfe to be actor, and ſpectator. And as ſoone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as hee thought) garde of but two men, commaunded ſome of his followers to ſet their handes to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young prince, though not otherwiſe armed but with a ſworde, howe falſely ſoeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray him ſelfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the firſt that aſſayled him warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were quickly become parties, (ſo iuſt a defence deſerving

as much as old friendſhip,) and ſo did behave them among that companie, more iniurious then valiant, that many of them loſt their liues for their wicked maiſter.

" Yet perhaps had the number of them at laſt prevailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made ſo) had not come vnlooked for to their ſuccour. Who, hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon ſome great daunger preſently to follow thoſe two princes whom hee moſt dearely loued, was come in all haſt, following as wel as he could their track with a hundreth horſes, in that countrie which he thought, conſidering who then raigned, a fitte place inough to make the ſtage of any tragedie.

" But then the match had beene ſo ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worſe gotten honour, ſhould haue tumbled together to deſtruction, had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their ſuite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. Theſe two were brothers, of the nobleſt houſe of that country, brought vppe from their infancy with *Plexirtus:* men of ſuch proweſſe, as not to knowe feare in themſelues, and yet to teach it others that ſhoulde deale with them; for they had often made their liues triumph ouer moſt terrible daungers; neuer diſmaied, and euer fortunate; and truely no more ſetled in valure, then diſpoſed to goodnes and iuſtice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could haue learned to make friendſhip a childe, and not the father of vertue. But bringing vp, rather then choiſe, hauing firſt knit their mindes vnto him, (indeede crafty inough, either to hide his faultes, or neuer to ſhowe them, but when they might pay home,) they willingly helde out the courſe, rather to ſatisfie him then all the worlde; and rather to be good friendes, then good men: ſo as though they did not like the euill hee did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not councellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this ſodaine going out, with ſo ſmall a company, in a countrey full of euill-wiſhing mindes toward him, though they knew not the cauſe, followed him; till they founde him in ſuch caſe as they were to venture their liues, or elſe he to looſe his: which they did with ſuch force of minde and bodie, that truely I may iuſtly ſay, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them ſo well repeate their hardeſt leſſon in the feates of armes. And briefly ſo they did, that if they ouercame not, yet were they not ouercome, but caried away that vngratefull maiſter of theirs to a place of ſecurity; howſoeuer the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the conſtancy of the princes ſo to leaue it; but in all haſt making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrigia*, they had in fewe daies lefte him but onely that one ſtrong place where he was. For feare hauing beene the onely knot that had faſtned his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force,

they all ſcattered from him; like ſo many birdes, whoſe cage had beene broken.

" In which ſeaſon the blinde king, hauing in the chiefe cittie of his realme ſet the crown vppon his ſon *Leonatus* head, with many teares (both of ioy and ſorrow) ſetting forth to the whole people his owne fault and his ſonnes vertue, after he had kiſt him, and forſt his ſonne to accept honour of him, as of his new-become ſubject, euen in a moment died: as it ſhould ſeeme, his heart broken with vnkindenes and affliction, ſtretched ſo farre beyond his limits with this exceſſe of comfort, as it was able no longer to keepe ſafe his vitall ſpirites. But the new king, hauing no leſſe louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue, purſued on the ſiege of his vnnaturall brother, aſmuch for the reuenge of his father, as for the eſtabliſhing of his owne quiet. In which ſiege truely I cannot but acknowledge the proweſſe of thoſe two brothers, then whome the princes neuer found in all their trauaile two of greater hability to performe, nor of habler ſkil for conduct.

" But *Plexirtus* finding, that if nothing elſe, famine would at laſt bring him to deſtruction, thought better by humblenes to creepe, where by pride he coulde not marche. For certainely ſo had nature formed him, and the exerciſe of craft conformed him, to all turningnes of ſleights, that though no man had leſſe goodnes in his ſoule than he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodneſſe to another: though no man felt leſſe pitie, no man could tel better how to ſtir pitie: no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifeſt; no man more ready to confeſſe with a repenting manner of aggrauating his owne euill, where denial would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a paſport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to ſpeake with the king his brother, he himſelfe (though much againſt the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wiſhed to die in braue defence,) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himſelfe to the diſcretion of *Leonatus*. Where, what ſubmiſſion hee vſed, how cunningly in making greater the faulte he made the faultines the leſſe, how artificially he could ſet out the torments of his owne conſcience, with the burdenſome comber he had found of his ambitious deſires, how finely ſeeming to deſire nothing but death, as aſhamed to liue, he begd life in the refuſing it, I am not cunning inough to be able to expreſſe: but ſo fell out of it, that though at firſt ſight *Leonatus* ſaw him with no other eie then as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuſe of the faulte paſt, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines chiefe miniſters of his wick-

ednes, now betraied by the author thereof, were deliuered to many cruell ſorts of death; he ſo handling it, that it rather ſeemed, hee had more come into the defence of an vnremediable miſchiefe already committed, then that they had done it at firſt by his conſent."

MALONE,

A LAMENTABLE SONG OF THE DEATH OF *KING LEIR* AND HIS THREE *DAUGHTERS*.

King Leir * once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increaſe.
Amongſt thoſe things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely ſeeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A queſtion thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could ſhow the deareſt love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindeſt will appear.

To whom the eldeſt thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth ſhe,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood ſhall render'd be:
And for your ſake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I ſee your reverend age
The ſmalleſt grief ſuſtain.

* *King Leir* &c.] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the *Golden Garland*, black letter. To the tune of, *When flying Fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. third edit. STEEVENS.

And ſo will I, the ſecond ſaid;
  Dear father, for your ſake,
The worſt of all extremities
  I'll gently undertake:
And ſerve your highneſs night and day
  With diligence and love;
That ſweet content and quietneſs
  Diſcomforts may remove.

In doing ſo, you glad my ſoul,
  The aged king reply'd;
But what ſay'ſt thou, my youngeſt girl,
  How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
  Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
  And that is all I'll ſhow.

And wilt thou ſhow no more, quoth he,
  Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is ſmall,
  When as no more I find:
Henceforth I baniſh thee my court,
  Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
  By favour ſhall be thine.

Thy elder ſiſters' loves are more
  Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally beſtow
  My kingdome and my land,
My pompal ſtate and all my goods,
  That lovingly I may
With thoſe thy ſiſters be maintain'd
  Until my dying day.

Thus flattering ſpeeches won renown
  By theſe two ſiſters here:
The third had cauſeleſs baniſhment,
  Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
  Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
  Through many an Engliſh town:

Until at laſt in famous France
  She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet ſhe was deem'd
  The faireſt on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
  And this fair lady ſeen,
With full conſent of all his court
  He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
  With his two daughters ſtaid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
  Full ſoon the ſame decay'd;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
  The eldeſt of the twain,
She took from him his chiefeſt means,
  And moſt of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
  To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
  And after ſcarce to three:
Nay, one ſhe thought too much for him:
  So took ſhe all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
  He would no longer ſtay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell;
My ſecond child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full faſt he hies then to her court;
Where when ſhe hears his moan
Return'd him anſwer, That ſhe griev'd
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would ſtay
Within her kitchen, he ſhould have
What ſcullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made his anſwer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not uſe me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder ſort.

Where when he came, ſhe gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court,
(She ſaid) he would not ſtay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What ſcullion boys ſet by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which ſhe had promis'd late:
For once refuſing, he ſhould not
Come after to her gate.
Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
He wander'd up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngeſt daughter's words,
That ſaid, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had baniſh'd ſo,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And treſſes from his head,
And all with blood beſtain his cheeks,
With age and honour ſpread:
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and ſenſeleſs things,
Did ſeem to ſigh and groan.

Even thus poſſeſt with diſcontents,
He paſſed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there
To find ſome gentler chance:
Moſt virtuous dame! which when ſhe heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, ſhe quickly ſent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant ſort,
She gave in charge he ſhould be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whoſe royal king, with noble mind,
So freely gave conſent,
To muſter up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And ſo to England came with ſpeed,
To repoſſeſs king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:
Where ſhe, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle ſlain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Poſſeſt his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whoſe cauſe
She did this battle move;
He ſwooning fell upon her breaſt,
From whence he never parted:
But on her boſom left his life,
That was ſo truely hearted.

The lords and nobles when they ſaw
The end of theſe events,
The other ſiſters unto death
They doomed by conſents;
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you ſeen the fall of pride,
And diſobedient ſin. JOHNSON.*

* This ballad, which by no means deſerves a place in any edition of Shak-

ſpeare, is evidently a moſt ſervile purſuit,—not, indeed, of our author's play, which the writer does not appear to have read, but—of Holinſhed's Chronicle, where, as in Geoffrey of Monmouth, the king of France is called *Aganippus*. I ſuppoſe, however, that the performance and celebrity of the play might have ſet the ballad-maker at work, and furniſhed him with the circumſtance of Lear's madneſs, of which there is no hint either in the hiſtorian or the old play. The omiſſion of any other ſtriking incident may be fairly imputed to his want of either genius or information. All he had to do was to ſpin out a ſort of narrative in a ſort of verſe, to be ſung about the ſtreets, and make advantage of the publick curioſity. I much doubt whether any common ballad can be produced anterior to a play upon the ſame ſubject, unleſs in the caſe of ſome very recent event.

RITSON.

ROMEO AND JULIET.*

* ROMEO AND JULIET.] The ſtory on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's Hiſtory of Verona.* It was originally publiſhed by an anonymous Italian noveliſt in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the ſame place. The firſt edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the laſt of theſe already mentioned. Pierre Boiſteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforeſt adopted it in the firſt volume of his collection 1596; but very probably ſome edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved ſtate, it was tranſlated into Engliſh, by Arthur Brooke, and publiſhed in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occaſion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Hiſtorie of Romeus and Juliet:* It was republiſhed in 1587, under the ſame title: "*Contayning in it a rare Example of true Conſtancie: with the ſubtill Counſels and Practiſes of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinſon.*" Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582. "M. Tottel] *Romeo* and *Juletta.*" Again Aug 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo* and *Juliett.*" The ſame ſtory is found in *The Palace of Pleaſure:* however, Shakſpeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved), from a paſſage in Ames's Typographical Antiquities, that the ſtory had likewiſe been tranſlated by another hand. Captain Breval in his Travels tells us, that he ſaw at Verona the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This ſtory was well known to the Engliſh poets before the time of Shakſpeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir *Romeus'* annoy but trifle ſeems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleaſure*, 1579." FARMER.

The firſt of the foregoing notes was prefixed to two of our former editions; but as the following may be in ſome reſpects more correct, it would be unjuſtly withheld from the publick.—This is not the firſt time we have profited by the accuracy of Mr. Malone.

STEEVENS.

The original relater of the ſtory on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till ſome years after his death; being firſt printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta.* A ſecond edition was publiſhed in 1539: and it was again reprinted at the ſame place in 1553, (without the author's name,) with the following title: *Hiſtoria nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la*

loro pietoſa morte; intervenuta già nella città di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo della Scala. Nuovamente ſtampata. Of the author ſome account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet.*

In 1554 Bandello publiſhed, at Lucca, a novel on the ſame ſubject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and ſhortly afterwards Boiſteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boiſteau's novel the ſame ſtory was, in 1562, formed into an Engliſh poem, with conſiderable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find at the end of the preſent volume, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the faſhion of that time, by the bookſeller: *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true conſtaunce; with the ſubtill counſels, and practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again publiſhed by the ſame bookſeller in 1582. Painter in the ſecond volume of his *Palace of Pleaſure*, 1567, publiſhed a proſe tranſlation from the French of Boiſteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta.* Shakſpeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumſtance from it or ſome other proſe tranſlation of Boiſteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved deciſively by the following circumſtances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Eſcalus*; ſo alſo in the play.——In Painter's tranſlation from Boiſteau he is named *Signor Eſcala*; and ſometimes *Lord Bartholomew of* Eſcala. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Monteſches*; in the poem and in the play, the Montagues. 3. The meſſenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's tranſlation called *Anſelme:* in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this buſineſs. 4. The circumſtance of Capulet's writing down the names of the gueſts whom he invites to ſupper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The reſidence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown.* 6. Several paſſages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furniſhed by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boiſteau, or the original; and ſeveral expreſſions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

As what has been now ſtated has been controverted, (for what may not be controverted?) I ſhould enter more largely into the ſubject, but that the various paſſages of the poem which I have quoted in the following notes, furniſh ſuch a deciſive proof of the

play's having been conſtructed upon it, as not to leave, in my apprehenſion, a ſhadow of doubt upon the ſubject. The queſtion is not, whether Shakſpeare had read other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this ſtory, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *baſis* on which his play was built.

With reſpect to the name of Romeo, this alſo Shakſpeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from ſome other proſe tranſlation of the ſame ſtory he has, as I have already ſaid, taken one circumſtance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, *The Pitifull Hyſtory of ij lovyng Italians*, which I ſuſpect was a proſe narrative of the ſtory on which our author's play is conſtructed.

Breval ſays in his travels, that on a ſtrict inquiry into the hiſtories of Verona, he found that Shakſpeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumſtances of his play. MALONE.

It is plain, from more than one circumſtance, that Shakſpeare had read this novel, both in its proſaick and metrical form. He might likewiſe have met with other poetical pieces on the ſame ſubject. We are not yet at the end of our diſcoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramatick pieces. STEEVENS.

PROLOGUE.

Two houſeholds, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our ſcene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes
A pair of ſtar-croſs'd lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our ſtage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.*

* This prologue, after the firſt copy was publiſhed in 1597, received ſeveral alterations, both in reſpect of correctneſs and verſification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunſdon his ſervants.*

In the firſt of K. James I. was made an act of parliament for ſome reſtraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their ſanction. STEEVENS.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599 is printed *Chorus*, which I ſuppoſe meant only that the prologue was to be ſpoken by the ſame perſon who perſonated the chorus at the end of the firſt act:

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, ſtands thus:

Two houſehold frends, alike in dignitie,
In faire Verona, where we lay our ſcene,
From civil broyles broke into enmitie,
Whoſe civill warre makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes
A paire of ſtarre-croſt lovers tooke their life;
Whoſe miſadventures, piteous overthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their fathers' ſtrife,
And death-markt paſſage of their parents' rage,)
Is now the two howres traffique of our ſtage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want, wee'll ſtudie to amend. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Eſcalus, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young nobleman, kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Heads of two Houſes, at variance with*
Capulet, } *each other.*
An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
Romeo, *ſon to* Montague.
Mercutio, *kinſman to the Prince, and friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *nephew to* Montague, *and friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *nephew to Lady* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence, *a Franciſcan.*
Friar John, *of the ſame order.*
Balthazar, *ſervant to* Romeo.
Sampſon, } *ſervants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *ſervant to* Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Muſicians.
Chorus. *Boy*; *Page to* Paris; Peter; *an Officer.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet.
Nurſe to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; *ſeveral Men and Women, relations to both houſes*; *Maſkers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE, during the greater part of the play, in Verona: *once in the fifth Act at* Mantua.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with ſwords and bucklers.*

SAM. Gregory, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.[a]

GRE. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

[a] —— *we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very juſtly obſerves, that this was a phraſe formerly in uſe to ſignify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no inſtances in ſupport of his declaration, I thought it neceſſary to ſubjoin the following. So, Skelton:

" —— You, I ſay, Julian,
" Wyll you *beare no coles?*"

Again, Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, ſays: " We will *bear no coles*, I warrant you."

Again, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602: " He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles.*" Again, in *Law Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608: " I'll *carry coals* an you will, no horns." Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1610: " You muſt ſwear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you muſt *carry no coals.*" And again, in the ſame play: " Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* ſpirit," &c. Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour:* " Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo, will hold my dog." And, laſtly in the poet's own *King Henry V:* " At Calais they ſtole a fireſhovel; I knew by that piece of ſervice the men would *carry coals.*" Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1604: " Great ſlaves fear better than love, born naturally for a *coal-baſket.*" STEEVENS.

This phraſe continued to be in uſe down to the middle of the laſt century. In a little ſatirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead,

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to ſtir; and to be valiant, is

intitled, "Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Churchyard," &c. publiſhed after the death of K. Charles I. N° 22. page 50, is inſerted "*Fire, Fire!* a ſmall manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haſelridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of ſcripture, that *John Lilburn* will not *carry coals*." By Dr. Gouge. PERCY.

Notwithſtanding this accumulation of paſſages in which the phraſe itſelf occurs, the original of it is ſtill left unexplored.—"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirſty, give him water to drink: for thou ſhalt heap *coals* of fire upon his head." &c. Prov. xxv. 22.—or as cited in the Epiſtle to the Romans, xx. 20. HENLEY.

The Engliſh verſion of the Bible (excluſive of its nobler uſe) has proved of infinite ſervice to literary antiquaries; but on the preſent occaſion, I fear, it will do us little good. *Collier* was a very ancient term of abuſe. "Hang him, foul *Collier!*" ſays Sir Toby Belch, ſpeaking of the Devil, in the fourth act of *Twelfth Night*. Any perſon therefore who would *bear* to be called *collier*, was ſaid to *carry coals*.

It afterwards became deſcriptive of any one who would endure a gibe or flout: So, in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1598:

"He made him laugh, that lookt as he would ſweare;
"He *carried coales*, that could abide no geſt." STEEVENS.

The phraſe ſhould ſeem to mean originally, We'll not ſubmit to ſervile offices; and thence ſecondarily, we'll not endure injuries. It has been ſuggeſted, that it may mean, "*we'll not bear* reſentment burning like *a coal of fire in our boſoms*, without breaking out into ſome outrage;" with alluſion to the proverbial ſentence, that ſmothered anger is a coal of fire in the boſom: But the word *carry* ſeems adverſe to ſuch an interpretation. MALONE.

—to ſtand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That ſhows thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall:—therefore I will puſh Montague's men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhow myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids;[3] I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Gre. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been Poor John.[4] Draw thy tool; here comes two of the houſe of the Montagues.[5]

[3] ——cruel *with the maids*;] The firſt folio reads—*civil* with the maids. Johnson.

So does the quarto 1599; but the word is written *ciuill*. It was manifeſtly an error of the preſs. The firſt copy furniſhes no help, the paſſage there ſtanding thus: "Ile play the tyrant; Ile firſt begin with the maids, and off with their heads:" but the true reading is found in the undated quarto. Malone.

[4] ——*poor John.*] is hake, dried, and ſalted. Malone.

[5] ——*here comes* two *of the houſe of the Montagues.*] The word

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

GRE. How? turn thy back, and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GRE. No, marry: I fear thee!

SAM. Let us take the law of our ſides; let them begin.

GRE. I will frown, as I paſs by; and let them take it as they liſt.

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.[6]

two, which was inadvertently omitted by the compoſitor in the quarto 1599, and of courſe in the ſubſequent impreſſions, I have reſtored from the firſt quarto of 1597, from which, in almoſt every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The diſregard of concord is in character.

It ſhould be obſerved, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to diſtinguiſh them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a diſtance. This circumſtance is mentioned by Gaſcoigne, in a *Deviſe of a Maſque*, written for the right honourable viſcount Mountacute, 1575:

"And for a further proofe, he ſhewed in hys hat
"Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that
"They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they paſs,
"For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene theſe two houſes was:" MALONE.

[6] ——*I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.*] So it ſignifies in Randolph's *Muſes Looking-Glaſs*, Act III. ſc. iii. p. 45:

"*Orgylus.* To bite his thumb at me.
"*Argus.* Why ſhould not a man bite his thumb?
"*Orgylus.* At me? were I ſcorn'd to ſee men bite their thumbs;
"Rapiers and daggers," &c. GREY.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, ſir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, ſir, I do not bite my thumb at you, ſir; but I bite my thumb, ſir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, ſir?

Abr. Quarrel, ſir? no, ſir.

Sam. If you do, ſir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, ſir.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miſerie* &c. 1596, has this paſſage. "Behold next I ſee Contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fico with his thombe in his mouth.*" In a tranſlation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142, I meet with theſe words: "It is ſaid of the Italians, if they once *bite their fingers' ends in a threatning manner*, God knows, if they ſet upon their enemie face to face, it is becauſe they cannot aſſail him behind his backe." Perhaps Ben Jonſon ridicules this ſcene of *Romeo and Juliet*, in his *New Inn:*

"*Huff.* How, *ſpill it?*
Spill it at me?
"*Tip.* I reck not, but I *ſpill it.*" Steevens.

This mode of quarreling appears to have been common in our author's time. "What ſwearing is there, (ſays Decker, deſcribing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what ſhouldering, what juſtling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!*" The Dead Term, 1608.
Malone.

Enter BENVOLIO,[7] *at a diſtance.*

GRE. Say—better; here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.[8]

SAM. Yes, better, ſir.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy ſwaſhing blow.[9] [*They fight.*

BEN. Part, fools; put up your ſwords; you know not what you do. [*beats down their ſwords.*

Enter TYBALT.

TYB. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

[7] *Enter Benvolio,*] Much of this ſcene is added ſince the firſt edition; but probably by Shakſpeare, ſince we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

[8] —— *here comes one of my* maſter's *kinſmen.*] Some miſtake has happened in this place: *Gregory* is a ſervant of the *Capulets*, and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no miſtake. *Gregory* may mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the ſtage. The eyes of the ſervant may be directed the way he ſees *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time, *Benvolio* enters on the oppoſite ſide. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *thy* ſwaſhing *blow.*] Ben Jonſon uſes this expreſſion in his *Staple for Newes*: "I do confeſs a *ſwaſhing blow.*" In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, *Fraud* ſays:

"I will flaunt it and brave it after the luſty *ſwaſh.*"

Again, in *As you like it*:

"I'll have a martial and a *ſwaſhing* outſide."

See Vol. VI. p. 36, n. 5.

To *ſwaſh* ſeems to have meant to be a bully, to be noiſily valiant. So, Green, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608, "—in ſpending and ſpoiling, in ſwearing and *ſwaſhing*," Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, ſays, that "to *ſwaſh* is to make a noiſe with ſwordes againſt tergats." STEEVENS.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter ſeveral Partizans of both houſes, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

1. *Cit.* Clubs, bills,[2] and partizans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Capulet, *in his gown; and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this?—Give me my long ſword,[3] ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a ſword?

[2] Clubs, *bills*, &c.] When an affray aroſe in the ſtreets, *clubs* was the uſual exclamation. See Vol. VI. p. 151, n. 2. and Vol. IX. p. 533, n. 9. Malone.

[3] *Give me my* long ſword,] The *long ſword* was the ſword uſed in war, which was ſometimes wielded with both hands. Johnson.

See Vol. III. p. 368, n. 9. Malone.

This *long ſword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the juſtice ſays:

"Take their confeſſions, and my *long ſword*;
"I cannot tell what danger we may meet with."

It appears that it was once the faſhion to wear two ſwords of different ſizes at the ſame time.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

"Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little ſword*."

The *little ſword* was the weapon commonly worn, the dreſs ſword. Steevens.

The little ſword was probably nothing more than a *dagger*. Malone.

Cap. My ſword, I ſay!—Old Montague is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpite of me.

Enter Montague *and Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with Attendants.*

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beaſts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons [4] to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the reſt depart away:
You, Capulet, ſhall go along with me;

[4] —— mis-temper'd *weapons*—] *are angry weapons.* So, in *King John:*

" This inundation of *mis-temper'd* humour," &c.

Steevens.

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.[5]
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* Prince, *and Attendants*; CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens, and Servants.*

MON. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

BEN. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the inſtant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his ſword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn:
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LA. MON. O, where is Romeo!—ſaw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd ſun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the eaſt,[6]

[5] *To old* Free-town, *our common judgement-place.*] This name the poet found in *The Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there ſaid to be the caſtle of the Capulets. MALONE.

[6] *Peer'd forth the golden* window *of the eaſt,*] The ſame thought occurs in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x:

"Early before the morn with cremoſin ray
"The *windows* of bright heaven opened had,
"Through which into the world the dawning day
"Might looke," &c. STEEVENS.

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of ſycamore,
That weſtward rooteth from the city's ſide,—
So early walking did I ſee your ſon:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood:
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,—
That moſt are buſied when they are moſt alone,[7]—
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd who gladly fled from me.[8]

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen,
With tears augmenting the freſh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should in the furtheſt eaſt begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night:
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?

Again, in *Summa Totalis; or All in All, or the ſame for ever*, 4to. 1607:

" Now heaven's bright eye (awake by Veſpers ſheene)
" *Peepes through the purple windowes of the Eaſt.*"

HOLT WHITE.

[7] *That moſt are buſied* &c.] Edition 1597. Inſtead of which it is in the other editions thus:

" ——— by my own,
" Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found,
" Being one too many by my weary ſelf,
" Purſu'd my humour," &c. POPE.

[8] *And gladly ſhunn'd* &c.] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?[9]

Mon. Both by myſelf, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf—I will not ſay, how true—
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſun.[a]

[9] Ben. *Have you impórtun'd* &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches alſo omitted in edition 1597, but inſerted in 1599. Pope.

[a] *Or dedicate his beauty to the* ſun.] [Old copy—*ſame.*] When we come to conſider, that there is ſome power elſe beſides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds ſpread themſelves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote:

Or dedicate his beauty to the *ſun.*

Or, according to the more obſolete ſpelling, *ſunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. Theobald.

I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome lines are loſt, which connected this ſimile more cloſely with the foregoing ſpeech: theſe lines, if ſuch there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world. Johnson.

I ſuſpect no loſs of connecting lines. An expreſſion ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in *Timon*, Act IV. ſc. ii:

"A *dedicated* beggar to the *air.*"

I have, however, adopted Theobald's emendation. Mr. M. Maſon obſerves "that there is not a ſingle paſſage in our author where ſo great an improvement of language is obtained, by ſo ſlight a deviation from the text." Steevens.

Dr. Johnſon's conjecture is, I think unfounded; the ſimile relates ſolely to Romeo's *concealing* the cauſe of his melancholy, and is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Twelfth Night:*

"—She never *told* her love,
"But let *concealment, like a worm i' the bud,*
"Feed on her damaſk cheek."

In the laſt act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Roſamond* of Daniel; and in the preſent paſſage might have remem-

Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a diſtance.*

BEN. See, where he comes: So pleaſe you, ſtep aſide;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

MON. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To hear true ſhrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and Lady.*

BEN. Good morrow, couſin.

ROM. Is the day ſo young?[a]

BEN. But new ſtruck nine.

ROM. Ah me! ſad hours ſeem long.
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?

BEN. It was:—What ſadneſs lengthens Romeo's hours?

bered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the ſame writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our author or not, add ſuch ſupport to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I ſhould have given it a place in my text, but that the other mode of phraſeology was not uncommon in Shakſpeare's time:

"And whilſt thou *ſpread'ſt* unto the riſing *ſunne*,
"The faireſt *flower* that ever ſaw the light,
"Now joy thy time, before thy ſweet be done."
Daniel's Sonnets, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverſe to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *ſun*, without at the ſame time dedicating it to the *air*.

A ſimilar phraſeology, however, to that of my text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 53d Sonnets. MALONE.

[a] *Is the day ſo young?*] i. e. is it ſo early in the day? The ſame expreſſion (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet moche of the nyghte to come." STEEVENS.

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them ſhort.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should, without eyes, ſee pathways to his will![3]
Where ſhall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love![4] O loving hate!

[3] ——*to his will!*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—to his *ill.* The preſent reading has ſome obſcurity; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to purſue his *deſire.* That the *blind* ſhould *find paths to ill* is no great wonder. JOHNSON.

It is not unuſual for thoſe who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that oppoſes their purſuit. NICHOLS.

What Romeo ſeems to lament is, that love, though blind, ſhould diſcover pathways to his will, and yet cannot avail himſelf of them; ſhould perceive the road which he is forbidden to take.

The quarto 1597, reads

Should, without *laws*, give path-ways to our will!

i. e. being lawleſs itſelf, preſcribe laws to others. STEEVENS.

This paſſage ſeems to have been miſapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the *God of love*, who appears ſo gentle, ſhould be a tyrant.—It is no leſs to be lamented, adds Romeo, that the *blind god* ſhould yet be able to direct his arrows at thoſe whom he wiſhes to hit, that he ſhould wound whomever he *wills*, or deſires to wound. MALONE.

[4] *Why then, O brawling love!* &c.] Of theſe lines neither the ſenſe nor occaſion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy; and to love one and hate another is no ſuch uncommon ſtate, as can deſerve all this toil of antitheſis. JOHNSON.

O any thing, of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Had Dr. Johnſon attended to the letter of invitation in the next ſcene, he would have found that Roſaline was niece to Capulet.

ANONYMOUS.

Every ſonnetteer characteriſes Love by contrarieties. Watſon begins one of his canzonets:

" Love is a ſowre delight, a ſugred griefe,
" A living death, an ever-dying life," &c.

Turberville makes Reaſon harangue againſt it in the ſame manner:

" A fierie froſt, a flame that frozen is with iſe!
" A heavie burden light to beare! A vertue fraughte with vice!" &c.

Immediately from *The Romaunt of the Roſe:*

" *Loue* it is an hatefull pees,
" A free aquitaunce without reles,——
" *An heavie burthen light to beare,*
" A wicked wawe awaie to weare;
" And health full of maladie,
" And charitie full of envie;——
" A laughter that is weping aie,
" Reſt that trauaileth night and daie," &c.

This kind of antitheſis was very much the taſte of the Provençal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preſerved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

" Pace non trovo, e non hó da far guerra;
" E temo, e ſpero, e ardo, e ſon un ghiaccio;
" E volo ſopra'l ciel, e ghiaccio in terra;
" E nulla ſtringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio." &c.

Sonnet 105.

Sir Thomas Wyat gives a tranſlation of this ſonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of *Deſcription of the contrarious Paſſions in a Louer*, amongſt the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.

Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.[5]—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it preſt
With more of thine: this love, that thou haſt ſhown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;[6]
Being vex'd,[7] a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears:
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's ſome other where.

Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs,[8] who ſhe is you love.

[5] *Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.*] Such is the conſequence of unſkilful and miſtaken kindneſs. Johnson.

[6] *Being* purg'd, *a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes*;] The author may mean *being purged of ſmoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire ſparkling*—. Being excited and inforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term. Johnson.

Dr. Akinſide, in his *Hymn to Cheerfulneſs*, has the ſame expreſſion:

" Haſte, light the tapers, *urge the fire*,
" And bid the joyleſs day retire." Reed.

[7] *Being vex'd*, &c.] As this line ſtands ſingle, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhymed to it is loſt. Johnson.

It does not ſeem neceſſary to ſuppoſe any line loſt. In the former ſpeech about love's contrarieties, there are ſeveral lines which have no other to rhyme with them; as alſo in the following, about Roſaline's chaſtity. Steevens.

[8] *Tell me in* ſadneſs,] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *ſeriouſneſs*. Johnson.

See Vol. IV. p. 422, n. 7. Malone.

Rom. What, ſhall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But ſadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill!—
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And ſhe's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miſs: ſhe'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, ſhe hath Dian's wit;
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,[2]
From love's weak childiſh bow ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,[3]
Nor bide the encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold:
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her ſtore.[4]

[2] *And, in ſtrong proof* &c.] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding theſe ſpeeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majeſty, who was not liable to be diſpleaſed at hearing her chaſtity praiſed after ſhe was ſuſpected to have loſt it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though ſhe never poſſeſſed any when ſhe was young. Her declaration that ſhe would continue unmarried, increaſes the probability of the preſent ſuppoſition. Steevens.

——*in ſtrong proof*——] In chaſtity *of proof*, as we ſay in armour *of proof*. Johnson.

[3] *She will not ſtay the* ſiege *of* loving *terms*,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Remove your *ſiege* from my unyielding heart;
"To *love's* alarm it will not ope the gate." Malone.

[4] ——*with beauty dies her ſtore.*] Mr. Theobald reads, "*With* her dies beauty's *ſtore*;" and is followed by the two ſucceeding

Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?

Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte;[5]
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.[6]

editors. I have replaced the old reading, becauſe I think it at leaſt as plauſible as the correction. *She is rich*, ſays he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being ſubject to the lot of humanity, that *her ſtore*, or riches, *can be deſtroyed by death*, who ſhall, by the ſame blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620:

" Nature now ſhall boaſt no more
" Of the riches of her ſtore;
" Since, in this her chiefeſt prize,
" All the ſtock of beauty dies."

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakſpeare:

" Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Virgin-Martyr:*

" —— with her dies
" The abſtract of all ſweetneſs that's in woman."

STEEVENS.

Yet perhaps the preſent reading may be right, and Romeo means to ſay, in his quaint jargon, That ſhe is poor, becauſe ſhe leaves no part of her ſtore behind her, as with her all beauty will die. M. MASON.

Words are ſometimes ſhuffled out of their places at the preſs; but that they ſhould be at once tranſpoſed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. She is *rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumſtance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *ſtore* of wealth [which the poet has already ſaid was the fairneſs of her perſon,] will not be tranſmitted to poſterity, inaſmuch as ſhe will " lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." MALONE.

[5] *She hath, and in that* ſparing *makes huge* waſte;] So, in our author's firſt Sonnet:

" And, tender churl, mak'ſt *waſte* in *niggarding*."

MALONE.

[6] *For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,*
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.] So, in our author's third Sonnet:

She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,[7]
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair:
She hath forſworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead,[8] that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquiſite, in queſtion more:[9]
Theſe happy maſks,[2] that kiſs fair ladies' brows,

" Or who is he ſo fond will be the tomb
" Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop *poſterity?*"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

" What is thy body but a ſwallowing grave,
" Seeming to *bury that poſterity,*
" Which by the rights of time thou need'ſt muſt have?"

MALONE.

[7] ——*wiſely too fair,* &c.] There is in her too much ſanctimonious wiſdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaſte with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliſs. MALONE.

None of the following ſpeeches of this ſcene are in the firſt edition of 1597. POPE.

[8] *Do I* live dead,] So Richard the Third:

" ——now they kill me with a *living death.*"

See Vol. X. p. 480, n. 7. MALONE.

[9] *To call hers, exquiſite, in queſtion more:*] That is, to call hers, which is exquiſite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation. It is in this ſenſe, and not in that of doubt, or diſpute, that the word *queſtion* is here uſed. HEATH.

More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the ſubject of thought and converſation. See Vol. V. p. 503, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] Theſe *happy maſks,* &c.] i. e. the maſks worn by female ſpectators of the play. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh,* ſc. ult:

" We ſtand here for an Epilogue.
" Ladies, your bounties firſt! the reſt will follow;

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eyeſight loſt:
Show me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair,
What doth her beauty ſerve,[3] but as a note
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewell; thou canſt not teach me to forget.[4]

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

" For women's favours are a leading alms:
" If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes
" Out at *your maſks.*"

Former editors print *thoſe* inſtead of *theſe*, but without authority. Steevens.

Theſe happy maſks, I believe, means no more than *the* happy maſks. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. See Vol. IV. p. 262, n. 6. Malone.

[3] *What doth her beauty* ſerve,] i. e. what end does it anſwer? In modern language we ſay—" ſerve *for.*" Steevens.

[4] ——*thou canſt not teach me to forget.*]

" Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
" 'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience, *to forget.*"—Pope's *Eloiſa.*

Steevens.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, Paris, *and* Servant.

CAP. And Montague is bound[5] as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.

PAR. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long.
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?

CAP. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,[6]
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PAR. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.

CAP. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made.[7]

[5] And *Montague is bound* ——] This ſpeech is not in the firſt quarto. That of 1599 has—*But* Montague.—In that of 1609 and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto. MALONE.

[6] *Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

" —— Three winters cold
" Have from the foreſts ſhook three *ſummers' pride*,—."

MALONE.

[7] *And too ſoon* marr'd *are thoſe ſo early* made.] The 4to. 1597, reads:—And too ſoon *marr'd* are thoſe ſo early *married*.

Pattenham, in his *Art of Poeſy*, 1589, uſes this expreſſion,

The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth: [8]

which ſeems to be proverbial, as an inſtance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound:*

" The maid that *ſoon married* is, *ſoon marred* is."

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewiſe frequent among the old writers. So Sidney:

" Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made!*"

Spenſer introduces it very often in his different poems. STEEVENS.

Making and marring is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3 Phi. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the preſent century. MALONE.

[8] *She is the hopeful lady of my earth;*] This line is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth,—] This is a Galliciſm: *Fille de terre* is the French phraſe for an *heireſs.*

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth:*

" Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle *earth.*"

Again,

" So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my *earth.*"

Earth, in other old plays is likewiſe put for *lands*, i. e. landed eſtate. So, in a *Trick to catch the old one*, 1619:

" A rich widow, and four hundred a year in good *earth.*"

Again, in the *Epiſtle Dedicatorie* to Dr. Bright's *Characterie, an arte of ſhorte, ſwifte, and ſecrete writing by character*, 12mo. 1588. " And this my inuention being altogether of Engliſh yeeld, where your Majeſtie is the *Ladie of the Soyle*, it appertayneth of right to you onely." STEEVENS.

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right; but there is a paſſage in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor ſays,

" This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and I feel
" A ſtark affrighted motion in my blood."

Here *earth* means corporal part. M. MASON.

Again, in this play:

" Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
" Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy center out."

Again, in our author's 146th Sonnet:

" Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful *earth*,—." MALONE.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;[9]
An ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark heaven light:[a]

[9] *My will to her conſent is but a part;*] *To*, in this inſtance, ſignifies *in compariſon with, in proportion to.* So, in *K. Henry VIII:* "Theſe are but ſwitches *to* them." STEEVENS.

[a] *Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark* heaven *light:*] This nonſenſe ſhould be reformed thus:

Earth-treading ſtars that make dark *even* light:

i. e. When the evening is dark, and without ſtars, theſe earthly ſtars ſupply their place, and light it up. So again in this play:

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
"Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." WARBURTON.

But why nonſenſe? is any thing more commonly ſaid, than that beauties eclipſe the ſun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

"Sol through white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
"And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt *eclipſe the day.*"

Both the old and the new reading are philoſophical nonſenſe; but they are both, and both equally, poetical ſenſe. JOHNSON.

I will not ſay that this paſſage, as it ſtands, is abſolute nonſenſe; but I think it very abſurd, and am certain that it is not capable of the meaning that Johnſon attributes to it, without the alteration I mean to propoſe, which is, to read,

Earth-treading ſtars that make dark, heaven's light.

That is, *earthly ſtars* that outſhine the ſtars of heaven, and make them appear dark by their own ſuperior brightneſs. But according to the preſent reading, they are earthly ſtars that enlighten the gloom of heaven. M. MASON.

The old reading is ſufficiently ſupported by a parallel paſſage in Churchyard's *Shore's Wife*, 1593:

"My beautie blaſd like torch or twinckling *ſtarre*,
"A liuely lamp that *lends darke world ſome light.*"

Such comfort, as do luſty young men feel[8]
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Mr. M. Maſon's explanation, however, may receive countenance from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III:

" Did light thoſe beamy ſtars which greater light did dark."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*do luſty* young men *feel*—] To ſay, and to ſay in pompous words, that a *young man ſhall feel* as much in an aſſembly of beauties, *as young men feel in the month of April*, is ſurely to waſte ſound upon a very poor ſentiment. I read:

Such comfort as do luſty *yeomen* feel.

You ſhall feel from the ſight and converſation of theſe ladies, ſuch hopes of happineſs and ſuch pleaſure, as the farmer receives from the ſpring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the proſpect of the harveſt fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

Young men are certainly *yeomen*. So, in *A lytell geſte of Robyn Hode*, printed by Wynken de Worde:

" Robyn commaunded his wight *yong men*.
" Of lii. wyght *yonge men*.
" Seuen ſcore of wyght *yonge men*.
" Buſke you my mery *yonge men*."

In all theſe inſtances Copland's edition, printed not many years after, reads—*yeomen*.

So again, in the ancient legend of *Adam Bel*, printed by Copland:

" There met he theſe wight *yonge men*.
" Now go we hence ſayed theſe wight *yong men*.
" Here is a ſet of theſe wyght *yong men*."

But I have no doubt that he printed from a more antiquated edition, and that theſe paſſages have accidentally eſcaped alteration, as we generally meet with " wyght *yemen*." See alſo Spelman's Gloſſary; *voce* JUNIORES. It is no leſs ſingular that in a ſubſequent act of this very play the old copies ſhould, in two places, read " *young trees*" and " *young tree*," inſtead of *yew-trees*, and *yew-tree*. RITSON.

The following paſſage from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Roſe*, will ſupport the preſent reading, and ſhow the propriety of Shakſpeare's compariſon: for to tell *Paris* that he ſhould feel the ſame ſort of pleaſure in an aſſembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that ſeaſon when they are moſt *gay and amorous*, was ſurely as much as the old man ought to ſay:

" That it was May, thus dremid me,
" In time of love and jolite,

Of limping winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe;[4] hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Such, amongſt view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.[5]

" That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.—
" Then *yong folke* entendin aye,
" For to ben gaie and amorous,
" The time is then ſo ſavorous."
Romaunt of the Roſe, v. 51," &c.

Again, in *The Romaunce of the Sowdon of Babyloyne* &c. MS. Penes Dr. Farmer.

" Hit bifelle by twyxte marche and maye,
" Whan kynde corage begynneth to pryke;
" Whan frith and felde wexen gaye,
" And every wight defirith his like;
" Whan lovers ſlepen with opyn yee,
" As nightingalis on grene tre,
" And ſore deſire that thai cowde flye
" That thay myghte with there love be" &c. p. 2.
STEEVENS.

Our author's 99th *Sonnet* may alſo ſerve to confirm the reading of the text:

" From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
" When *proud-pied April* dreſs'd in all his trim,
" Hath put a ſpirit of *youth* in ev'ry thing."

Again, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, a tragedy, 1592:

" Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,
" Then in the *April* of her *ſpringing age*——." MALONE.

[4] Inherit *at my houſe*;] To *inherit*, in the language of Shakſpeare's age, is to *poſſeſs*. See Vol. VIII. p. 194, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] Such, *amongſt view of many, mine, being one,*
May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.] The firſt of theſe lines I do not underſtand. The old folio gives no help; the paſſage is there, *Which* one *more view*. I can offer nothing better than this:

Within your view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, &c. JOHNSON.

Such, *amongſt view of many*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, the line was printed thus:

Which one [*on*] *more* view of many, &c. MALONE.

Come, go with me;—Go, ſirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find thoſe perſons out,

A very ſlight alteration will reſtore the cleareſt ſenſe to this paſſage. Shakſpeare might have written the lines thus:

Search among view of many: mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Amongſt the many you will view there, ſearch for one that will pleaſe you. Chooſe out of the multitude.* This agrees exactly with what he had already ſaid to him:

" —— Hear all, all ſee,
" And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be."

My daughter (he proceeds) *will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning* (i. e. eſtimation) *among thoſe whom you will ſee here. Reckoning* for *eſtimation*, is uſed before in this very ſcene:

" Of honourable *reckoning* are you both." STEEVENS.

This interpretation is fully ſupported by a paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" —— our compell'd ſins
" Stand more for *number*, then *accompt.*" i. e. eſtimation.

There is here an alluſion to an old proverbial expreſſion, that *one* is no number. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, Part II:

" — to fall to *one*,
" — is to fall to none,
" For *one no number is.*"

Again, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander:*

" One is no number."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 136th Sonnet:

" Among a number *one is reckon'd none*,
" Then in the number let me paſs untold."

The following lines in the poem on which the tragedy is founded, may add ſome ſupport to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

" To his approved friend a ſolemn oath he plight,—
" —every where he would reſort where ladies wont to meet;
" Eke ſhould his ſavage heart like all indifferently,
" For he would *view* and judge them all with unallured eye.—
* * * *
" No knight or gentleman of high or low renown
" But Capulet himſelf had bid unto his feaſt, &c.
" Young damſels thither flock, of bachelors a rout;
" Not ſo much for the banquet's ſake, as beauties to *ſearch* out." MALONE.

Whoſe names are written there,[6] [*gives a paper.*]
and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

SERV. Find them out, whoſe names are written here?[7] It is written—that the ſhoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his laſt, the fiſher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am ſent to find thoſe perſons, whoſe names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned:—In good time.

This paſſage is neither intelligible as it ſtands, nor do I think it will be rendered ſo by Steevens's amendment.—"To ſearch amongſt view of many," is neither ſenſe nor Engliſh.

The old folio, as Johnſon tells us, reads

Which one more view of many—

And this leads us to the right reading, which I ſhould ſuppoſe to have been this:—

Whilſt on more view of many, mine being one, &c.

With this alteration the ſenſe is clear, and the deviation from the folio very trifling. M. MASON.

[6] ——*find thoſe perſons out,*
Whoſe names are written there,] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed the poem already mentioned:

"No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,
"No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,
"But Capilet himſelf hath bid unto his feaſt,
"Or by *his name, in paper ſent, appointed as a gueſt.*"
MALONE.

[7] *Find them out, whoſe names are written here?*] The quarto, 1597, adds: "And yet I know not who are written here: I muſt to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to ſay, the ſailor," &c. STEEVENS.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

BEN. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cures with another's languiſh:[8]
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.[9]

ROM. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.[2]

[8] ——*with another's* languiſh:] This ſubſtantive is again found in *Antony and Cleopatra*.—It was not of our poet's coinage, occuring alſo (as I think) in one of Morley's ſongs, 1595:

"Alas, it ſkills not,
"For thus I will not,
"Now contented,
"Now tormented,
"Live in love and *languiſh*." MALONE.

[9] *Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,—*
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.] So, in the poem:

"Ere long the towniſh dames together will reſort;
"Some one of beauty, favour, ſhape, and of ſo lovely port,
"With ſo faſt-fixed *eye* perhaps thou may'ſt behold,
"That thou ſhalt quite forget thy *love* and *paſſions paſt of old.*
"And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
"So *novel love* out of the mind the *ancient love* doth rive."

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*:

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail."

So, in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: "—a fire divided in twayne burneth ſlower;—one love expelleth another, and the remembrance of the latter quencheth the concupiſcence of the firſt." MALONE.

[2] *Your* plantain *leaf is excellent for that.*] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before ſhe engages with a ſpider, will fortify herſelf with ſome of this plant; and that, if ſhe comes off wounded, ſhe cures herſelf afterwards with it. DR. GREY.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, ſir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: But I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye ſay honeſtly; Reſt you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*reads.*

Signior Martino, *and his wife, and daughters; County* Anſelme, *and his beauteous ſiſters; The lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely nieces*; Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine; *Mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife, and daughters*; *My fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

A fair aſſembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither ſhould they come?

The ſame thought occurs in Albumazar, in the following lines:

" Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:
" Bring a freſh *plantain leaf*, I've broke my ſhin."

Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonſon, 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, ſays: " 'Tis nothing, a fillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a *plantain*."

The plantain leaf is a blood-ſtauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. Steevens.

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To ſupper; to our houſe.[2]

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Serv. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſk'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without aſking: My maſter is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the houſe of Montagues, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine.[3] Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of Capulet's
Sups the fair Roſaline, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehood, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

[2] *To ſupper; to our houſe.*] The words *to ſupper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding ſpeech. They undoubtedly belong to the ſervant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[3] —— cruſh *a cup of wine.*] This cant expreſſion ſeems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

" Fill the pot, hoſteſs &c. and we'll *cruſh it.*"

Again, in Hoffman's *Tragedy*, 1631:

" —we'll *cruſh a cup* of thine own country wine."

Again, in *The Pinder of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cobler ſays:

" Come, George, we'll *cruſh a pot* before we part."

We ſtill ſay, in cant language—*to crack a bottle.* Steevens.

Ben. Tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales,[4] let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love againſt ſome other maid[5]
That I will ſhow you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhow well, that now ſhows beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhown,
But to rejoice in ſplendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

[4] ——— *in* thoſe *cryſtal ſcales,*] The old copies have—*that* cryſtal, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. The poet might have uſed *ſcales* for the entire machine. Malone.

[5] ——*let there be weigh'd*
Your lady's love *againſt ſome other maid*——] *Your lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly uſed for the lady herſelf. Heath.

Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurſe, give leave awhile,
We muſt talk in ſecret.—Nurſe, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel.
Thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen[6] be it ſpoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen.
Suſan and ſhe,—God reſt all Chriſtian ſouls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Suſan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I ſaid,
On Lammas-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen;
That ſhall ſhe, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years;[7]

[6] ——*to my* teen——] To my ſorrow. Johnson.

So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ix:

" —for dread and doleful *teen*."

This old word is introduced by Shakſpeare for the ſake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. Steevens.

[7] *'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years*;] But how comes the nurſe to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occaſion? There is no ſuch circumſtance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have drawn his ſtory; and therefore it ſeems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See *Stowe's Chronicle*, and

And ſhe was wean'd,—I never ſhall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the ſun under the dove-houſe wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:[8]—but, as I ſaid,
When it did taſte the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To ſee it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-houſe: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And ſince that time it is eleven years:
For then ſhe could ſtand alone;[9] nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, ſhe broke her brow:
And then my huſband—God be with his ſoul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:

Gabriel Harvey's letter in the preface to *Spenſer's works*, edit. 1679.] If ſo, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at leaſt, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years ſince the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, *a fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

[8] *Nay, I do* bear a brain:] That is, I have a perfect remembrance or recollection. So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcaſtle, 1649, p. 51. "When theſe wordes of command are rotten, wee will ſow ſome other military ſeedes; you *beare a braine* and memory." REED.

So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"*Daſh*, we muſt *bear ſome brain*."
Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1604:
"—nay an I *bear not a brain*,—."
Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:
"As I can bear a pack, ſo I can *bear a brain*."
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *could ſtand alone*;] The 4to. 1597, reads: "could ſtand *high lone*, i. e. *quite* alone, *completely* alone. So, in another of our author's plays, *high fantaſtical* means *entirely* fantaſtical.
STEEVENS.

Yea, quoth he, *doſt thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou haſt more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid—*Ay:*
To ſee now, how a jeſt ſhall come about!
I warrant, an I ſhould live a thouſand years,
I never ſhould forget it; *Wilt thou not Jule?* quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it ſtinted,[2] and ſaid—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chooſe but laugh,[3]
To think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay—*Ay:*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone;
A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my huſband, *fall'ſt upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'ſt to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it ſtinted, and ſaid—*Ay.*

Jul. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

[2] ——*it ſtinted,*] i. e. it ſtopped, it forbore from weeping. So, Sir Thomas North, in his tranſlation of Plutarch, ſpeaking of the wound which Antony received, ſays: "for the blood *ſtinted* a little when he was laid."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon:

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."

Again, in *What you will*, by Marſton, 1607:

"Piſh! for ſhame, *ſtint* thy idle chat."

Again, in *The Miſfortunes of King Arthur*, an ancient drama, 1587:

"— Fame's but a blaſt that ſounds a while,
"And quickly *ſtints*, and then is quite forgot."

Spenſer uſes this word frequently in his *Faerie Queen.*

Steevens.

[3] Nurſe. *Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chooſe* &c.] This ſpeech and tautology is not in the firſt edition. Pope.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
his grace!
Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour[4] that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well,[5] think of marriage now; younger
than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris ſeeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, ſuch a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.[6]

La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

[4] *It is an honour*——] The firſt quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have choſen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* ſeems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurſe that applauſe which ſhe immediately beſtows. The word *honour* was likely to ſtrike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and diſcreet word for the occaſion. Steevens.

Honour was changed to *hour* in the quarto, 1599. Malone.

[5] *Well*, &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

Well, girl, the noble County Paris ſeeks thee for his wife.
Steevens.

[6] ——*a man of* wax.] So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

"Why, he's a man as one ſhould picture him in *wax*."
Steevens.

Nurse.[8] Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What ſay you?[9] can you love the gentleman?

This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt:
Read o'er the volume[2] of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,[3]

——*a man of* wax.] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it. "When you, Lydia, praiſe the waxen arms of Telephus," (ſays, Horace,) [*Waxen*, well ſhaped, fine turned:]

"With paſſion ſwells my fervid breaſt,
"With paſſion hard to be ſuppreſt."

Dr. Bentley changes *cerea* into *lactea*, little underſtanding that the praiſe was given to the ſhape, not to the colour. S. W.

[8] *Nurſe.*] After this ſpeech of the Nurſe, Lady Capulet in the old quarto ſays only:

"Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"

She anſwers, "I'll look to like," &c. and ſo concludes the ſcene, without the intervention of that ſtuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

[9] La. Cap. *What ſay you?* &c.] This ridiculous ſpeech is entirely added ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

[2] *Read o'er the volume* &c.] The ſame thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*

"Her face the book of praiſes, where is read
"Nothing but curious pleaſures." STEEVENS.

[3] *Examine every* married *lineament*, &c.] Thus the quarto 1599. The quarto 1609—*ſeveral* lineament. By the former of theſe phraſes Shakſpeare means—Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which ſeems to be implied in the word—*content*. In *Troilus and Creſſida*, he ſpeaks of "the *married* calm of ſtates;" and in his 8th Sonnet has the ſame alluſion:

"If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
"By unions *married*, do offend thine ear."

So alſo, in Ronſard:

Phebus du milieu de la table,
Pour réjouir le front des Dieux,

And ſee how one another lends content;
And what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.[4]
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:[5]
The fiſh lives in the ſea;[6] and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:

Marint ſa voix delectable
A ſon archet melodieux.

Again:

Le *mariant* aux haleines
De trompettes qui ſont pleines
D'un ſon furieux et grave. STEEVENS.

This ſpeech, as has been obſerved, is not in the quarto, 1597. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The folio, after a later quarto, that of 1609, reads *ſeveral* lineament. I have no doubt that *married* was the poet's word, and that it was altered only becauſe the printer of the quarto of 1609 did not underſtand it. MALONE.

[4] ——— *the margin of his eyes.*] The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So *Horatio* in *Hamlet* ſays: "—I knew you muſt be edify'd by the *margent*," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"But ſhe, that never cop'd with ſtranger *eyes*,
"Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
"Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecrecies.
"Writ in the glaſſy *margent* of ſuch *books*." MALONE.

[5] *This precious book of love, this* unbound *lover,*
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:] This ridiculous ſpeech is full of abſtruſe quibbles. The *unbound* lover, is a quibble on the *binding* of a *book*, and the *binding* in *marriage*; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phraſe for a married woman, who is ſtyled a *femme couverte* in law French. M. MASON.

[6] *The fiſh lives in the ſea*; &c.] i. e. is not yet caught. Fiſh-ſkin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this paſſage; and it may receive ſome ſupport from what Ænobarbus ſays in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The tears *live in an onion*, that ſhould water this ſorrow." STEEVENS.

The purport of the remainder of this ſpeech, is to ſhow the

That book in many's eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſps locks in the golden ſtory;[7]
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.

Nurse. No leſs? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:[8]
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,[9]
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam,[2] the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerved up, you call'd, my young lady aſk'd for, the

advantage of having a handſome perſon to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore, that inſtead of "the fiſh lives in the *ſea*," we ſhould read, "the fiſh lives in the *ſhell*." For the *ſea* cannot be ſaid to be a beautiful cover to a fiſh, though a *ſhell* may.—I believe, that by the *golden ſtory*, is meant no particular legend, but any valuable writing. M. Mason.

[7] *That in gold claſps locks in the* golden ſtory;] The *golden ſtory* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the dark ages of popery much read, and doubtleſs often exquiſitely embelliſhed, but of which Canus, one of the popiſh doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis.* Johnson.

The poet may mean nothing more than to ſay, that thoſe books are moſt eſteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embelliſhed by as *valuable binding*. Steevens.

[8] *I'll look to like, if looking liking move:*] Such another jingle of words occurs in the Second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "——and ſeeing to like, and liking to love, and loving ſtraight" &c. Steevens.

[9] ——endart *mine eye,*] The quarto, 1597, reads: "*engage* mine eye." Steevens.

[2] *Madam,* &c.] To this ſpeech there have been likewiſe additions ſince the elder quarto, but they are not of ſufficient conſequence to be quoted. Steevens.

nurſe curſed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtraight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county ſtays.

Nurse. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio,[3] Benvolio, *with five or ſix Maſkers, Torch-bearers, and Others.*

Rom. What, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?

[3] ——*Mercutio,*] Shakſpeare appears to have formed this character on the following ſlight hint in the original ſtory: "—another gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reaſon of his pleaſant and curteous behavior was in al companies wel intertained." *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. ii. p. 221. Steevens.

Mercutio is thus deſcribed in the poem which Shakſpeare followed:

"At thone ſide of her chair her lover Romeo,
"And on the other ſide there ſat one call'd Mercutio;
"A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
"For he was courteous of his ſpeech, and pleaſant of device.
"Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
"Such was among the baſhful maids Mercutio to behold.
"With friendly gripe he ſeiz'd fair Juliet's ſnowiſh hand;
"A gift he had, that nature gave him in his ſwathing band
"That frozen mountain ice was never half ſo cold,
"As were his hands, though ne'er ſo near the fire he did them hold."

Perhaps it was this laſt circumſtance which induced our poet to repreſent Mercutio, as little ſenſible to the paſſion of love, and "a jeſter at wounds which *he never felt.*" See *Othello*, Act III. ſc. iv:

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity:[4]
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,[5]
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;[6]

" — This *hand* is moiſt, my lady;—
" This argues fruitfulneſs and liberal heart;
" *Hot, hot, and moiſt.*"

See alſo Vol. XII. p. 420, n. 8. Malone.

[4] *The date is out of ſuch prolixity:*] i. e. *Maſks* are now out of faſhion. That Shakſpeare was an enemy to theſe fooleries, appears from his writing none; and that his plays diſcredited ſuch entertainments, is more than probable. Warburton.

The diverſion going forward at preſent is not a *maſque* but a *maſquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himſelf to the entertainment given by Wolſey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *maſk*, and ſends a meſſenger before, to make an apology for his intruſion. This was a cuſtom obſerved by thoſe who came uninvited, with a deſire to conceal themſelves for the ſake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of converſation. Their entry on theſe occaſions was always prefaced by ſome ſpeech in praiſe of the beauty of the ladies, or the generoſity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of ſuch introductions, I believe Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610, a man expreſſes his wonder that the *maſkers* enter without any compliment:

" What come they in ſo blunt, *without device?*"

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this cuſtom preſerved. Of the ſame kind of maſquerading, ſee a ſpecimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a ſpeech. Steevens.

Shakſpeare has written a *maſque* which the reader will find introduced in the 4th act of *The Tempeſt*. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were diſcontinued during any period of Shakſpeare's life. Percy.

[5] *Bearing a* Tartar's *painted bow of lath,*] The *Tartarian* bows, as well as moſt of thoſe uſed by the Aſiatic nations, reſemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, ſuch as we ſee on medals and bas reliefs. Shakſpeare uſed the epithet to diſtinguiſh it from the Engliſh bow, whoſe ſhape is the ſegment of a circle. Douce.

[6] —— *like a crow-keeper;*] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *King Lear*, Act IV. ſc. vi. Johnson.

See Vol. XIV. p. 233, n. 5. Steevens.

Nor no without-book prologue,[6] faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:[7]
But, let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure,[8] and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,[9]—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

[6] *Nor no without-book prologue*, &c.] The two following lines are inſerted from the firſt edition. Pope.

[7] ——*for our* entrance:] *Entrance* is here uſed as a triſyllable; *enterance*. Malone.

[8] *We'll meaſure them a* meaſure,] i. e. a dance. See Vol. V. p. 322, n. 7. Malone.

[9] *Give me a torch*,] The character which Romeo declares his reſolution to aſſume, will be beſt explained by a paſſage in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "He is juſt like a *torch-bearer* to maſkers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* ſeems to have been a conſtant appendage on every troop of maſks. So, in the ſecond part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"——As on a maſque: but for our *torch-bearers*,
"Hell cannot rake ſo mad a crew as I."

Again, in the ſame play:

"——a gallant crew,
"Of courtly maſkers landed at the ſtairs;
"Before whom, unintreated, I am come,
"And here prevented, I believe, their page,
"Who, with his *torch* is enter'd."

Before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of ſtate were illuminated by flambeaux which attendants held upright in their hands. This cuſtom is mentioned by Froiſſart, and other writers who had the merit of deſcribing every thing they ſaw. See a wooden cut in Vol. VII. p. 146.

To *hold a torch*, however, was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Penſioners attended her to Cambridge, and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening.

At an entertainment alſo, given by Louis XIV. in 1664, no leſs than 200 valets-de-pied were thus employed. Steevens.

King Henry VIII. when he went maſked to Wolſey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had ſixteen torch-bearers. See Vol. XI. p. 53. Malone.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing ſhoes,
With nimble ſoles: I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover;[2] borrow Cupid's wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpierced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:[3]
Under love's heavy burden do I ſink.

Mer. And, to ſink in it, ſhould you burden love;[4]
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in:
[*Putting on a maſk.*
A viſor for a viſor!—what care I,

[2] Mer. *You are a lover*; &c.] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the firſt edition. Pope.

[3] ——*ſo bound,*
I cannot bound, &c.] Let Milton's example, on this occaſion, keep Shakſpeare in countenance:
" ——— in contempt
" At one ſlight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*
" Of hill," &c. *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book IV. l. 180.
Steevens.

[4] ——— ſhould you *burden love*;] i. e. by ſinking in it, *you ſhould, or would*, burden love. Mr. Heath, on whoſe ſuggeſtion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely miſunderſtood the paſſage. Had he attended to the firſt two lines of Mercutio's next ſpeech, he would have ſeen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See alſo the concluding lines of Mercutio's long ſpeech in p. 377. Malone.

What curious eye doth quote deformities?[5]
Here are the beetle-brows, ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,[6]
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;[7]
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe,[8]—

[5] —— *doth* quote *deformities?*] To *quote* is to obſerve. So, in *Hamlet:*

" I am ſorry, that with better heed and judgement
" I had not *quoted* him."

See note on this paſſage, and Vol. III. p. 206, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *let wantons, light of heart,* &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Maſter-Conſtable,* 1602:

" —bid him, whoſe heart no ſorrow feels,
" Tickle the ruſhes with his wanton heels,
" I have too much lead at mine." STEEVENS.

[7] *Tickle the ſenſeleſs* ruſhes *with their heels;*] It has been already obſerved, that it was anciently the cuſtom to ſtrew rooms with *ruſhes,* before carpets were in uſe. See Vol. VIII. p. 500, n. 7. So *Hentzner* in his Itinerary, ſpeaking of *Queen Elizabeth's* preſence-chamber at Greenwich, ſays: " The floor, after the Engliſh faſhion, was ſtrewed with *hay,*" meaning *ruſhes.* So, in *The Dumb Knight,* 1633:

" Thou danceſt on my heart, laſcivious queen,
" Even as upon theſe *ruſhes* which thou treadeſt."

The *ſtage* was anciently ſtrewn with *ruſhes.* So, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook,* 1609: " —on the very *ruſhes* when the commedy is to daunce." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, it has been obſerved, gives the manners and cuſtoms of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended againſt propriety in the ſame manner. Thus Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander:*

" She, fearing on the *ruſhes* to be flung,
" Striv'd with redoubled ſtrength.—" MALONE.

[8] —*a grandſire phraſe,* &c.] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle,*

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.[9]

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word:[2]

is a very common proverbial expreſſion, for being *an idle ſpectator.* Among Ray's proverbial ſentences, is this,—" A good *candle-holder* proves a good gameſter." Steevens.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the next line but one.

It appears from a paſſage in one of the ſmall collections of Poetry, entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have loſt the title, that " Our ſport is at the beſt," or at the faireſt, meant, *we have had enough of it.* Hence it is that Romeo ſays, " I am done."

Dun is the mouſe, I know not why, ſeems to have meant, *Peace; be ſtill!* and hence it is ſaid to be " the conſtable's own word;" who may be ſuppoſed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noiſe. So, in the comedy of *Patient Griſſel*, 1603: " What, Babulo! ſay you. Heere, maſter, ſay I, and then this eye opens; yet *don is the mouſe*, LIE STILL. What Babulo! ſays Griſſel. Anone, ſay I, and then this eye lookes up; yet doune I ſnug againe." Malone.

9 *I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—*
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.] An alluſion to an old proverbial ſaying, which adviſes to give over when the game is at the faireſt. Ritson.

——*and I am* done.] This is equivalent to phraſes in common uſe—*I am done* for, *it is over with me. Done* is often uſed in a kindred ſenſe by our author. Thus in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" —— my mourning weeds are *done.*"

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" ——as ſoon decay'd and *done*,
" As is the morning's dew." Steevens.

2 *Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word:*] This poor obſcure ſtuff ſhould have an explanation in mere charity. It is an anſwer to theſe two lines of Romeo:

" For I am proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe;—*and*—
" The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done."

Mercutio, in his reply, anſwers the laſt line firſt. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (ſays Romeo) *and look on.* It is true, if I could play myſelf, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done.* I have nothing to play with: I have loſt my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire[3]
Of this (ſave reverence) love,[4] wherein thou ſtick'ſt

done, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had ſaid, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And ſo replies, *Tut! dun's the mouſe*; a proverbial expreſſion of the ſame import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats ſon gris*: as much as to ſay, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And becauſe Romeo had introduced his obſervations with,

I am *proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe*,

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the conſtable's own word*: as much as to ſay, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; *'tis the conſtable's own word*; whoſe cuſtom was, when he ſummoned his watch, and aſſigned them their ſeveral ſtations, to give them what the ſoldiers call, *the word*. But this night-guard being diſtinguiſhed for their pacifick character, the conſtable, as an emblem of their harmleſs diſpoſition, choſe that domeſtic animal for his *word*, which, in time, might become proverbial. WARBURTON.

[3] *If thou art* dun, *we'll draw thee from the mire*——] A proverbial ſaying, uſed by Mr. Thomas Heywood, in his play, intitled *The Dutcheſs of Suffolk*, Act III:

" A rope for Biſhop Bonner, Clunce run,
" Call help, a rope, or we are all undone.
" Draw *dun* out of the *ditch*." DR. GREY.

Draw dun (a common name, as Mr. Douce obſerves, for a cart-horſe) *out of the mire*, ſeems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other paſtimes:

" At ſhove-groate, venter point, or croſſe and pile,
" At leaping o'er a Midſommer bone-fier,
" Or at the *drawing dun out of the myer*."

Dun's the mouſe is a proverbial phraſe, which I have likewiſe met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

" If my hoſt ſay the word, the *mouſe ſhall be dun*."

It is alſo found among Ray's proverbial ſimilies.

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" Why then 'tis done, and *dun's the mouſe*, and undone all the courtiers."

Of this cant expreſſion I cannot determine the preciſe meaning. It is uſed again in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607, but apparently in a ſenſe different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

Dun out of the mire was the name of a tune, and to this ſuch

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.[5]

Mercutio may allude when Romeo declines dancing. *Taylor* in *a Navy of Land Ships* ſays, " Nimble-heel'd mariners (like ſo many dancers) capring in the pumpes and vanities of this ſinfull world, ſometimes a Moriſca or Trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of duſty my deare, dirty come thou to me, *Dun out of the mire*, or I wayle in woe and plunge in paine: all theſe dances have no other muſicke." HOLT WHITE.

Theſe paſſages ſerve to prove that Dr. Warburton's explanation is ill founded, without tending to explain the real ſenſe of the phraſe, or ſhowing why it ſhould be *the conſtable's own word*.

M. MASON.

" The cat is grey," a cant phraſe, ſomewhat ſimilar to " Dun's the mouſe," occurs in *King Lear*. But the preſent application of Mercutio's words will, I fear, remain in hopeleſs obſcurity.

STEEVENS.

[4] Of *this (ſave reverence) love*,] [The folio—*Or* ſave *your* reverence &c.] The word *or* obſcures the ſentence; we ſhould read—*O!* for *or love*. Mercutio having called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by ſo diſreſpectful a word as *mire*, cries out,

O! ſave your reverence, love. JOHNSON.

This paſſage is not worth a conteſt; and yet if the conjunction *or* were retained, the meaning appears to be:—" We'll draw thee from the mire (ſays he) *or rather* from this love wherein thou ſtick'ſt."

Dr. Johnſon has imputed a greater ſhare of politeneſs to Mercutio than he is found to be poſſeſſed of in the quarto, 1597. Mercutio, as he paſſes through different editions,

" Works himſelf clear, and as he runs refines." STEEVENS.

I have followed the firſt quarto, 1597, except that it has *ſur-reverence*, inſtead of *ſave-reverence*. It was only a different mode of ſpelling the ſame word; which was derived from the Latin, *ſalva reverentia*. See Blount's Gloſſograph. 8vo. 1681, in v. *ſa-reverence*.

So, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman*:

" The beaſtlieſt man,—

" (*Sir-reverence* of the company) a rank whore-maſter."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607:—" ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay, (*ſir-reverence*,) untruſs'd."

In *Cymbeline* we have the ſame thing more delicately expreſſed: " Why ſhould his miſtreſs not be fit too? The rather, *ſaving reverence* of the word, for 'tis ſaid a woman's fitneſs comes by fits."

In *The Comedy of Errors*, Vol. VII. p. 261, the word is written

Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.

Mer. I mean, ſir, in delay
We waſte our lights in vain, like lamps by day.[6]
Take our good meaning; for our judgement ſits
Five times in that,[7] ere once in our five wits.

as in the firſt copy of this play, and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe: "—ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay *ſir-reverence*,"—. And in *Much ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now printed in the text: "I think you will have me ſay (*ſave reverence*) a huſband." The printer of the quarto, 1599, exhibited the line thus unintelligibly:

Or, ſave *you* reverence, love—

which was followed by the next quarto, of 1609, and by the folio with a ſlight variation. The editor of the folio, whenever he found an error in a later quarto, ſeems to have corrected it by caprice, without examining the preceding copy. He reads,—*Or*, ſave *your* reverence, &c. Malone.

[5] ——*we* burn day-light, *ho.*] To *burn daylight* is a proverbial expreſſion, uſed when candles, &c. are lighted in the day time. See Vol. III. p. 356, n. 9. Steevens.

[6] ——*like* lamps *by day.*] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldeſt quarto. The folio and ſubſequent quartos read—*lights, lights by day.* Steevens.

[7] *Five times in that*, &c.] The quarto 1597, reads: "*Three* times *a day*;" and *right* wits, inſtead of *fine* wits. Steevens.

——*for our judgement ſits*
Five times in that, ere once in our five *wits.*] The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—our *fine* wits. Shakſpeare is on all occaſions ſo fond of antitheſis, that I have no doubt he wrote *five*, not *fine*. The error has happened ſo often in theſe plays, and the emendation is ſo ſtrongly confirmed by comparing theſe lines as exhibited in the enlarged copy of this play, with the paſſage as it ſtood originally, that I have not heſitated to give the reading which I propoſed ſome time ago, a place in the text.

The ſame miſtake has happened in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. V. p. 125, n. 7, where we find in all the old copies—"of theſe *fine* the ſenſe," inſtead of "—theſe *five*." Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. IX. p. 523, n. 8: "Deck'd with *fine* flowre-de-luces," inſtead of—"*five*," &c. In *Coriolanus*, (ſee Vol. XII. p. 221, n. 3.) the only authentick ancient copy has—"the *five* ſtrains of honour," for "the *fine* ſtrains of honour." Indeed in the

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one aſk?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, aſleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then,[8] I ſee, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife;[9] and ſhe comes

writing of Shakſpeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the ſame manner: we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant tranſcribers ſhould have confounded them. In the modern editions theſe errors have all been properly amended.—See alſo on the ſame point, Vol. III. p. 474, n. 3; Vol. VII. p. 197, n. 6; and Vol. XI. p. 583, n. 9.

Shakſpeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much ado about Nothing*, (ſee Vol. IV. p. 401, n. 5.) in *King Lear*, and in one of his ſonnets. Again, in the play before us: "Thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy *wits*, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole *five*." Mercutio is here alſo the ſpeaker.

In the firſt quarto the line ſtands thus:

"*Three* times in that, ere once in our *right* wits."

When the poet altered "*three* times" to "*five* times," he, without doubt, for the ſake of the jingle, diſcarded the word *right*, and ſubſtituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, ſeems to have been made merely to obtain the antitheſis.

MALONE.

[8] *O, then*, &c.] In the quarto 1597, after the firſt line of Mercutio's ſpeech, Romeo ſays, *Queen Mab, what's ſhe?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the reſt of the ſpeech to the ſame character. STEEVENS.

[9] *O, then, I ſee, Queen Mab hath been with you.*
She is the fairies' *midwife*;] The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that ſhe was the perſon *among*

In ſhape no bigger than an agate-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,[2]
Drawn with a team of little atomies[3]

the fairies, whoſe department it was to deliver the fancies of ſleeping men of their dreams, thoſe *children of an idle brain.* When we ſay the *king's judges,* we do not mean perſons who are to judge the king, but perſons appointed by him to judge his ſubjects.
STEEVENS.

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies,* becauſe it was her peculiar employment to ſteal the new-born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The poet here uſes her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has ſo far a proper reference to the preſent train of fiction, as that her illuſions were practiſed on perſons in bed or aſleep; for ſhe not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewiſe the incubus or nightmare: Shakſpeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on ſleepers; but denominates her from the moſt notorious one, of her perſonating the drowſy midwife, who was inſenſibly carried away into ſome diſtant water, and ſubſtituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife.*—The poet avails himſelf of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

[2] *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, *of a burgo-maſter.* The alteration was probably made by the poet himſelf, as we find it in the ſucceeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminiſhed its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-maſters,* the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a paſſage in *The Firſt Part of Henry IV.* we may ſuppoſe the citizens in Shakſpeare's time to have worn this ornament on the *thumb.* So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Conſtable,* 1639: "——and an *alderman,* as I may ſay to you, he has no more wit than the reſt o' the bench; and that lies in his *thumb-ring.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*of little* atomies—] *Atomy* is no more than an obſolete ſubſtitute for *atom.*

So, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids,* 1620:

"—I can tear thee
"As ſmall as *atomies,* and throw thee off
"Like duſt before the wind."

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age,* 1613:

"I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*
"Than in the ſummer play before the ſun."

Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſshoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film:
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:

In Drayton's *Nimphidia* there is likewiſe a deſcription of Queen *Mab's* chariot:

" *Four nimble gnats the horſes were,*
" *Their harneſſes of goſſamere,*
" *Fly cranion, her charioteer,*
" *Upon the coach-box getting:*
" *Her chariot of a ſnail's fine ſhell,*
" *Which for the colours did excell,*
" *The fair Queen Mab becoming well,*
" *So lively was the limning:*
" *The ſeat, the ſoft wool of the bee,*
" *The cover (gallantly to ſee)*
" *The wing of a py'd butterflee,*
" *I trow, 'twas ſimple trimming:*
" *The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,*
" *And daintily made for the nonce,*
" *For fear of rattling on the ſtones,*
" *With thiſtle-down they ſhod it.*" STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Nimphidia* was written ſeveral years after this tragedy. See Vol. V. p. 35, n. 2. MALONE.

O'er ladies' lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats [4] tainted are.
Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit: [5]

[4] ——*with* ſweet-meats—] i. e. kiſſing-comfits. Theſe artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falſtaff in the laſt act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. MALONE.

[5] *Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a* courtier's *noſe*,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit: &c.] Mr. Pope reads —*lawyer's* noſe. STEEVENS.

The old editions have it—*courtier's* noſe; and this undoubtedly is the true reading: and for theſe reaſons: Firſt, In the new reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine ſpeech; the ſame thought having been given in the foregoing line:

" O'er *lawyers'* fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:"

Nor can it be objected that there will be the ſame fault if we read *courtiers'*, it having been ſaid before:

" On *courtiers'* knees, that dream on courtſies ſtraight;"

becauſe they are ſhown in two places under different views: in the firſt, their *foppery*; in the ſecond, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, in our author's time, a court-ſolicitation was called, ſimply, a *ſuit*, and a proceſs, a *ſuit at law*, to diſtinguiſh it from the other. " The King" (ſays an anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil) " called him [Sir William Cecil] and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his anſwers, willed his father to FIND [i. e. *to ſmell out*] A SUIT for him. Whereupon he became SUITOR for the reverſion of the Cuſtos-brevium office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the firſt SUIT he had in his life." Indeed our poet has very rarely turned his ſatire againſt *lawyers* and *law proceedings*, the common topick of later writers: for, to obſerve it to the honour of the Engliſh judicatures, they preſerved the purity and ſimplicity of their firſt inſtitution, long after chicane had over-run all the other laws of Europe. WARBURTON.

As almoſt every book of that age furniſhes proofs of what Dr. Warburton has obſerved, I ſhall add but one other inſtance, from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: " If you be a *courtier*, diſcourſe of the obtaining of *ſuits*." MALONE.

In theſe lines Dr. Warburton has very juſtly reſtored the old reading, *courtier's noſe*, and has explained the paſſage with his uſual learning; but I do not think he is ſo happy in his endeavour to

And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parſon's noſe as 'a lies aſleep,

juſtify Shakſpeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition* in introducing the *courtier* twice. The ſecond folio, I obſerve, reads:

On *countries* knees——

which has led me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus:

On *counties* knees, that dream on courtſies ſtraight:—

Counties I underſtand to ſignify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *earl*, is moſt commonly ſtyled the *county* in this play.

And ſo in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. we find:

"Princes and *counties*."

And in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act III:

"A ring the *county* wears."

The *Countie Egmond* is ſo called more than once in Holinſhed, p. 1150, and in the Burleigh papers, Vol. I. p. 204. See alſo p. 7. The *Countie* Palatine Lowys. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this paſſage, may be owing (not to any error of the preſs, but) to the players having jumbled together the varieties of ſeveral editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play.

TYRWHITT.

In the *preſent* inſtance, I think, it is more probable that the repetition aroſe from the cauſe aſſigned by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

At the firſt entry of the characters in the Hiſtory of *Orlando Furioſo*, played before queen Elizabeth, and publiſhed in 1594 and 1599, *Sacripant* is called the *countie* Sacripant.

Again, *Orlando*, ſpeaking of himſelf:

"Surnam'd Orlando, the *countie* Palatine."

Countie is at leaſt repeated twenty times in the ſame play.

This ſpeech at different times received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in queſtion, ſtands thus in the quarto 1597:

And in this ſort ſhe gallops up and down
Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers knees, who ſtrait on curſies dreame:
O'er ladies lips, who dream on kiſſes ſtrait;
Which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
And then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pigs taile,

Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck;
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades,[6]
Of healths five fathom deep;[7] and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he ſtarts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks[8] in foul ſluttiſh hairs,

Tickling a parſon's noſe that lies aſleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a ſouldier's noſe,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, countermines,
Of healths five fadome deepe, &c.

Shakſpeare, as I have obſerved before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*Spaniſh blades,*] A ſword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan ſteel. So Grotius:

Gladius Toletanus.

" Unda Tagi non eſt uno celebranda metallo;
" Utilis in cives eſt ibi lamna ſuos." JOHNSON.

The quarto 1597, inſtead of *Spaniſh blades,* reads *countermines.* STEEVENS.

In the paſſage quoted from Grotius, *alio* has been conſtantly printed inſtead of *uno,* which makes it nonſenſe; the whole point of the couplet depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original. MALONE.

[7] *Of healths five fathom deep;*] So, in *Weſtward Hoe,* by Decker and Webſter, 1607: " —troth, ſir, my maſter and ſir Goſlin are guzzling; they are dabbling together *fathom deep.* The knight has *drunk* ſo much *health* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almoſt loſt the uſe of his legs." MALONE.

[8] *And* bakes *the elf-locks* &c.] This was a common ſuperſtition; and ſeems to have had its riſe from the horrid diſeaſe called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age,* 1632:

" And when I ſhook theſe *locks,* now *knotted* all,
" As *bak'd* in blood,"—. MALONE.

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,[9]
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.[2]
This, this is ſhe—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air;
And more inconſtant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,[3]
Turning his face[4] to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtars,

[9] ——*when maids* &c.] So, in Drayton's *Nimphidia:*

And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Beſtrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of meaſure.

So, in *Gervaſe of Tilbury*, Dec. 1. C. 17. Vidimus quoſdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, *mira mole eas opprimunt*, nec ab aliis videntur. Steevens.

[2] —*of good* carriage.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act I. ſc. ii:

" —let them be men of good repute and *carriage.*"

" *Moth.* Sampſon, maſter; he was a man of good *carriage*; great *carriage*; for he *carried* the town-gates," &c. Steevens.

[3] ——*from thence,*] The quarto 1597, reads—*in haſte.* Steevens.

[4] —— *his* face ——] So the quarto, 1597. The other ancient copies have *ſide.* Malone.

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life,[4] clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſail![5]—On, luſty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.[6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.[7]

A Hall in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Muſicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1. *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he ſhift a trencher![8] he ſcrape a trencher!

[4] —— *and* expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
" An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun." Malone.
Again, in *Hubbard's Tale:*
" When as time flying with wings ſwift,
" *Expired* had *the term*" &c. Steevens.

[5] *Direct my* ſail!] I have reſtored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. Steevens.

Suit is the corrupt reading of the quarto 1599, from which it got into all the ſubſequent copies. Malone.

Direct my ſuit!] Guide the *ſequel* of the adventure. Johnson.

[6] *Strike, drum.*] Here the folio adds: *They march about the ſtage, and ſerving men come forth with their napkins.* Steevens.

[7] *Scene V.*] This ſcene is added ſince the firſt copy. Steevens.

[8] —— *he ſhift a* trencher! *&c.*] *Trenchers* were ſtill uſed by perſons of good faſhion in our author's time. In the houſhold book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the ſame century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the firſt nobility. Percy.

2. *Serv.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. *Serv.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cupboard,[9] look to the plate:—good

To ſhift a trencher was technical. So, in *The Miſeries of Enforſt Marriage*, 1608, Sig. E 3: "—learne more manners, ſtand at your brothers backe, as to *ſhift a trencher* neately" &c. Reed.

They were common even in the time of Charles I. See Vol. III. p. 86, n. 5. Malone.

They continued common much longer in many publick ſocieties, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are ſtill retained at Lincoln's-Inn. Nichols.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, payd for x doſyn of trenchers. xxi d." Steevens.

9 ——*court-cupboard*,] I am not very certain that I know the exact ſignification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it ſerved the purpoſe of what we call at preſent the *ſide-board*. It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays: ſo, in a *Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: "—ſhadow theſe tables with their white veils, and accompliſh the *court-cupboard*." Again, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606, by Chapman: "Here ſhall ſtand my *court-cupboard*, with its furniture of plate." Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Place that in the *court-cupboard*."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: "—they are together on the *cupboard of the court*, or the *court-cupboard*." Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c.

Two of theſe *court-cupboards* are ſtill in Stationers' Hall. Steevens.

The uſe which to this day is made of thoſe *cupboards* is exactly deſcribed in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to diſplay at publick feſtivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers*, and other antique ſilver veſſels of the company, ſome of which (with the names of the donors inſcribed on them) are remarkably large. Nichols.

By "*remove* the court-cupboard," the ſpeaker means, I think, remove the flaggons, cups, ewers, &c. contained in it.—A *court-cupboard* was not ſtrictly what we now call a *ſide-board*, but a receſs fitted up with ſhelves to contain plate, &c. for the uſe of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet*, and continued to be uſed to the time of Pope:

thou, ſave me a piece of marchpane;[1] and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in Suſan Grindſtone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

" The rich *buffet* well colour'd ſerpents grace,
" And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face."

The *ſide-board* was I apprehend, introduced in the preſent century. Malone.

A *court-cupboard* was a moveable; a *Beufet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inſide. Steevens.

[1] —*ſave me a piece of* marchpane;] *Marchpane* was a confection made of piſtacho-nuts, almonds, and ſugar, &c. and in high eſteem in Shakſpeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is ſaid that the univerſity preſented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two ſugar-loaves.

Peck's Deſiderata Curioſa, Vol. II. p. 29. Grey.

Marchpane was a kind of ſweet bread or biſcuit; called by ſome almond-cake. *Hermolaus Barbarus* terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis*. G. *marcepain* and *maſſepan*, It. *marzapane*, *il maçapan*. B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *maſſa pura*. But, as few underſtood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally though corruptly called *maſſepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *martſepeyn*; and in conſequence of this miſtake of theirs, it ſoon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*. Hawkins.

Marchpane was a conſtant article in the deſerts of our anceſtors. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: " —ſeeing that the iſſue of the table, fruits and cheeſe, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in." See Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: " Item, payd for ix *marſbe paynes*, xxvi s. viii d.

Marchpanes were compoſed of filberts, almonds, piſtachoes, pine-kernels, and ſugar of roſes, with a ſmall proportion of flour. L'Etoile in his deſcription of a magnificent entertainment given at Paris in 1596, ſays " —les confitures ſeiches & *maſſepans* y eſtoient ſi peu eſpargnez, que les dames & damoiſelles eſtoient contraintes de ſ'en decharger ſur les pages & les laquais, auxquels on les bailloit tous entiers." Our *macaroons* are only debaſed and diminutive *marchpanes*. Steevens.

1. *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2. *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter Capulet, *&c. with the Gueſts, and the Maſkers.*

1. *Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes[3]
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my miſtreſſes! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty, ſhe,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have ſeen the day,
That I have worn a viſor; and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen![4]—Come, muſicians, play.
A hall! a hall![5] give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*

[3] ——*their* toes—] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy, their *feet*.—An editor by ſuch capricious alterations deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages; for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audience of Shakſpeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day. Malone.

[4] *You are welcome, gentlemen!*] Theſe two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. Johnson.

[5] *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former ex-

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,[6]
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, ſirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit, nay, ſit, good couſin Capulet;[7]

clamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and ſignifies, *make room.* So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

" Room! room! *a ball! a ball!*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub:*

" —Then cry, *a ball! a ball!*"

Again, in an Epithalamium, by Chriſtopher Brooke, publiſhed at the end of *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" Cry not, *a hall, a hall*; but chamber-roome;
" Dancing is lame," &c.

and numberleſs other paſſages. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*turn the tables up.*] Before this phraſe is generally intelligible, it ſhould be obſerved that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on treſſels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up.* So, in the ancient tranſlation of Marco Paolo's Voyages, 1579. " After dinner is done, and the tables *taken uppe*, everie man goeth aboute his buſineſſe." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*good couſin Capulet*;] This *couſin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is deſcribed as old, *couſin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very diſproportionate; he has been paſt maſking for thirty years, and her age, as ſhe tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

Couſin was a common expreſſion from one kinſman to another, out of the degree of parent and child, brother and ſiſter. Thus in *Hamlet*, the King his uncle and ſtepfather addreſſes him with

" But now my *couſin* Hamlet and my *ſon.*"

And in this very play, Act III. lady Capulet ſays:

" Tybalt my *couſin!*—O my brother's *child.*"

So, in *As you like it:*

" *Roſ.* Me *uncle?*
" *Duke.* You *couſin!*"

And Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, conſtantly calls her uncle Toby *couſin.* RITSON.

Shakſpeare and other contemporary writers uſe the word *couſin* to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and ſometimes even to denote thoſe of lineal deſcent.

Richard III. during a whole ſcene calls his nephew York, *cou-*

For you and I are paſt our dancing days:[8]
How long is't now, ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2. *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1. *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much:
'Tis ſince the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we maſk'd.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his ſon is elder, ſir;
His ſon is thirty.

1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?[9]
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?[9]

ſir; who in his anſwer conſtantly calls him *uncle*. And the old Ducheſs of York in the ſame play calls her grandſon, *couſin*:

" Why, my young *couſin*, it is good to grow.

" *York. Grandam*, one night, as we did ſit at ſupper," &c. and in Fletcher's *Women Pleaſed*, Sylvio ſtyles Rhodope at one time his *aunt*, at others his *couſin*, to the great annoyance of Mr. Sympſon, the editor. M. Mason.

See alſo Vol. X. p. 531, n. 7. Malone.

[8] ——*our* dancing *days:*] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, " our *ſtanding* days." Steevens.

[9] *Will you tell me* &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in the firſt copy:

Will you tell me that? it cannot be ſo:
His ſon was but a ward three years ago;
Good youths i'faith!—Oh, youth's a jolly thing!"

There are many trifling variations in almoſt every ſpeech of this play; but when they are of little conſequence I have foreborne to encumber the page by the inſertion of them. The laſt, however, of theſe three lines is natural, and worth preſerving. Steevens.

[9] *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*
Of yonder knight?] Here is another proof that our author had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the

Serv. I know not, ſir.

Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night[3]
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:[4]
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhows a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forſwear it, ſight!
For I ne'er ſaw true beauty till this night.[5]

Tyb. This, by his voice, ſhould be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the ſlave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?

latter we are told—"A certain *lord* of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance."

In the poem of *Romeus* and *Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a *knight*:

"With torch in hand a comely *knight* did fetch her forth to dance." MALONE.

[3] Her beauty *hangs upon the cheek of night*—] Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his 27th ſonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghaſtly night,
"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

The quartos 1597, 1599, 1609, and the folio 1623, coldly read:

It ſeems ſhe hangs upon the cheek of night.

It is to the folio 1632, that we are indebted for the preſent reading, which is certainly the more elegant, if not the true one. The repetition, however, of the word *beauty*, in the next line but one, in my opinion, confirms the emendation of our ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[4] *Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:*] So, in Lyly's *Euphues*:

"A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." HOLT WHITE.

[5] *For I ne'er ſaw true beauty till this night.*] Thus *King Henry VIII*:

"——o beauty,
"Till now I never knew thee!" STEEVENS.

Now, by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

1. *Cap.* Why, how now, kinſman? wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in ſpite,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

1. *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1. *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to ſay truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou reſpect,
Show a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt;
I'll not endure him.

1. *Cap.* He ſhall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I ſay, he ſhall;—Go to;—
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God ſhall mend my ſoul—
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

1. *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy:—Is't ſo, indeed?—

thou, ſave me a piece of marchpane;[2] and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in Suſan Grindſtone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

" The rich *buffet* well colour'd ſerpents grace,
" And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face."

The *ſide-board* was I apprehend, introduced in the preſent century. Malone.

A *court-cupboard* was a moveable; a *Beufet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inſide. Steevens.

[2] —*ſave me a piece of* marchpane;] *Marchpane* was a confection made of piſtacho-nuts, almonds, and ſugar, &c. and in high eſteem in Shakſpeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is ſaid that the univerſity preſented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two ſugar-loaves.

Peck's Deſiderata Curioſa, Vol. II. p. 29. Grey.

Marchpane was a kind of ſweet bread or biſcuit; called by ſome almond-cake. *Hermolaus Barbarus* terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis*. G. *marcepain* and *maſſepan*, It. *marzapane*, *il maçapan*. B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *maſſa pura*. But, as few underſtood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally though corruptly called *maſſepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *martſepeyn*; and in conſequence of this miſtake of theirs, it ſoon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*. Hawkins.

Marchpane was a conſtant article in the deſerts of our anceſtors. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: " —ſeeing that the iſſue of the table, fruits and cheeſe, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in." See Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: " Item, payd for ix *marſhe paynes*, xxvi s. viii d.

Marchpanes were compoſed of filberts, almonds, piſtachoes, pine-kernels, and ſugar of roſes, with a ſmall proportion of flour. L'Etoile in his deſcription of a magnificent entertainment given at Paris in 1596, ſays " —les confitures ſe[illegible] y eſtoient ſi peu eſpargnez, que les dame[illegible]ient contraintes de ſ'en decharger ſur les [illegible]els on les bailloit tous entiers." Our [illegible]nd diminutive *marchpa*[illegible]

is
to
ever,
VENS.

our author
mind. In the

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' ſake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*[4]

Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.

Jul. You kiſs by the book.[5]

[4] [Kiſſing *her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time: and kiſſing a lady in a publick aſſembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *K. Henry VIII.* he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiſs Anne Boleyn, next to whom he ſits at the ſupper given by Cardinal Wolſey. MALONE.

[5] *You kiſs by the book.*] In *As you Like It*, we find it was uſual *to quarrel by the book*, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtſhip*, an example from which it is probable that Roſalind hath adduced. HENLEY.

Of all men who have looſed themſelves on Shakſpeare, none is there who ſo inveigleth me to amorous meditations, as the critick aforeſaid. In *Antony and Cleopatra* he ſore vexed and diſquieted mine imagination touching the hair and voice of women; in *King Lear* he hinted at ſomewhat touching *noninos*; and lo! now diſſerteth he on lip-gallantry." But (ſaith a wag at mine elbow) on the buſineſs of kiſſing, ſurely Caliſta's queſtion might be addreſſed to our commentator—"Is it become an art then? a trick that bookmen can teach us to do over?" I believe, no diſſertation, or guide to this interchange of fondneſs was ever penned, at leaſt while Shakſpeare was alive. All that Juliet means to ſay is—you kiſs methodically; you offer as many reaſons for kiſſing, as could have been found in a treatiſe profeſſedly written on the ſubject. When Hamlet obſerves on the Grave-digger's equivocation—"we muſt ſpeak by the card," can he be ſuppoſed to have had a literal meaning? Without reference to books, however, Juliet betrays little ignorance on the preſent occaſion; but could have ſaid (with Mortimer in *King Henry IV.*)

"I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine;
"And that's a feeling diſputation." AMNER.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.[6]

Rom. Is ſhe a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the ſport is at the beſt.

Rom. Ay, ſo I fear; the more is my unreſt.

1. *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.[7]—
Is it e'en ſo? Why, then I thank you all;

[6] ——*the* chinks.] Thus the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors have ſubſtituted *chink*. Malone.

[7] *We have a trifling fooliſh banquet* towards.] *Towards* is ready, at hand.

So, in *Hamlet:*

" What might be *towards*, that this ſweaty haſte
" Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?"

Again, in *The Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607: " —here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all." Steevens.

It appears from the former part of this ſcene that Capulet's company had ſupped. A *banquet*, it ſhould be remembered, often meant in old times, nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

" Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner.*"

Again, in Howel's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662: " *After dinner*, he was ſerved with a *banquet.*" Malone.

It appears from many circumſtances that our anceſtors quitted their eating-rooms as ſoon as they had dined, and in warm weather retired to buildings conſtructed in their gardens. Theſe were called *banquetting-houſes*, and here their deſert was ſerved. Steevens.

I thank you, honeſt gentlemen;[8] good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, ſirrah, [*to* 2. CAP.] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* NURSE.

JUL. Come hither, nurſe: What is yon gentleman?[9]

NURSE. The ſon and heir of old Tiberio.

JUL. What's he, that now is going out of door?

NURSE. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JUL. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE. I know not.

JUL. Go, aſk his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only ſon of your great enemy.

JUL. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.

NURSE. What's this? what's this?

JUL. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* JULIET.

NURSE. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the ſtrangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*honeſt gentlemen*;] Here the quarto, 1597, adds:
" I promiſe you, but for your company,
" I would have been in bed an hour ago:
" Light to my chamber, ho!" STEEVENS.

[9] *Come hither, nurſe: What is yon gentleman?*] This and the following queſtions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

See the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, Vol. XIV. MALONE.

Enter CHORUS.[2]

Now old deſire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair,[3] which love groan'd for, and would die,[4]
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

[2] ——*CHORUS.*] This chorus added ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

The uſe of this chorus is not eaſily diſcovered; it conduces nothing to the progreſs of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next ſcene will ſhow; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral ſentiment. JOHNSON.

[3] *That* fair,] *Fair* it has been already obſerved, was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive, and was ſynonymous to beauty. See Vol. VI. p. 80, n. 4. MALONE.

[4] *That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,*] The inſtances produced in a ſubſequent note, by Mr. Malone, to juſtify the old and corrupt reading, are not drawn from the quartos which he judiciouſly commends, but from the folio which with equal judgement he has cenſured. Theſe irregularities therefore, ſtanding on no ſurer ground than that of copies publiſhed by ignorant players, and printed by careleſs compoſitors, I utterly refuſe to admit their accumulated jargon as the grammar of Shakſpeare, or of the age he lived in.

Fair, in the preſent inſtance, was uſed as a diſſyllable.

Sometimes, our author, as here, uſes the ſame word as a diſſyllable and a monoſyllable, in the very ſame line. Thus in *The Tempeſt*, Act I. ſc. ii:

" Twelve *years* ſince, Miranda, twelve *years* ſince."

STEEVENS.

——*for which love groan'd* for,] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—groan'd *fore*. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraſeology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*: " *In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in*, that you two have not in abundance?" See Vol. XII. p. 61, n. 5. Again, in *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. vii: " —the ſcene *wherein* we play *in*." MALONE.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe as much in love, her means much leſs
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme ſweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my couſin Romeo!
Mer. He is wiſe;
And, on my life, hath ſtolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am ſatisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;[5]
Speak to my goſſip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind ſon and heir,
Young Adam Cupid,[6] he that ſhot ſo trim,

[5] *Cry but—Ah me!* couple *but—love and dove*;] The quarto, 1597, reads *pronounce*, the two ſucceeding quartos and the firſt folio, *provaunt:* the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios *couply*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the laſt of theſe, formed the preſent reading. *Provant*, however, in ancient language, ſignifies *proviſion*. So, in "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, called Joan Cromwell, the wife of the late uſurper, truly deſcribed and repreſented," 1664, p. 14: "—carrying ſome dainty *provant* for her own and her daughter's repaſt." To *provant* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furniſh*. "*Provant* but love and dove," may therefore mean, *furniſh* but ſuch hackney'd rhymes as theſe are, the trite effuſions of lovers. STEEVENS.

——pronounce *but love and dove*;] Thus the firſt quarto, 1597. *Pronounce* in the quartos of 1599 and 1609 was made *provaunt*.

In the firſt folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of theſe copies, the ſame reading is adopted. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily ſubſtituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provaunt*, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, means *proviſion*; but I have never met with the verb *To provant*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt therefore that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the firſt quarto.

In this very line, love and *dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two ſubſequent quartos and the folio, to—love and *day*; and *heir* in the next line corrupted into *her*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone aſks for inſtances of the verb *provant*. When he will produce examples of other verbs (like *reverb* &c.) peculiar to our author, I may furniſh him with the inſtance he deſires. I am content, however, to follow the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[6] *Young* Adam *Cupid*,] All the old copies read, Abraham Cupid. The alteration was propoſed originally by Mr. Upton. (See *Obſervations*, p. 243.) It evidently alludes to the famous archer, *Adam* Bell. REED.

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.[6]—
He heareth not, ſtirreth not,[7] he moveth not;
The ape is dead,[8] and I muſt conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Roſaline's bright eyes,

[6] *When king Cophetua* &c.] Alluding to an old ballad preſerved in the firſt volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*. STEEVENS.

" Young *Adam Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo *trim*,
" When," &c.

This word *trim*, the firſt editors, conſulting the general ſenſe of the paſſage, and not perceiving the alluſion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former ſeems the more humourous expreſſion, and, on account of its quaintneſs, more likely to have been uſed by Mercutio. PERCY.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldeſt copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In *Decker's Satiromaſtix*, is a reference to the ſame archer:

" —— He ſhoots his bolt but ſeldom; but when *Adam* lets go, he hits:"
" He ſhoots at thee too, *Adam Bell*; and his arrows ſtick here."

Trim was an epithet formerly in common uſe. It occurs often in Churchyard's *Siege of Leeth*, 1575:

" Made ſallies forth, as *tryme* men might do."

Again, *ibid:*

" And ſhowed themſelves *trimme* ſouldiours as I ween."
STEEVENS.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*, or, as it is called in ſome old copies, *The ſong of a beggar and a king*. The following ſtanza, Shakſpeare had particularly in view:

" The *blinded* boy that *ſhoots* ſo *trim*,
" From heaven down did hie,
" He drew a dart and ſhot at him,
" In place where he did lie." MALONE.

[7] ——*ſtirreth not*,] Old copies, unmetrically,—*he* ſtirreth not. STEEVENS.

[8] *The ape is dead*,] This phraſe appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimickry of that animal. It was an expreſſion of tenderneſs, like *poor fool*. Naſhe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lyly's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. MALONE.

By her high forehead,[9] and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,[2]
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpite: my invocation
Is fair and honeſt, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humorous night:[3]
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

[9] *By her* high *forehead,*] It has already been obſerved that a high forehead was in Shakſpeare's time thought eminently beautiful. See Vol. III. p. 136, n. 4; and Vol. XII. p. 534, n. 3. Malone.

[2] *And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,*] Here, peradventure, hath our waggiſh poet caught hold of ſomewhat from Barnabe Googe his verſion of Palingenius. See *Cancer*, edit. 1561.

"What ſhuld I here commend her *thies, or places ther that lie?*" Amner.

[3] —— *the* humorous *night:*] I ſuppoſe *Shakſpeare* means humid, the moiſt *dewy* night. *Chapman* uſes the word in that ſenſe in his tranſlation of *Homer*, B. II. edit. 1598:

"The other gods and knights at arms ſlept all the *humorous* night."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 3:

"Such matter as ſhe takes from the groſs *humorous* earth."

Again, ſong 13th:

"—which late the *humorous* night
"Beſpangled had with pearl—"

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto I:

"The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light." Steevens.

Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.[4]—

In *Meaſure for Meaſure* we have "the *vaporous* night approaches;" which ſhows that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted the word in the text. MALONE.

[4] *As maids* &c.] After this line in the old copies, I find two other verſes containing ſuch ribaldry, that I cannot venture to inſert them in the text, though I exhibit them here as a proof that the editors of our poet have ſometimes known how to blot:

"O Romeo that ſhe were, ah that ſhe were
"An open *et cætera*, thou a *poprin* pear!"

This pear is mentioned in *The Wife Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638:

"What needed I to have grafted in the ſtock of ſuch a choke-pear, and ſuch a goodly *poprin* as this to eſcape me?"

Again, in *A new Wonder, a Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

"—I requeſted him to pull me
"A Katherine Pear, and, had I not look'd to him,
"He'd have miſtook, and given me a *popperin*."

In *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by *Cyril Turner*, 1611, there is much conceit about this pear. I am unable to explain it with certainty, nor does it appear indeed to deſerve explanation.

Thus much may ſafely be ſaid; viz. that our pear might have been of French extraction, as *Poperin* was the name of a pariſh in the Marches of Calais. So, in Chaucer's *Rime of Sire Thopas*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. 1775, ver. 13650:

"In Flandres, al beyonde the ſee,
"At *Popering* in the place."

In the edition of Meſſieurs Boydell I have alſo omitted theſe offenſive lines. Dr. Johnſon has ſomewhere obſerved, that there are higher laws than thoſe of criticiſm. STEEVENS.

Theſe two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole ſcenes* of our author; but what is more ſtrange, his example has in this inſtance been followed by the ſucceeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the ſtage, an editor in my apprehenſion has no right to omit any paſſage that is found in all the authentick copies of his author's works. They appear not only in the editions already mentioned, but alſo in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two ſubſequent quartos and the folio read, with a ſlight variation,

Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

An open—*or* thou a poperin pear.

Shakſpeare followed the faſhion of his own time, which was, when ſomething indecent was meant to be ſuppreſſed, to print *et cætera*, inſtead of the word. See Minſheu's Dictionary, p. 112, col. 2. Our poet did not conſider, that however ſuch a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is abſurd where words are intended to be recited. When theſe lines were ſpoken, as undoubtedly they were to our anceſtors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor muſt have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt ſentence.

The unſeemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

Poperingue is a town in French Flanders, two leagues diſtant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to aſcertain. The word was choſen, I believe, merely for the ſake of a quibble, which it is not neceſſary to explain. Probably for the ſame reaſon the Popering tree was preferred to any other by the author of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, ſmall 8vo. 1653:

" She thought it ſtrange to ſee a man
" In privy walk, and then anan
" She ſtepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,
" And liſten'd for ſome novelty."

Of the pariſh of Poperin, or Poperling, (as we called it) John Leland the Antiquary was parſon, in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the Poperin pear may have been introduced into England. Malone.

SCENE II.

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. He jeſts at ſcars,[5] that never felt a wound.—
[JULIET *appears above, at a window.*
But, ſoft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the eaſt, and Juliet is the ſun!—
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than ſhe:
Be not her maid,[6] ſince ſhe is envious;
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off.—
It is my lady;[7] O, it is my love:
O, that ſhe knew ſhe were!—
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; What of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars in all the heaven,

[5] *He jeſts at ſcars,*] That is, Mercutio jeſts, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book ——

"None can ſpeake of a wound with ſkill, if he have not a wound felt," STEEVENS.

"He (that perſon) jeſts, is merely an alluſion to his having conceived himſelf ſo armed with the love of Roſalind, that no other beauty could make any impreſſion on him. This is clear from the converſation he has with Mercutio, juſt before they go to Capulet's. RITSON.

[6] *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana. JOHNSON.

[7] *It is my lady;*] This line and half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,[8]
That I might touch that cheek![9]

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks:—
O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night,[2] being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

[8] *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This paſſage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

" O that I were a flea upon that lip," &c. Steevens.

[9] ——touch *that cheek!*] The quarto, 1597, reads: " *kiſs* that cheek." Steevens.

[2] *O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night,] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the ſimile ſeems to require,

As glorious to this *ſight*;——

and therefore I have ventured to alter the text ſo. Theobald.

I have reſtored the old reading, for ſurely the change was unneceſſary. The plain ſenſe is, that Juliet appeared as ſplendid an object in the vault of heaven obſcured by darkneſs, as an angel could ſeem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

As glorious to this night, means *as glorious an appearance in this dark night*, &c. It ſhould be obſerved, however, that the ſimile agrees preciſely with Theobald's alteration, and not ſo well with the old reading. Steevens.

When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,[3]
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
[*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyſelf though, not a Montague.[4]

[3] ——*the* lazy-pacing *clouds,*] Thus corrected from the firſt edition, in the other *lazy-puffing*. Pope.

[4] *Thou art thyſelf* though, *not a Montague.*] For the preſent punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear ſenſe, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyſelf*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehenſion afford.

Thou art, *however*, ſays Juliet, a being *ſui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adverſative particle is uſed without any propriety, or rather makes the paſſage nonſenſe.

Though is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. ſc. laſt, in the ſame ſenſe:

"My legs are longer *though*, to run away."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"'Would Catharine had never ſeen him *though*."

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

"I would not be ſo ſick *though*, for his place."

Other writers frequently uſe *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Maſſinger, 1632:

"Would you have him your huſband that you love,
"And can it not be?—He is your ſervant, *though*,
"And may perform the office of a huſband."

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—O diſſembling woman,
"Whom I muſt reverence *though*."

Again, in the laſt ſpeech of *The Maid's Tragedy* by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1619:

"Look to him *though*, and bear thoſe bodies in."

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be ſome other name!
What's in a name?[3] that which we call a roſe,

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preſerved:*

" I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too."

Juliet is ſimply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he *is* a Montague. And, to prove this, ſhe aſſerts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that houſe. MALONE.

If this punctuation be right, and the words of the text accurate, we muſt underſtand *though* in the ſenſe of *then*, a reading propoſed by Dr. Johnſon: a ſenſe it is perpetually uſed in by our ancient poets, and ſometimes by our author himſelf. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what *though?*"

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

" I keep but three men and a boy yet,—but what *though?*"

Again in *As you like it:*

" —we have no aſſembly here but beaſts; but what *though?*"

Again, in *King Henry V:*

" It is a ſimple one, but what *though?*" RITSON.

[3] ——*nor any other part*
Belonging to a man. O, be ſome other name!
What's in a name? &c.] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it ſhould ſeem, on a reviſion. The paſſage in the firſt copy ſtands thus:

Nor arm, nor face, *nor any other part:*
What's in a name? That which we call a roſe, &c.

In the copy of 1599 and all the ſubſequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the overſight of the tranſcriber or printer, and the lines thus abſurdly exhibited:

Nor arm nor face, *O be ſome other name!*
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name, &c.

Belonging, &c. evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the ſubſequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The tranſpoſition now made needs no note to ſupport it: the context in this and many other places ſuperſedes all arguments. MALONE.

For the ſake of metre, I am willing to ſuppoſe our author wrote—

By any other name[6] would ſmell as ſweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.[7]

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance,[8] yet I know the ſound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

'*Longing* to man &c.

The ſame eliſion occurs in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Vol. VI. p. 505:

"Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
"As '*longeth* to a lover's bleſſed caſe." STEEVENS.

[6] *By any other name*——] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the ſubſequent ancient copies read—By any other *word*. MALONE.

[7] *Take all myſelf.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.* STEEVENS.

[8] *My* ears *have not yet* drunk *a hundred words*
Of that tongue's utterance,] Thus the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—of *thy* tongue's *uttering*. We meet with almoſt the ſame words as thoſe here attributed to Romeo, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"I might perceive his eye in her eye loſt,
"*His ear to drink her ſweet tongue's utterance.*" MALONE.

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike.[9]

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls;[2]
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.[3]

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords;[4] look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

[9] *Neither, fair* ſaint, *if either thee* diſlike.] Thus the original copy. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—fair *maid.* "If either thee *diſlike*" was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, it *likes* me well; for it pleaſes me well. MALONE.

Diſlike here means *diſpleaſe.* M. MASON.

[2] *With love's light wings did I* o'er-perch theſe walls;] Here alſo we find Shakſpeare following the ſteps of the author of *The Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,
"So light he wox, he *leap'd the wall*, and there he ſpy'd his wife,
"Who in the *window* watch'd the coming of her lord,—."

MALONE.

[3] ——*no* let *to me.*] i. e. no ſtop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet:*

"By heaven I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me."

Thus the original edition. The ſubſequent copies read—no *ſtop* to me. MALONE.

[4] ——*there lies more peril in thine eye,*
Than twenty of their ſwords;] Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid in the Mill:*

"The lady may command, ſir;
"She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon."

STEEVENS.

Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their ſight;[5]
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:[6]
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.[7]

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who firſt did prompt me to inquire;

[5] ——*from their* ſight;] So the firſt quarto. All the other ancient copies have—from their *eyes*. Malone.

[6] *And*, but *thou love me, let them find me here:*] And ſo thou do but love me, I care not what may befall me: Let me be found here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. M. Maſon thinks that "*but* thou love me," means, *unleſs* thou love me; grounding himſelf, I ſuppoſe, on the two ſubſequent lines. But thoſe contain, in my apprehenſion, a diſtinct propoſition. He firſt ſays, that he is content to be diſcovered, if he be but ſecure of her affection; and then adds, that death from the hands of her kinſmen would be preferable to life without her love. *But*, however, it muſt be acknowledged, has often in old Engliſh the meaning which Mr. M. Maſon would here affix to it. Malone.

Mr. M. Maſon is certainly in the right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"*But* being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land."

See Vol. XII. p. 614, n. 9. Steevens.

[7] *Than death* prorogued, *wanting of thy love.*] The common acceptation of *prorogue*, is to *poſtpone* to a diſtant time, which is in fact to *delay*. But I believe in this place *prorogued* means *continued*; and that Romeo means, in the language of lovers, to repreſent life without her as a continual death.

"Death's life with thee, without thee *death to live.*"

M. Mason.

Than death prorogued,] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more diſtant period. So, in Act IV. ſc. i:

"I hear thou muſt, and nothing may *prorogue* it,
"On thurſday next be married to this county."

Malone.

He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the furtheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

Jul. Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face;
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have ſpoke; But farewell compliment![8]
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.[9]
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was ware,

[8] ——*farewell compliment!*] That is, farewell attention to forms. M. Mason.

[9] ——cunning *to be ſtrange.*] *Cunning* is the reading of the quarto, 1597, and I have reſtored it.

To be ſtrange, is to put on affected coldneſs, to appear ſhy. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Is it the faſhion in Padua to be ſo *ſtrange* with your friends?"

Again, in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. III. p. 327:

"I pray ye that ye be not *ſtrange* of writing of letters to me." Steevens.

In the ſubſequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*. Malone.

My true love's paſſion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I ſwear,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops,[2]—

Jul. O, ſwear not by the moon, the inconſtant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not ſwear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay—It lightens.[3] Sweet, good night![4]

[2] —— *moon*—
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops,] This image ſtruck Pope:
" The *moon-beam* trembling falls,
" And *tips with ſilver all* the walls." *Imit. of Horace.*
Again, in the celebrated ſimile on the *Moon* at the concluſion of the eighth book of the Iliad:
" And *tips with ſilver* ev'ry mountain's head."
HOLT WHITE.

[3] *Ere one can ſay—It lightens.*] So, in *The Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:
" ——lightning ceaſleſsly to burn,
" Swifter than thought from place to place to paſs,
" And being gone, doth ſuddenly return
" *Ere you could ſay preciſely what it was.*"
The ſame thought occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream.*
STEEVENS.
Drayton's *Miracles of Moſes* was firſt printed in quarto, in 1604.
MALONE.

This bud of love, by ſummer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?[5]

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurſe *calls within.*
I hear ſome noiſe within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurſe!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

[4] —*Sweet, good night!*] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night,* to *Stay but a little,* &c. were added after the firſt copy. STEEVENS.

[5] *What ſatisfaction can'ſt thou have to-night?*] Here Juliet ſeemeth as if ſhe meant to promiſe (i. e. as much as in her lieth) to afford Romeo, in ſome future inſtance, that ſatisfaction which he cannot receive while they remain at their preſent diſtance from each other. AMNER.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,[6]
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee,—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To ceaſe thy ſuit,[7] and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I ſend.

[6] *If that thy* bent *of love be honourable,* &c.] In *The Tragical Hyſtory* already quoted Juliet uſes nearly the ſame expreſſions:

" —if your thought be chaſte, and have on virtue ground,
" If wedlock be the end and *mark* which your deſire hath found,
" Obedience ſet aſide, unto my parents due,
" The quarrel eke that long ago between our houſholds grew,
" *Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,*
" And *following you wherſo you go,* my father's houſe forſake:
" But if by wanton love and by unlawful *ſuit*
" You think in ripeſt years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit,
" You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you *beſeeks,*
" To *ceaſe your ſuit,* and ſuffer her to live among her likes."

MALONE.

[7] *To ceaſe thy* ſuit,] So the quarto, 1597. The two ſubſequent quartos and the folio have—thy *ſtrife.* MALONE.

Rom. So thrive my ſoul,—

Jul. A thouſand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.—

Love goes toward love, as ſchool-boys from their books;

But love from love, toward ſchool with heavy looks. [*retiring ſlowly.*

Re-enter Juliet, *above.*

Jul. Hiſt! Romeo, hiſt!—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this taſſel-gentle back again![8]

[8] *To lure this* taſſel-gentle *back again!*] The *taſſel* or *tiercel* (for ſo it ſhould be ſpelt) is the male of the *goſhawk*; ſo called, becauſe it is a *tierce* or *third* leſs than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In *The Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Maſſinger:

" —— then for an evening flight,
" A *tiercel-gentle*,"

Taylor the water poet uſes the ſame expreſſion, " —— By caſting out the lure, ſhe makes the *taſſel-gentle* come to her fiſt."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. iv:

" Having far off eſpyde a *taſſel-gent*,
" Which after her his nimble wings doth ſtraine."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" Your *taſſel-gentle*, ſhe's lur'd off and gone."

This ſpecies of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the eaſe with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. Steevens.

It appears from the old books on this ſubject that certain hawks were conſidered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may ſuppoſe, was choſen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatiſe entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fiſhing, with the true meaſures of blowing*, is the following paſſage:

" The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong:

Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave[9] where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my ſoul, that calls upon my name:
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My ſweet![2]

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

For a Prince.

There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel* gentle; and theſe are for a prince." Malone.

[9] ——tear *the* cave——] This ſtrong expreſſion is more ſuitably employed by Milton:

"A ſhout that *tore* hell's *concave*—" Steevens.

[2] *My ſweet!*] Mr. Malone reads—*Madam*, and juſtifies his choice by the following note. Steevens.

Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two ſubſequent copies and the folio we have—My *niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to ſay. The editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted—My *ſweet*. I have already ſhown, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random; and have therefore preſerved the original word, though leſs tender than that which was arbitrarily ſubſtituted in its place. Malone.

As I ſhall always ſuppoſe the ſecond folio to have been corrected, in many places, by the aid of better copies than fell into the hands of the editors of the preceding volume, I have in the preſent inſtance, as well as many others, followed the authority rejected by Mr. Malone.

I muſt add, that the cold, diſtant, and formal appellation—*Madam*, which has been already put into the mouth of the *Nurſe*, would but ill accord with the more familiar feelings of the ardent Romeo, to whom Juliet has juſt promiſed every gratification that youth and beauty could beſtow. Steevens.

Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remem'bring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay, to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, ſo would I:
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night! parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay—good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!—
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.[3] [*Exit.*

[3] *Hence will I to my* ghoſtly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.] Thus the quarto, 1597, except that it has *good* inſtead of *dear*. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Hence will I to my ghoſtly *frier's cloſe* cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. Malone.

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a baſket.*

FRI. The grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,[4]
Checkering the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light;
And flecked darkneſs[5] like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:[6]

[4] *The grey-ey'd morn* &c.] Theſe four lines are here replaced, conformable to the firſt edition, where ſuch a deſcription is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo juſt before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his miſtreſs. POPE.

In the folio theſe lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo, and once to the friar. JOHNSON.

The ſame miſtake has likewiſe happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637. STEEVENS.

[5] *And* flecked *darkneſs* ——] *Flecked* is ſpotted, dappled, ſtreaked, or variegated. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk.* Mowbray, ſpeaking of the Germans, ſays:

" All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,
" They ſwear, they curſe, and drink till they be *fleck'd.*"

Lord Surrey uſes the ſame word in his tranſlation of the 4th Æneid:

" Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly ſtaine."

The ſame image occurs alſo in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act V. ſc. iii:

" *Dapples* the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey."
STEEVENS.

The word is ſtill uſed in Scotland, where " a *flecked* cow" is a common expreſſion. See the Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of Virgil, in v. *fleckit.* MALONE.

[6] *From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:*] So, in Jocaſta's addreſs to the ſun in the ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ of Euripides:

Ω τὴν ἐν ἀστροις ἱρὰν ΤΕΜΝΩΝ ΟΔΟΝ.

Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt up-fill this oſier cage of ours,[7]
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.[8]

Mr. Malone reads—

" From forth day's *path*, and Titan's fiery wheels."

STEEVENS.

Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—*burning* wheels.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the ſecond folio:

From forth day's *path-way made* by Titan's wheels.

MALONE.

Here again I have followed this reprobated ſecond folio. It is eaſy to underſtand how darkneſs might reel " from *forth* day's path-way," &c. but what is meant by—*forth* " Titan's fiery wheels?" a man may ſtagger *out* of a path, but not *out* of a wheel.

STEEVENS.

Theſe lines are thus quoted in *England's Parnaſſus, or the choyſeſt Flowers of our Modern Poets* &c. 1600:

" The gray-eyde morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
" *Cheering* the eaſterne cloudes with *ſtreames* of light;
" And *darkneſſe fleeted*, like a drunkard reeles
" From forth daye's *path-way made by* Titan's wheels."

So that the various reading in the laſt line does not originate in an arbitrary alteration by the editor of the ſecond folio, as the ingenious commentator ſuppoſes. HOLT WHITE.

[7] *I muſt up-fill this oſier cage of ours*, &c.] So, in the 13th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" His happy time he ſpends the works of God to ſee,
" In thoſe ſo fundry herbs which there in plenty grow,
" Whoſe fundry ſtrange effects he only ſeeks to know.
" And in a little *maund*, being made of *oziers* ſmall,
" Which ſerveth him to do full many a thing withal,
" He very choicely ſorts his ſimples got abroad."

Drayton is ſpeaking of a hermit. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*and precious-juiced flowers.*] Shakſpeare, on his introduction of Friar Lawrence, has very artificially prepared us for the part he is afterwards to ſuſtain. Having thus early diſcovered him to be a chemiſt, we are not ſurpriſed when we find him furniſhing the draught which produces the cataſtrophe of the piece. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;[9]
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We fucking on her natural boſom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace,[2] that lies
In herbs, plants, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,[3]
But to the earth[4] ſome ſpecial good doth give;
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe:
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower[5]
Poiſon hath reſidence, and med'cine power:

In the paſſage before us Shakſpeare had the poem in his thoughts:
" But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring been;—
" What force the *ſtones*, the *plants*, and *metals*, have to work,
" And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do lurk,
" With care I have ſought out, with pain I did them prove."
MALONE.

9 *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb*;]
" Omniparens, eadem rerum commune ſepulchrum."
Lucretius.
" The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." *Milton.*
STEEVENS.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
" —Time's the king of men,
" *For he's their parent, and he is their grave.*" MALONE.

2 ——*powerful grace*,] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

3 *For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live*,] The quarto, 1597, reads:
For nought ſo vile that *vile* on earth doth live. STEEVENS.

4 ——*to the earth*——] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth.
MALONE.

5 ——*of this* ſmall *flower*—] So the quarto 1597. All the ſubſequent ancient copies have—this *weak* flower. MALONE.

For this, being ſmelt, with that part[6] cheers each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man[7] as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.[8]

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?—

[6] ——*with that part*—] i. e. with the part which ſmells; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

[7] *Two ſuch oppoſed* foes encamp *them ſtill*
In man——] *Foes* is the reading of the oldeſt copy; *kings* of that in 1609. Shakſpeare might have remembered the following paſſage in the old play of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:
" Peace hath three *foes encamped* in our breaſts,
" Ambition, wrath, and envie.——" STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*
" —terror, and dear modeſty,
" *Encamp'd in hearts*, but *fighting* outwardly."
Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the ſubſequent ancient copies read—ſuch oppoſed *kings*.—Our author has more than once alluded to theſe *oppoſed foes*, contending for the dominion of man.
So, in *Othello:*
" Yea, curſe his *better angel* from his ſide."
Again, in his 44th Sonnet:
" To win me ſoon to hell, my female evil
" Tempteth my *better angel* from my ſide:
" Yet this I ne'er ſhall know, but live in doubt,
" Till my *bad angel* fire my *good one* out." MALONE.

[8] *Full ſoon the* canker death eats up *that plant.*] So, in our author's 99th Sonnet:
" A vengeful *canker eat* him *up* to *death*." MALONE.

Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, ſleep will never lie;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign:[9]
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rous'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with Roſaline?

Rom. With Roſaline, my ghoſtly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good ſon: But where haſt thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again.
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies:[1]
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man; for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.

[9] ——*with unſtuff'd brain* &c.] The copy, 1597, reads:
——with unſtuff'd brains
Doth couch his limmes, there golden ſleepe remaines.
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*both our* remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies:] This is one of the paſſages in which our author has ſacrificed grammar to rhyme.
M. MASON.

See Vol. XIII. p. 73, n. 8. MALONE.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy ſaint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Roſaline, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſh'd thy ſallow cheeks for Roſaline!
How much ſalt water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte!
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear that is not waſh'd off yet:
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for Roſaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving Roſaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.[2]
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be;
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſeholds' rancour to pure love.[3]

Rom. O, let us hence; I ſtand on ſudden haſte.[4]

Fri. Wiſely, and ſlow; They ſtumble, that run faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil ſhould this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that Roſaline,
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman of old Capulet,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

[2] ——and *could not ſpell.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies all have—

Thy love did read by rote *that* could not ſpell.

I mention theſe minute variations only to ſhow, what I have ſo often urged, the very high value of firſt editions. Malone.

[3] The two following lines were added ſince the firſt copy of this play. Steevens.

[4] —— *I ſtand on* ſudden haſte.] i. e. it is of the utmoſt conſequence for me to be haſty. So, in *King Richard III:*

" ——*it ſtands me much upon,*
" To ſtop all hopes" &c. Steevens.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye; ſhot thorough the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-ſhaft;[5] And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,[6] I can tell you.[7]

[5] — *the very* pin *of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's* butt-*ſhaft*;] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Then ſhe will get the upſhot, by *cleaving* of the *pin*."

See note on the word—*pin*, Vol. V. p. 254.—A *butt*-ſhaft was the kind of arrow uſed in ſhooting at *butts*. STEEVENS.

The alluſion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was faſtened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the higheſt ambition of every markſman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

" They have ſhot two arrows without heads,
" They cannot ſtick i' the but yet: hold out, knight,
" And I'll *cleave* the black *pin* i' the midſt of the *white*."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

" For kings are clouts that every man ſhoots at,
" Our crown the *pin* that thouſands ſeek to cleave."

MALONE.

[6] *More than prince of cats*,] *Tybert*, the name given to the *cat*, in the ſtory-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

" — tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of rats."

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1598:

" — not *Tibalt* prince of *cats*," &c. STEEVENS.

It appears to me that theſe ſpeeches are improperly divided, and that they ought to run thus:

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt more than prince of cats?
Mer. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments &c.

M. MASON.

[7] —— *I can tell you.*] So the firſt quarto. Theſe words are omitted in all the ſubſequent ancient copies. MALONE.

O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.[7] He fights as you ſing prick-ſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion;[8] reſts me his minim reſt,[9] one, two, and the third in your boſom: the very butcher of a ſilk button,[2] a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe,—of the firſt and ſecond cauſe:[3] Ah, the immortal paſſado! the punto reverſo! the hay![4]—

[7] —— *courageous captain of compliments.*] A complete maſter of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio:

" A *man of compliments*, whom right and wrong
" Have choſe as umpire;"

ſays our author of Don *Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. JOHNSON.

[8] —*keeps time, diſtance, and proportion*;] So Ben Jonſon's *Bobadil*:

" Note your *diſtance*, keep your due *proportion of time*."

STEEVENS.

[9] —— *his* minim *reſt*,] A *minim* is a note of ſlow time in muſick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

[2] —— *the very butcher of a ſilk button*,] So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

" Strikes his poinado at a *button's* breadth." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *a gentleman of the very firſt houſe,—of the firſt and ſecond cauſe:*] i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As you like it*, Act V. ſc. vi. WARBURTON.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barred his claim to that elevation. " A gentleman of the *firſt houſe*;—of the *firſt* and *ſecond cauſe*," is a gentleman of the firſt rank, of the firſt eminence among theſe duelliſts; and one who underſtands the whole ſcience of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *firſt cauſe*, and the *ſecond cauſe*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *ſeventh cauſe* in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

We find the firſt of theſe expreſſions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

" —— a gentleman's gone then;
" *A gentleman of the firſt houſe*; there's the end of't."

MALONE.

[4] —— *the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-ſchool were originally Italian; the rapier, or ſmall thruſting ſword, being firſt uſed in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, uſed

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affecting fantaſticoes;[5] theſe new tuners of accents!—*By Jeſu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire,[6] that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez-moy's*,[7] who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench?[8] O, their *bons*, their *bons!*[9]

when a thruſt reaches the antagoniſt, from which our fencers, on the ſame occaſion, without knowing, I ſuppoſe, any reaſon for it, cry out, *ha!* Johnson.

[5] ——*affecting fantaſticoes*;] Thus the oldeſt copy, and rightly. Modern editors, with the folios &c. read—*phantaſies*. Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, ſays—"Follow ſome of theſe new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantaſtico's," &c. Again, in Decker's Comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—"I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn ſtrange attires, ſeen *fantaſticoes*, convers'd with humoriſts," &c. Steevens.

Fantaſticoes is the reading of the firſt quarto, 1597; all the ſubſequent *ancient* copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phantacies*. Malone.

[6] *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire,*] Humorouſly apoſtrophiſing his anceſtors, whoſe ſober times were unacquainted with the ſopperies here complained of. Warburton.

[7] ——*theſe* pardonnez-moy's,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or heſitation among men of the ſword, when the point of honour was grown ſo delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. Johnson.

The old copies have—theſe *pardon-mees*, not, theſe pardon *nez-mois*. Theobald *firſt* ſubſtituted the French word, without any neceſſity. Malone.

If the French phraſe be not ſubſtituted for the Engliſh one, where lies the ridicule deſigned by Mercutio? "Their *bons*, their *bons*," immediately following, ſhows that Gallic phraſeology was in our poet's view. So, in *King Richard II*:

"Speak it in French, king; ſay, *pardonnez-moy*." Steevens.

[8] ——*ſtand ſo much on the* new form, *that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench?*] This conceit is loſt, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. Farmer.

Enter ROMEO.

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, ſhe had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipſy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thiſbé, a grey eye or ſo,[2]

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act I. ſc. i: —" ſitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following." STEEVENS.

[9] *O, their* bons, *their* bons!] Mercutio is here ridiculing thoſe frenchified fantaſtical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*: and therefore, I ſuſpect here he meant to write French too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!*

i. e. how ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out, *good*, and being in ecſtaſies with every trifle; as he had juſt deſcribed them before:

" ——a very good blade!" &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones!* Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a paſſage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon* jour was the common ſalutation of thoſe who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our author's time: " No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has." MALONE.

[2] —*Thiſbé, a* grey *eye or ſo,*] He means to allow that Thiſbé had a very fine eye; for from various paſſages it appears that a grey eye was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may ſeem ſtrange to thoſe who are not converſant with ancient phraſeology; but a *grey eye* undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue* eye. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" Her two *blue* windows faintly ſhe upheaveth,"—

i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very ſame poem the eyes of Venus are termed *grey*:

" Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" To ſee the incloſed lights, now canopy'd
" Under theſe windows: white and *azure* lac'd;
" With *blue* of heaven's own tinct."

but not to the purpoſe.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French ſalutation to your French ſlop.[3] You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, ſir, the ſlip;[4] Can you not conceive?

In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia ſays, "I will give out divers ſchedules of my *beauty*;—as *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two *grey* eyes, with lids to them," &c. So Julia, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ſpeaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, ſays,

"Her eyes are *grey* as glaſs, and ſo are mine."

And Chaucer has the ſame compariſon:

"—hire eyes *gray* as *glas*."

This compariſon proves deciſively what I have aſſerted; for clear and tranſparent glaſs is not what we now call grey, but blue, or azure. Malone.

If *grey* eyes ſignified *blue* eyes, how happened it that our author, in *The Tempeſt*, ſhould have ſtyled Sycorax a—*blue*-eyed hag, inſtead of a *grey*-eyed one? See Vol. III. p. 32; and Vol. XIII. p. 284, n. 4. Steevens.

[3] ——*your French* ſlop.] *Slops* are large looſe *breeches* or *trowſers*, worn at preſent only by ſailors. Steevens.

See Vol. V. p. 274, n. 2. Malone.

[4] ——*What* counterfeit *&c.?*

Mer. *The* ſlip, *ſir, the* ſlip;] To underſtand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *ſlip*, it ſhould be obſerved that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money diſtinguiſhed by the name of a *ſlip*. This will appear in the following inſtances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *ſlips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being braſſe, and covered over with ſilver, which the common people call *ſlips*." *Thieves falling out, True men come by their Goods*; by Robert Greene.

Again,

"I had like t' have been
"Abus'd i' the buſineſs, had the *ſlip* ſlur'd on me,
"A *counterfeit*." *Magnetick Lady*, Act III. ſc. vi.

Other inſtances may be ſeen in Dodſley's Old Plays, Vol. V. p. 396. edit. 1780. Reed.

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. 1598:

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay—ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.[5]

Mer. Well ſaid:[6] Follow me this jeſt now, till

" Is not he fond then which a *ſlip* receives
" For current money? She which thee deceaves
" With copper guilt, is but a *ſlip*——."

It appears from a paſſage in Gaſcoigne's *Adventures of Maſter F. I.* no date, that a *ſlip* was " a piece of money which was then fallen to three halfpence, and they called them *ſlippes*." p. 281. STEEVENS.

The ſlip is again uſed equivocally in *No Wit like a Womans*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: " *Clown.* Becauſe you ſhall be ſure on't, you have given me a *nine-pence* here, and I'll give you *the ſlip* for it." [*Exit.*] MALONE.

[5] ——*then is my pump well flower'd.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be eaſily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wrote *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

See the ſhoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the concluſion of the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the cuſtom to wear ribbons in the ſhoes formed into the ſhape of roſes, or of any other flowers. So, in *The Maſque of Flowers*, acted by the Gentlemen of Gray's-Inn, 1614: " Every maſker's *pump* was faſten'd with a *flower* ſuitable to his cap." STEEVENS.

[6] *Well ſaid:*] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and

thou haſt worn out thy pump; that, when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſoled jeſt,[7] ſolely ſingular for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.[8]

Rom. Switch and ſpurs, ſwitch and ſpurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I have done;[9] for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe

the other ancient copies, have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I ſuppoſe, was—*Sheer* wit! follow, &c. and this corruption may ſerve to juſtify an emendation that I have propoſed in a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *ſure* was a printer's blunder. See Vol. XII. p. 501, n. 5. Malone.

By *ſure wit* might be meant, wit that hits its mark. Steevens.

[7] *O* ſingle-ſoled *jeſt*,] i. e. ſlight, unſolid, feeble. This compound epithet occurs likewiſe in Hall's Second Book of Satires:

"And ſcorne contempt it ſelfe that doth excite
"Each *ſingle-ſold* ſquire to ſet you at ſo light."

Again, in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, we meet with "a *ſingle-ſole* fidler." Steevens.

This epithet is here uſed equivocally. It formerly ſignified mean or contemptible; and that is one of the ſenſes in which it is uſed here. So, in Holinſhed's Deſcription of Ireland, p. 23:—"which was not unlikely, conſidering that a meane tower might ſerve ſuch *ſingle-ſoale* kings as were at thoſe daies in Ireland." Malone.

[8] —— *my* wits fail.] Thus the quarto 1597. The quarto 1599 and the folio,—my *wits faints*. Steevens.

[9] —— *if thy wits run the* wild-gooſe chace, *I have done*;] One kind of horſe-race, which reſembled the flight of *wild-geeſe*, was formerly known by this name. Two horſes were ſtarted together; and which ever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremoſt jockey choſe to go. That horſe which could diſtance the other, won the race. See more concerning this diverſion in *Chambers's Dictionary* laſt edition under the article Chace.

in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear [2] for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.[3]

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting; [4] it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerved in to a ſweet gooſe?

This barbarous ſport is enumerated by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, as a recreation much in vogue in his time among gentlemen. "Riding of great horſes, running at ring, tilts and turnaments, horſe races, *wild-gooſe chaſes*, are the diſports of great men." p. 266. edit. 1632. fol.

This account explains the pleaſantry kept up between Romeo and his gay companion. "My wits fail, ſays Mercutio."—Romeo exclaims briſkly—"Switch and ſpurs, ſwitch and ſpurs."—To which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if thy wits run the *wild-gooſe chace*," &c. Holt White.

[2] *I will* bite thee by the ear ——] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Ben Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*:

"Slave, I could *bite thine ear*." Steevens.

[3] ——*good gooſe, bite not.*] Is a proverbial expreſſion, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is uſed in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. Steevens.

[4] ——*a very bitter* ſweeting;] A bitter *ſweeting*, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

"—as well crabs as *ſweetings* for his ſummer fruits."

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

"—what, in diſpleaſure gone!
"And left me ſuch a *bitter ſweet* to gnaw upon?"

Again, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. VIII. fol. 174. b:

"For all ſuch tyme of love is lore,
"And like unto the *bitter ſwete*;
"For though it thinke a man fyrſt ſwete,
"He ſhall well felen at laſte
"That it is ſower," &c. Steevens.

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,[5] that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.[6]

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair.[7]

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe have made thy tale large.

[5] ——*a wit of* cheverel,] *Cheverel* is ſoft leather for gloves. Johnson.

So, in *The Two Maids of More-clack*, 1609:

" Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,
" Not *cheveril* ſtretching to ſuch prophanation."

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

" A *cheverell* conſcience, and a ſearching wit." Steevens.

Cheveril is from chevreuil, roebuck. Musgrave.

[6] ——*to hide his* bauble *in a hole.*] It has been already obſerved by Sir *J. Hawkins*, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. Vol. VI. p. 342, n. 6. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licenſed fool or jeſter. So again, in Sir *W. D'Avenant's Albovine*, 1629: " For ſuch rich widows there love *court fools*, and uſe to play with their *baubles*."

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt, the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

" And as ſtark an idiot as ever bare *bable*."

See the plate at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. I. with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. Steevens.

[7] ——*againſt the hair.*] *A contrepoil:* Fr. An expreſſion equivalent to one which we now uſe—" againſt the grain." See Vol. III. p. 393, n. 5; and Vol. VIII. p. 541, n. 2. Steevens.

I opine, that the commentators, in the preſent inſtance, have eſchewed to ſeek the bottom of the poet's meaning: but *tuta ſileutio merces*, ſaith the Roman adage. Amner.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.[8]

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurſe *and* Peter.

Mer. A ſail, a ſail,[9] a ſail!

Ben. Two, two; a ſhirt, and a ſmock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.[2]

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,[3] fair gentlewoman.

[8] —— *to* occupy *the argument no longer.*] Here we have another wanton alluſion. See Vol. IX. p. 86, n. 5. Malone.

[9] Mer. *A ſail, a ſail,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent ancient copies theſe words are erroneouſly given to Romeo. Malone.

[2] *My fan, Peter.*] The buſineſs of *Peter* carrying the *Nurſe's fan*, ſeems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find ſuch was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called "*The Serving-man's Comfort,*" 1598, we are informed, "The miſtreſs muſt have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne.*" Farmer.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"To ſee him walk before a lady, and to *bear her fan.*"

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:* "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-uſher, &c. who can hide his face with *her fan,*" &c. Steevens.

[3] *God ye good den,*] i. e. God give you a good even. The firſt of theſe contractions is common among the ancient comick writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Laſs,* 1633:

"*God you good even,* ſir." Steevens.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial[4] is now upon the prick of noon.[5]

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himſelf to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well ſaid;—For himſelf to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for 'fault of a worſe.

Nurse. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well? very well took, i'faith; wiſely, wiſely.

Nurse. If you be he, ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

[4] ——*hand of the dial* &c.] In *The Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a ſimilar expreſſion: "—the ſeſkewe of the diall is upon the chriſſe-croſſe of noon." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the* prick of noon.] I marvel much that mine aſſociates in the taſk of expounding the darker phraſes of Shakſpeare, ſhould have overlooked this, which alſo hath already occurred in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act I. ſc. iv:

"And made an evening at the *noon-tide prick.*"

Prick meaneth *point*, i. e. *punctum*, a note of diſtinction in writing, a ſtop. So, in Timothy Bright's *Characterie*, or *an Arte of ſhorte &c. writing by Characters*, 12mo. 1588: "If the worde, by reaſon of tence ende in ed, as, I loved, then make a *prick* in the character of the word, on the left ſide."—Again, "The preſent tence wanteth a *pricke*, and ſo is knowen from other tences."—Again, "A worde of doing, that endeth in ing, as eating, drinking, &c. requireth two *prickes* under the bodie of the character," &c. AMNER.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, ſir;[6] unleſs a hare, ſir, in a lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoar,[7]
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a ſcore,
When it hoars ere it be ſpent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.[8] [*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

[6] *No hare, ſir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the ſportſmen when they ſtart a hare, Romeo aſks *what he has found.* And Mercutio anſwers, *No hare,* &c. The reſt is a ſeries of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not underſtand, needs not lament his ignorance. Johnson.

So ho! is the term made uſe of in the field when the hare is found in her ſeat, and not when ſhe is *ſtarted.* A. C.

[7] *An old hare* hoar,] *Hoar* or *hoary,* is often uſed for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennyleſs's Supplication to the Devil,* 1595: "—as *hoary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vinew'd and *hoarie* with over long lying." Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"——mice and rats
"Eat up his grain; or elſe that it might rot
"Within the *hoary* ricks e'en as it ſtands." Steevens.

Theſe lines appear to have been part of an old ſong. In the quarto, 1597, we have here this ſtage direction: "*He walks between them,* [i. e. the nurſe and Peter,] *and ſings.*" Malone.

[8] ——*lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old ſong. See Vol. IV. p. 60, n. 5. Steevens.

Nurse. Marry, farewell![9]—I pray you, ſir, what ſaucy merchant was this,[2] that was ſo full of his ropery?[3]

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an 'a were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates:[4]—And thou

[9] *Marry, farewell!*] Theſe words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. Malone.

[2] ——*what ſaucy* merchant *was this*, &c.] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the loweſt ſort of dealers, ſeems anciently to have been uſed on theſe familiar occaſions in contradiſtinction to *gentleman*; ſignifying that the perſon ſhowed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. So, in *Churchyard's Chance*, 1580:

"What *ſauſie marchaunt* ſpeaketh now, ſaied Venus in her rage."

The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the ſame import with *merchant* in its leſs reſpectable ſenſe, is ſtill in common uſe among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any perſon of whom they mean to ſpeak with freedom or diſreſpect. Steevens.

See Vol. IX. p. 559, n. 2. Malone.

[3] ——*of his* ropery?] *Ropery* was anciently uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *roguery* is now. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"Thou art very pleaſant and full of thy *roperye*,"

Rope-tricks are mentioned in another place. Steevens.

See Vol. VI. p. 430, n. 5. Malone.

[4] ——*none of his ſkains-mates.*] *None of his ſkains-mates* means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions. Malone.

A *ſkein* or *ſkain* was either a knife or *a ſhort dagger*. By *ſkains-mates* the nurſe means none of his looſe companions who frequent the fencing-ſchool with him, where we may ſuppoſe the exerciſe of this weapon was taught.

The word is uſed in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure?

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure; if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am ſo vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, ſir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what ſhe bade me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay,[5] it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay: for the gentlewoman is young; and,

" Againſt the light-foot Iriſh have I ſerv'd,
" And in my ſkin bare tokens of their *ſkeins.*"

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1607. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is repreſented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things——having " a little *ſkene* tied in a purple ſcarf."

Green, in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, deſcribes " an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his ſide a *ſkeine* like a brewer's bung-knife."

Skein is the Iriſh word for a *knife*.

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

" —with this frantick and untamed paſſion,
" To whet their *ſkeins.*"

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. V. chap. xxvi:

" And hidden *ſkeines* from underneath their forged garments drew."

Mr. M. Maſon, however, ſuppoſes the Nurſe uſes *ſkains-mates* for *kins-mates*, and *ropery* for *roguery*. Steevens.

[5] ——*if ye ſhould lead her into* a fool's paradiſe, *as they ſay*,] So, in *A Handfull of pleaſant delightes, containing ſundry new ſonets*, &c. 1584:

" When they ſee they may her win,
" They leave then where they did begin:
" They prate, and make the matter nice,
" And leave her *in fooles paradiſe.*" Malone.

therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs. I proteſt unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, ſir,—that you do proteſt;[6] which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift
This afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar Laurence' cell
Be ſhriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.[7]

Nurse. No, truly, ſir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurse. This afternoon, ſir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee;

[6] ——*proteſt*;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comick to Shakſpeare's audience, is not at preſent to be determined. The uſe of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

"There is not the beſt duke's ſon in France dares ſay, *I proteſt*, till he be one and thirty years old at leaſt; for the inheritance of that word is not to be poſſeſſed before." Steevens.

[7] ——*Here is for thy pains.*] So, in *The Tragical Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,
"And gave them her;—a ſlight reward, quoth he;—and ſo adieu." Malone.

And bring thee cords made like a tackled ſtair;[7]
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy[8]
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell!—Be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy miſtreſs.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bleſs thee!—Hark you, ſir.

Rom. What ſay'ſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurse. Is your man ſecret? Did you ne'er hear ſay—
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?[9]

Rom. I warrant thee;[2] my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurse. Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,[3]—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris,

[7] —— *like a tackled ſtair*;] Like ſtairs of rope in the tackle of a ſhip. JOHNSON.

A ſtair, for a flight of ſtairs, is ſtill the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

[8] —— top-gallant *of my joy*—] The *top-gallant* is the higheſt extremity of the maſt of a ſhip.

The expreſſion is common to many writers; among the reſt, to Markham, in his *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

" —— beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour."

Again, in *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, 1606:

" —— that, vailing *top-gallant*, ſhe returned," &c.

STEEVENS.

[9] *Two may keep counſel*, &c.] This proverb, with a ſlight variation, has been already introduced in *Titus Andronicus*. STEEVENS.

[2] I *warrant thee*;] *I*, which is not in the quartos or firſt folio, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] *Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady*—Lord, lord!—*when 'twas a little* prating *thing*,] So, in the poem:

" And how ſhe gave her ſuck in youth, ſhe leaveth not to tell.
" A pretty babe, quoth ſhe, it was, when it was young;
" *Lord*, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue," &c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Rhomeo and Julietta*. MALONE.

that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the varſal world. Doth not roſemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?[4]

Rom. Ay, nurſe; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with ſome other letter:[5] and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious

[4] *Doth not* roſemary *and Romeo begin both with a letter?*] By this queſtion the nurſe means to inſinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Roſemary being conceived to have the power of ſtrengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reaſon probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in *A Handfull of pleaſant Delites*, &c. 1584:

" Roſemary is for remembrance,
" Betweene us daie and night,
" Wiſhing that I might alwaies have
" You preſent in my ſight."

Again, in our author's *Hamlet:*

" There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance.*"

That roſemary was much uſed at weddings, appears from many paſſages in the old plays. So, in *The Noble Spaniſh Soldier*, 1634: " I meet few but are ſtuck with roſemary; every one aſk'd me, who was to be *married?*" Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: " What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and *roſemary*, and *roſe-gaies?* What, a *wedding?*" Malone.

On a former occaſion, the author of the preceding note has ſuſpected me of too much refinement. Let the reader judge whether he himſelf is not equally culpable in the preſent inſtance. The Nurſe, I believe, is guiltleſs of ſo much meaning as is here imputed to her queſtion. Steevens.

[5] Nurſe. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name.* &c.] It is a little mortifying, that the ſenſe of this odd ſtuff, when found, ſhould not be worth the pains of retrieving it:

" ——ſpiſſis indigna theatris
" Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus."

of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

The *Nurſe* is repreſented as a prating ſilly creature; ſhe ſays, ſhe will tell Romeo a good joke about his miſtreſs, and aſks him, whether Roſemary and Romeo do not begin both with a letter: He ſays, Yes, an R. She, who, we muſt ſuppoſe, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and ſays, No, ſure, I know better: our dog's name is *R.* yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. *R* put her in mind of that ſound which is made by dogs when they ſnarl; and therefore, I preſume, ſhe ſays, that is the dog's name, *R* in ſchools, being called *The dog's letter.* Ben Jonſon, in his *Engliſh Grammar,* ſays *R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the ſound.*

" Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat." *Lucil.*

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads:—R. is for *Thee?* STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read—*R* is for the *dog.* No; I know it begins with ſome other letter. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this emendation, though Dr. Farmer has ſince recommended another which ſhould ſeem equally to deſerve attention. He would either omit *name* or inſert *letter.* The dog's letter, as the ſame gentleman obſerves, is pleaſantly exemplified in *Barclay's Ship of Fools,* 1578:

" This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,
" Nought els ſoundeth but the hoorſe letter R.
" Though all be well, yet he none aunſwere hath
" Save the *dogges letter* glowming with nar, nar."

STEEVENS.

Eraſmus in explaining the adage " canina facundia," ſays, " R. litera quæ in rixando prima eſt, canina vocatur." I think it is uſed in this ſenſe more than once in *Rabelais:* and in *The Alchemiſt* Subtle ſays, in making out Abel Drugger's name, " And right anenſt him a dog ſnarling *er.*" DOUCE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's alteration is certainly ſuperior to either Dr. Warburton's (*Thee? no;*) or one formerly propoſed by Dr. Johnſon (*the nonce*) not but the old reading is as good, if not better, when properly regulated; *e. g.*

Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—no; I know it begins with ſome other letter. RITSON.

This paſſage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599, and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name.

MALONE.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thouſand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.[6]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe;
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him:—that's not ſo.—
O, ſhe is lame! love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,[7]
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun's beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills:

[6] *Peter, Take my fan, and go before.*] Thus the firſt quarto. The ſubſequent ancient copies inſtead of theſe words have—Before, and apace. MALONE.

This cuſtom of having a *fan-carrier* is alſo mentioned by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 603:

" ——doe you heare, good man;
" Now give me pearle, and *carry you my fan.*" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſhould be thoughts*, &c.] The ſpeech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

——ſhould be thoughts,
And run more ſwift than haſty powder fir'd,
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
Oh, now ſhe comes! Tell me, gentle Nurſe,
What ſays my love?—

The greateſt part of the ſcene is likewiſe added ſince that edition.

Shakſpeare, however, ſeems to have thought one of the ideas compriſed in the foregoing quotation from the earlieſt quarto, too valuable to be loſt. He has therefore inſerted it in Romeo's firſt ſpeech to the Apothecary in Act V:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift Cupid wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe *and* PETER.

O God, ſhe comes!—O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.

JUL. Now, good ſweet nurſe,—O lord! why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though news be ſad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news
By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face.[8]

NURSE. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had![9]

" As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
" Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb." STEEVENS.

[8] *If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news*
By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— needs ſo tart a favour,
" To trumpet ſuch good tidings!"

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— if it be ſummer-news,
" Smile to it before." MALONE.

[9] —— *What a* jaunt *have I had!*] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads:

— what a *jaunce* have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak;—good, good nurſe, ſpeak.

Nurse. Jeſu, What haſte? can you not ſtay awhile?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good, or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chooſe a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare: He is not the flower of courteſy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; ſerve God:—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?[2]

The two words appear to have been formerly ſynonymous. See *King Richard II:*

"Spur-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke."

MALONE.

[2] *No, no: But all this did I know before;*
What ſays he of our marriage? *what of that?*] So, in *The Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Tell me elſe what, quod ſhe, this evermore I thought;
"But of *our marriage*, ſay at once, what anſwer have you brought?" MALONE.

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other ſide,—O, my back, my back!—
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?

Nurse. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? How oddly thou reply'ſt?
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil;—Come, what ſays Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church; I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark;

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honeſt nurſe, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.[5]

Fri. So ſmile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

[5] This ſcene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleaſed to have it as it was at firſt written:

Rom. Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and Juliet.
Friar. Without more words, I will do all I may
To make you happy, if in me it lie.
Rom. This morning here ſhe 'pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſummate thoſe never-parting bands,
Witneſs of our hearts' love, by joining hands;
And come ſhe will.
Friar. I gueſs ſhe will indeed:
Youth's love is quick, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

Enter Juliet ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth Romeo.

See where ſhe comes!——
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of love and joy, ſee, ſee the ſovereign power!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
(Clos'd in night's miſts) attend the frolick day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
And thou art come.

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,[4]
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume: The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth ſo;
Too ſwift arrives[5] as tardy as too ſlow.

Jul. I am (if I be day)
Come to my ſun; ſhine forth, and make me fair.
Rom. All beauteous fairneſs dwelleth in thine eyes.
Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightneſs doth ariſe.
Friar. Come, wantons, come, the ſtealing hours do paſs;
Defer embracements to ſome fitter time;
Part for a time, "you ſhall not be alone,
"Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."
Rom. Lead, holy father, all delay ſeems long.
Jul. Make haſte, make haſte, this ling'ring doth us wrong.
Friar. O, ſoft and fair makes ſweeteſt work they ſay;
Haſte is a common hind'rer in croſs-way. [*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

[4] *Theſe violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Theſe violent vanities can never laſt." MALONE.

[5] *Too ſwift arrives* ——] He that travels too faſt is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels ſlow. Precipitation produces miſhap. JOHNSON.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:[6]—O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint:
A lover may beſtride the goſſomers[7]
That idle in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall; ſo light is vanity.

JUL. Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.

FRI. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JUL. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

ROM. Ah, Juliet, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

[6] *Here comes the lady:* &c.] However the poet might think the alteration of this ſcene on the whole to be neceſſary, I am afraid, in reſpect of the paſſage before us, he has not been very ſucceſsful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlaſting flint* appears to me not only more reprehenſible, but even leſs beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightneſs of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the paſſion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

[7] *A lover may beſtride the* goſſomers —] The *Goſſomer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in ſummer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by *Nabbes:*

" Fine as Arachne's web, or *goſſamer*
" Whoſe curls when garniſh'd by their dreſſing, ſhew
" Like that ſpun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew?"

See Vol. XIV. p. 230, n. 2. STEEVENS.

See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: " *Goſſomer.* Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre." MALONE.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,[8]
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;[9]
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.[2]

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

[8] Conceit, *more rich* &c.] Conceit here means imagination. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" —which the *conceited* painter drew ſo proud," &c.

See Vol. X. p. 579, n. 7. MALONE.

Thus in the title-page to the firſt quarto edit. of *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* " A moſt pleaſant and excellent *conceited* comedy" &c. Again, in the title &c. to *King Henry IV.* P. I. quarto, 1599: " —— with the humorous *conceits* of Sir John Falſtaffe —." STEEVENS.

[9] *They are but beggars that can count their worth;*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."

See Vol. XII. p. 409, n. 7. STEEVENS.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing:* " I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much." MALONE.

[2] *I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.*] The quarto, 1599, reads:

I cannot ſum up *ſum* of half my wealth.

The undated quarto and the folio:

I cannot ſum up *ſome* of half my wealth.

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

BEN. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot,[3] the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now, theſe hot days, is the mad blood ſtirring.

MER. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, *God ſend me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

BEN. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as ſoon moved to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be moved.

BEN. And what to?

MER. Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other.

[3] *The day is hot,*] It is obſerved, that in Italy almoſt all aſſaſſinations are committed during the heat of ſummer. JOHNSON.

In Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 1583, B. II. c. xix. p. 70, it is ſaid, "And commonly every yeere or each ſecond yeere in the beginning of ſommer or afterwards (*for in the warme time the people for the moſt part be more unruly*) even in the calm time of peace, the prince with his counſell chooſeth out," &c. REED.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt hazel eyes; What eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou haſt quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling! [4]

Ben. An I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple! [5]

Enter Tybalt, *and Others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them.[6]—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

[4] ——*thou wilt tutor me* from *quarrelling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to reſtrain me, by prudential advice, from quarrelling.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—thou wilt *forbid* me of quarrelling. The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—Thou wilt tutor me *for* quarrelling. Malone.

[5] *An I were ſo apt* &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches have been added ſince the firſt quarto, together with ſome few circumſtances in the reſt of the ſcene, as well as in the enſuing one. Steevens.

[6] Follow me cloſe, *for I will ſpeak to them.*] In the original

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with ſomething; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, ſir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with Romeo,—

Mer. Conſort! what, doſt thou make us minſtrels? an thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance. 'Zounds, conſort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw into ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, ſir! here comes my man.

copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this ſtage-direction: "Enter Tybalt, *Petruchio*, and others;" and the above line is inſerted; but I ſtrongly ſuſpect it to be an interpolation; for would Tybalt's partizans ſuffer him to be killed without taking any part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio ſays, on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes *a Capulet*." Inſtead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599, *the Capulets*. Malone.

Mr. Malone forgets that, even in his own edition of this play, Tybalt is not killed while his partiſans are on the ſtage. They go out with him after he has wounded Mercutio; and he himſelf re-enters, unattended, when he fights with Romeo. Steevens.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, ſir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worſhip, in that ſenſe, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee,[7] can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
A la ſtoccata[8] carries it away.— [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'ſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats,[9] nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of

[7] ——*the* hate *I bear thee,*] So the quarto 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies have—the *love,* &c. Malone.

[8] *A la* ſtoccata ——] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thruſt or ſtab with a rapier. So, in *The Devil's Charter,* 1607:

" He makes a thruſt; I with a ſwift paſſado
" Make quick avoidance, and with this *ſtoccata,*" &c.
Steevens.

[9] *Good king of cats,*] Alluding to his name. See p. 419, n. 6. Malone.

his pilcher by the ears?[4] make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, ſir, your paſſado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for ſhame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expreſsly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona ſtreets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt* Tybalt *and his Partizans.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houſes!—I am ſped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

[*Exit* Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

[4] *Will you pluck your ſword out of his* pilcher *by the ears?*] We ſhould read *pilche*, which ſignifies a cloke or coat of ſkins, meaning the ſcabbard. Warburton.

The old quarto reads *ſcabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, juſt. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication*, 1595, ſpeaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

"I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*."

Again,

"Thou haſt forgot how thou ambled'ſt in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'ſt mad Jeronimo's part, to get ſervice among the mimics."

It appears from this paſſage, that *Ben Jonſon* acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the Spaniſh tragedy, the ſpeech being addreſſed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed. Steevens.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man.[5] I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houſes!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, Benvolio,
Or I ſhall faint.—A plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and ſoundly too:—Your houſes!

[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

[5] ——*a* grave *man.*] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's ſpeech as follows:

—A pox o'both your houſes! I ſhall be fairly mounted upon four men's ſhoulders for your houſe of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then ſome peaſantly rogue, ſome ſexton, ſome baſe ſlave, ſhall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was ſlain for the firſt and ſecond cauſe. Where's the ſurgeon?

Boy. He's come, ſir.

Mer. Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other ſide.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o'both your houſes!

Steevens.

"You ſhall find me *a grave man.*" This jeſt was better in old language, than it is at preſent; Lidgate ſays, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

"My maſter *Chaucer* now is *grave.*" Farmer.

We meet with the ſame quibble in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dreſſes up a lady's *ſcull*, and obſerves:

"—ſhe has a ſomewhat *grave* look with her." Steevens.

Again, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Deſcription of a Sexton, Characters, 1616: "At every church-ſtyle commonly there's an ale-houſe; where let him bee found never ſo idle-pated, hee is ſtill a *grave* drunkard." Malone.

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With Tybalt's ſlander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinſman:—O ſweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoften'd valour's ſteel.[6]

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

BEN. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,[7]
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

ROM. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;[8]
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

BEN. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROM. Alive! in triumph![9] and Mercutio ſlain!

[6] ——ſoften'd *valour's* ſteel.] So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——When *ſteel* grows
" *Soft* as the paraſite's ſilk—." MALONE.

[7] ——*hath* aſpir'd *the clouds,*] So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy,* 1608:

" Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aſpire.*"

We never uſe this verb at preſent without ſome particle, as, *to* and *after.* STEEVENS.

So alſo, Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine,* 1590:

" Until our bodies turn to elements,
" And both our ſouls *aſpire* celeſtial thrones." MALONE.

[8] *This day's black fate on more days doth depend;*] This day's unhappy deſtiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more miſchief. JOHNSON.

[9] *Alive! in triumph!* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597: for which the quarto 1599 has:

He *gan* in triumph—

This in the ſubſequent ancient copies was made—He *gone,* &c. MALONE.

Away to heaven, reſpective lenity,[9]
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now![2]—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for Mercutio's ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, muſt go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*; Tybalt *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt ſlain:—
Stand not amaz'd:[3]—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool![4]

Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?
[*Exit* Romeo.

[9] —— reſpective *lenity,*] Cool, conſiderate gentleneſs. *Reſpect* formerly ſignified conſideration; prudential caution. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" *Reſpect* and reaſon well beſeem the ſage." Malone.

[2] *And fire-ey'd fury be my* conduct *now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor.* So, in a former ſcene of this play, quarto, 1597:

" Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
" Muſt be my *conduct* in the ſecret night."

Thus the firſt quarto. In that of 1599 *end* being corruptly printed inſtead of *ey'd,* the editor of the folio, according to the uſual proceſs of corruption, exhibited the line thus:

And fire *and* fury be my conduct now. Malone.

[3] *Stand not* amaz'd:] i. e. confounded, in a ſtate of confuſion. So, in *Cymbeline:* " I am *amaz'd* with matter." Steevens.

[4] *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, *like* the fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool,* in *Meaſure for Meaſure.* See Dr. Warburton's note. Johnson.

See Vol. XIII. p. 499, n. 2. Steevens.

In the firſt copy, O! I am *fortune's ſlave.* Steevens.

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1. *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1. *Cit.* Up, ſir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended*; Montague, Capulet, *their Wives, and Others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can diſcover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, ſlain by young Romeo,
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy ſight! ah me, the blood is ſpill'd [5]
Of my dear kinſman!—Prince, as thou art true,[6]
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of Montague.—
O couſin, couſin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom Romeo's hand did ſlay;

[5] *Unhappy ſight! ah* me, *the blood is ſpill'd*—] The pronoun—*me*, has been inſerted by the recommendation of the following note. Steevens.

The quarto, 1597, reads:

Unhappy ſight! ah, the blood is ſpill'd —.

The quarto 1599, and the ſubſequent ancient copies, have:

O prince! O couſin! huſband! O, the blood is ſpill'd, &c.

The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word *me* was probably inadvertently omitted in the firſt quarto.

Unhappy ſight! ah *me*, the blood is ſpill'd, &c. Malone.

[6] ——*as thou art true*,] As thou art *juſt* and *upright*. Johnson.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"And if King Edward be as *true* and juſt,—." Steevens.

Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel[7] was, and urg'd withal[8]
Your high diſpleaſure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold Mercutio's breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to Tybalt, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from Tybalt hit the life
Of ſtout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout Tybalt ſlain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the Montague,
Affection makes him falſe,[9] he ſpeaks not true:

[7] *How* nice *the quarrel*——] How *ſlight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. So, in the laſt act,

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,
"Of dear import." Johnson.

See alſo Vol. XII. p. 587, n. 7. Malone.

[8] —— *and urg'd withal*—] The reſt of this ſpeech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the ſame ſcene. Steevens.

[9] *Affection makes him* falſe,] The charge of falſehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very juſt. The author, who

Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for juſtice, which thou, prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew Tybalt, Romeo muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law ſhould end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hates' proceeding,[2]
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes;
Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall purchaſe out abuſes,[3]
Therefore uſe none: let Romeo hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.[4]

[*Exeunt.*

ſeems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to ſhow, how the beſt minds, in a ſtate of faction and diſcord, are detorted to criminal partiality. Johnson.

[2] ——*in your* hates' *proceeding*,] This, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almoſt every ſpeech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to thoſe of the ſucceeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*hearts* proceeding; and the corruption was adopted in the folio. Malone.

[3] *Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall* purchaſe out *abuſes*,] This was probably deſigned as a covert ſtroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, inceſt, and all other crimes, were minutely ſettled, and as ſhameleſsly received. Steevens.

[4] *Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.*] So, in *Hale's*

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's *houſe.*

Enter JULIET.

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Towards Phœbus' manſion;[5] ſuch a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.[6]—
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink;[7] and Romeo

Memorials: "When I find myſelf ſwayed to mercy, let me remember likewiſe that there is a mercy due to the country."

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The ſentiment here enforced is different from that found in the firſt edition, 1597. There the prince concludes his ſpeech with theſe words:

Pity ſhall dwell, and govern with us ſtill;
Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.

MALONE.

See Vol. IV. p. 239, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[5] Gallop apace, *you fiery-footed ſteeds,*
Towards Phœbus' manſion; &c.] Our author probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed before 1593:

"*Gallop apace*, bright Phœbus, through the ſkie,
"And duſky *night* in ruſty iron car;
"Between you both, ſhorten the time, I pray,
"That I may ſee that moſt deſired day." MALONE.

——*Phœbus' manſion*;] The ſecond quarto and folio read, *Phœbus' lodging.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*immediately.*] Here ends this ſpeech in the eldeſt quarto. The reſt of the ſcene has likewiſe received conſiderable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

[7] *Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night,*
That run-away's *eyes may wink*; &c.] What run-aways are theſe, whoſe eyes Juliet is wiſhing to have ſtopt? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the ſame ſtrain:

"——Come, ſeeling night,
"*Scarf* up the tender *eye* of pitiful *day*," &c.

Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of, and unſeen!—

So Juliet would have night's darkneſs obſcure the great eye of the day, the *ſun*; whom conſidering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* ſteeds, and *poſting* through the heavens, ſhe very properly calls him, with regard to the ſwiftneſs of his courſe, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet ſpeaks of the night in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"For the cloſe night doth play the *run-away*" WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath juſtly obſerves on this emendation, that the ſun is neceſſarily abſent as ſoon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has juſt complained of his tedioufneſs, ſhould call him a *runaway*." MALONE.

The conſtruction of this paſſage, however elliptical or perverſe, I believe to be as follows:

May that run-away's eyes wink!

Or,

That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!

Theſe ellipſes are frequent in Spenſer; and *that* for *oh! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer obſerves in a note on the firſt ſcene of *The Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. vi:

"*That* ever I ſhould call thee caſt-away!"

Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. ſc. ii. "*Mal.* I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria."

"*Clo.* Well-a-day.—That you were, ſir!" i. e. *Oh that* you were! Again, in *Timon*, Act IV:

"*That* nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
"Should yet be hungry!"

Juliet firſt wiſhes for the abſence of the ſun, and then invokes the night to ſpread its curtain cloſe around the world:

"Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!"

next, recollecting that the night would ſeem ſhort to her, ſhe ſpeaks of it as of a *run-away*, whoſe flight ſhe would wiſh to retard, and whoſe eyes ſhe would blind leſt they ſhould make diſcoveries. The *eyes of night* are the ſtars, ſo called in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakſpeare terms *the night* a *run-away* in *The Merchant of Venice:* and in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is ſpoken of under the ſame character:

"The night hath play'd the ſwift-foot *run-away*."

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the ſun was gone, and therefore it was of no conſequence to her that any eyes ſhould wink but thoſe of the night; for, as Ben Jonſon ſays in *Sejanus*;

"—*night hath many eyes*,
"Whereof, tho' moſt do ſleep, yet ſome are ſpies."

STEEVENS.

That ſeems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pro-

Lovers can ſee to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties:[9] or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night.—Come, civil night,[2]
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood[3] bating in my cheeks,

noun *iſta*. Theſe lines contain no wiſh, but a reaſon for Juliet's preceding wiſh for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in ſuch a night there may be no ſtar-light to diſcover our ſtolen pleaſures:

" That run-away eyes *may* wink, and Romeo
" Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of and unſeen."

BLACKSTONE.

[9] *Lovers can ſee to do their amorous rites*
By their own beauties:] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander:*

" —dark night is Cupid's day."

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio read—*And* by their own beauties. In the text the undated quarto has been followed. MALONE.

Milton, in his *Comus*, might here have been indebted to Shakſpeare:

" Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would,
" By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
" Were in the flat ſea ſunk." STEEVENS.

[2] —*Come*, civil *night*,] *Civil* is *grave, decently ſolemn.* JOHNSON.

See *As you like it*, Vol. VI. p. 83, n. 8. STEEVENS.

So, in our poet's *Lover's Complaint:*

" —my white ſtole of chaſtity I daff'd,
" Shook off my ſober guards and *civil* fears." MALONE.

[3] —— unmann'd *blood*—] Blood yet unacquainted with man. JOHNSON.

Hood my unmann'd *blood* bating *in my cheeks*,] Theſe are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as ſtriving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Sad Shepherd:*

" A hawk yet half ſo haggard and *unmann'd.*"

Again, in an old ballad intitled *Prettie Compariſons wittily grounded*, &c:

" Or like a *hawk* that's never *man'd*,
" Or like a hide before 'tis tan'd."

With thy black mantle; till ſtrange love, grown bold,[4]
Think true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back.[5]—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,[6]
Give me my Romeo: and, when he ſhall die,[7]
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,[8]
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,

Again, in *The Booke of Hawkyng*, &c. bl. l. no date, "It is called *bating*, for ſhe *bateth* with herſelfe moſt often cauſeleſſe."
STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 502, n. 4. To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an uſual practice, before the bird was ſuffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

If the hawk flew with its *hood* on, how could it poſſibly ſee the object of its purſuit? The *hood* was always taken off before the bird was diſmiſſed. See Vol. IX. p. 394, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[4] —— grown *bold*,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow*. MALONE.

[5] *Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back.*] The quarto 1599, and the folio—*upon*. The line is not in the firſt quarto. The editor of the ſecond folio, for the ſake of the metre, reads—*on* a raven's back; and ſo, many of the modern editors. MALONE.

I profeſs myſelf to be ſtill one of this peccant fraternity.
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *black-brow'd night*,] So, in *King John*:
"Why, here walk I, in the *black brow of night*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*when* he *ſhall die*,] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—when *I* ſhall die. MALONE.

[8] *Take him and cut him out in little ſtars*, &c.] The ſame childiſh thought occurs in *The Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596:
"The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,
"Take them and joine them in the heavenly ſpheres;
"And fixe them there as an eternal light,
"For lovers to adore and wonder at." STEEVENS.

That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.[8]—
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,[9]
But not poſſeſs'd it; and, though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe,

Enter Nurſe, *with cords.*

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
But Romeo's name, ſpeaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurſe, what news? What haſt thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

NURSE. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*

[8] —— *the* gariſh *ſun.*] Milton had this ſpeech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penſeroſo:*

" —— *Civil* night,
" Thou ſober-*ſuited* matron."—*Shakſpeare.*
" Till *civil-ſuited* morn appear."—*Milton.*
" Pay no worſhip to the *gariſh* ſun."—*Shakſpeare.*
" Hide me from day's *gariſh* eye."—*Milton.* JOHNSON.

Gariſh is gaudy, ſhowy. So, in *King Richard III:*

" A dream of what thou waſt, a *gariſh* flag."

Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:

" —march'd like players
" With *gariſh* robes."

It ſometimes ſignifies wild, flighty. So, in the following inſtance: " ſtarting up and *gairiſhly* ſtaring about, eſpecially on the face of *Elioſto.*" Hinde's *Elioſto Libidinoſo,* 1606. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *I have bought* the manſion of a love,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —the ſtrong baſe and *building of my love*
" Is as the very center to the earth,
" Drawing all things to it." MALONE.

Jul. Ah me! what news! why doſt thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment
me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath Romeo ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but *I*,[2]
And that bare vowel *I* ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:[3]

[2] ——*ſay thou but* I,] In Shakſpeare's time (as Theobald has obſerved,) the affirmative particle *ay* was uſually written *I*, and here it is neceſſary to retain the old ſpelling. Malone.

[3] ——*death darting eye of cockatrice:*] See Vol. X. p. 96, n. 9, and p. 112, n. 4. Malone.

The ſtrange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. Pope.

The ſtrange lines are theſe:

I am not I, if there be ſuch an I,
Or theſe eyes ſhot, that make thee anſwer I.
If he be ſlain, ſay—I; or if not, no:
Brief ſounds determine of my weal or woe.

Theſe lines hardly deſerve emendation; yet it may be proper to obſerve, that their meanneſs has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the firſt two of them being evidently tranſpoſed; we ſhould read:

——that bare vowel *I* ſhall poiſon more,
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
Or thoſe eyes *ſhot*, that make thee anſwer, I.
I am not I, &c. Johnson.

I think the tranſpoſition recommended may be ſpared. The ſecond line is corrupted. Read *ſhut* inſtead of *ſhot*, and then the meaning will be ſufficiently intelligible.

I am not I, if there be ſuch an *I*;
Or thoſe eyes ſhut, that make thee anſwer, *I*.
If he be ſlain, ſay—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief ſounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,—
God ſave the mark![4]—here on his manly breaſt:
A piteous corſe, a bloody piteous corſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I ſwoonded at the ſight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth reſign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, preſs one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beſt friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honeſt gentleman!
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!

Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary?
Is Romeo ſlaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer lord?[5]—
Then, dreadful trumpet, ſound the general doom!
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo baniſhed;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.

Shot, however, may be the ſame as *ſhut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 3358:

"And dreſſed him up by a *ſhot* window." Steevens.

[4] *God ſave the mark!*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again, with equal obſcurity, in *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i. See note on that paſſage. Steevens.

[5] *My* dear-lov'd *couſin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read,

My *deareſt* couſin, and my dearer lord?

Mr. Pope introduced the preſent reading from the original copy of 1597. Malone.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand ſhed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face![6]
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven![7] wolviſh-ravening lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhow!

[7] *O ſerpent heart, hid with a* flow'ring *face!*] The ſame images occur in *Macbeth:*

" ——look like the innocent *flower*,
" But be the *ſerpent* under it." HENLEY.

O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?] So, in *King John:*

" Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
" *With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' ſpleens.*"

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

" You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts."

The line, *Did ever dragon, &c.* and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[6] *Dove-feather'd raven!* &c,] In old editions,

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven, &c.

The four following lines not in the firſt edition, as well as ſome others which I have omitted. POPE.

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,
Wolviſh-ravening lamb!] This paſſage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, becauſe theſe two noble *hemiſtichs* are inharmonious: but is there no ſuch thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verſe? I'll venture to reſtore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truely worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verſe, and a proper contraſt of epithets and images:

Dove-feather'd raven! wolviſh-rav'ning lamb!

THEOBALD.

The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

Ravenous dove-feather'd raven, wolviſh-ravening lamb.

The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuſcript by miſtake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then ſtruck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint,[8] an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?—
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd,
All forſworn, all naught, all diſſemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *aqua vitæ*:—
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old.[9]
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame:
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;[1]
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my huſband?

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"Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power." MALONE.

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Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,[3]
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?[4]—
But, wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband:
Back, fooliſh tears,[5] back to your native ſpring;

[3] —— *what tongue ſhall* ſmooth *thy name,*] To *ſmooth* in ancient language, is to *ſtroke*, to *careſs*, to *fondle*. So, in *Pericles*: "Seem'd not to ſtrike, but *ſmooth*." See Vol. XIII. p. 419, n. 8. STEEVENS.

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"Ah cruel *murd'ring tongue*, murderer of others' fame,
"How durſt thou once attempt to touch the honour of his *name?*"
"Whoſe deadly foes do yield him due and earned praiſe,
"For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.
"Why blam'ſt thou Romeus for ſlaying of Tybalt?
"Since he is guiltleſs quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.
"Whither ſhall he, alas! poor baniſh'd man, now fly?
"What place of ſuccour ſhall he ſeek beneath the ſtarry ſky?
"Since ſhe purſueth him, and him defames by wrong,
"That in diſtreſs ſhould be his fort, and only rampire ſtrong." MALONE.

Again, in *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*: "Where from henceforth ſhall be his refuge? ſith ſhe, which ought to be the only bulwarke and aſſined repare of his diſtreſſe, doth perſue and defame him." HENDERSON.

[5] *Back*, fooliſh *tears*, &c.] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"—— I am a *fool*
"To weep at what I am glad of." STEEVENS.

"*Back*," ſays ſhe, "*to your native ſource, you fooliſh tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occaſions; but now you erroneouſly ſhed your tributary drops for an event* [the death of Tybalt and the ſubſequent eſcape of my beloved Romeo] *which is in fact to me a ſubject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have ſlain my huſband; but my huſband is alive, and has ſlain Tybalt. This is a ſource of joy, not of ſorrow: wherefore then do I weep?* MALONE.

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That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband:
Back, fooliſh tears,[5] back to your native ſpring;

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"How durſt thou once attempt to touch the honour of his *name?*"
"Whoſe deadly foes do yield him due and earned praiſe,
"For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.
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"——I am a *fool*
"To weep at what I am glad of." STEEVENS.

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Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My huſband lives, that Tybalt would have ſlain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have ſlain my huſband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—baniſhed;
That—*baniſhed*, that one word—*baniſhed*,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand Tybalts.[5] Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if four woe delights in fellowſhip,[6]
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?[7]

[5] *Hath ſlain ten thouſand Tybalts.*] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is,—I am more affected by Romeo's baniſhment than I ſhould be by the death of ten thouſand ſuch relations as Tybalt. RITSON.

Hath ſlain ten thouſand Tybalts.] That is, is worſe than the loſs of ten thouſand Tybalts. Dr. Johnſon's explanation cannot be right; for the paſſage itſelf ſhows that Tybalt was not out of her mind. M. MASON.

[6] ——*four woe delights in fellowſhip*,] Thus the Latin hexameter: (I know not whence it comes)

Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſuage,
" As palmers' chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage."

Again, in *King Lear*:

" —the mind much ſufferance doth o'er-ſkip,
" When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip."

MALONE.

[7] *Which* modern *lamentation* &c.] This line is left out of the

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is baniſhed,—to ſpeak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All ſlain, all dead:—*Romeo is baniſhed*,—
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe ſound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corſe:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's baniſhment.
Take up thoſe cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurſe; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

later editions, I ſuppoſe becauſe the editors did not remember that Shakſpeare uſes *modern* for *common*, or *ſlight*: I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

JOHNSON.

It means only *trite, common*. So, in *As you like it*:
"Full of wiſe ſaws and *modern* inſtances."
See Vol. VI. p. 68, n. 9. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 252, n. 9. MALONE.

I am not I, if there be ſuch an *I*;
Or thoſe eyes ſhut, that make thee anſwer, *I*.
If he be ſlain, ſay—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief ſounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,—
God ſave the mark![4]—here on his manly breaſt:
A piteous corſe, a bloody piteous corſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I ſwoonded at the ſight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth reſign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, preſs one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beſt friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honeſt gentleman!
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!

Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary?
Is Romeo ſlaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer lord?[5]—
Then, dreadful trumpet, ſound the general doom!
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo baniſhed;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.

Shot, however, may be the ſame as *ſhut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 3358:

"And dreſſed him up by a *ſhot* window." Steevens.

[4] *God ſave the mark!*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again, with equal obſcurity, in *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i. See note on that paſſage. Steevens.

[5] *My* dear-lov'd *couſin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read,

My *deareſt* couſin, and my dearer lord?

Mr. Pope introduced the preſent reading from the original copy of 1597. Malone.

Is death miſ-term'd: calling death—baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment:
This is dear mercy,[9] and thou ſeeſt it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo:[2] they may ſeize

[9] *This is dear mercy,*] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earlieſt copy reads—This is *mere* mercy. Malone.

Mere mercy, in ancient language, ſignifies *abſolute* mercy. So, in *Othello:*

" The *mere* perdition of the Turkiſh fleet."

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— to the *mere* undoing
" Of all the kingdom." Steevens.

[2] —— *More* validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip *lives*
In carrion flies, than Romeo:] *Validity* ſeems here to mean *worth* or *dignity:* and *courtſhip* the ſtate of a *courtier* permitted to approach the higheſt preſence. Johnson.

Validity is employed to ſignify *worth* or *value,* in the firſt ſcene of *King Lear.* Steevens.

By *courtſhip,* the author ſeems rather to have meant, the ſtate of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or wooes a lady is ſometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the ſubſequent lines:

" —— they may ſeize
" On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
" And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;—
" *Flies* may do this." Malone.

Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint,[8] an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?—
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd,
All forſworn, all naught, all diſſemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *aqua vitæ*:—
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old.[9]
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame:
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;[1]
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my huſband?

[8] *A* damned *ſaint,*] The quarto 1599, for *damned* has—*dimme*; the firſt folio *dimne*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

[9] *Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old.*] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

" Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power." MALONE.

[1] *Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to* ſit;] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. ii. p. 223: " Is it poſſible that under ſuch beautie and rare comelineſſe, diſloyaltie and treaſon may have their *ſiedge* and lodging?" The image of ſhame *ſitting* on the brow, is not in the poem. STEEVENS.

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,[3]
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?[4]—
But, wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband:
Back, fooliſh tears,[5] back to your native ſpring;

[3] —— *what tongue ſhall* ſmooth *thy name,*] To *ſmooth* in ancient language, is to *ſtroke*, to *careſs*, to *fondle*. So, in *Pericles*: "Seem'd not to ſtrike, but *ſmooth*." See Vol. XIII. p. 419, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[4] *Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,*
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?] So, in the poem already quoted:

"Ah cruel *murd'ring tongue*, murderer of others' fame,
"How durſt thou once attempt to touch the honour of his *name?*"
"Whoſe deadly foes do yield him due and earned praiſe,
"For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.
"Why blam'ſt thou Romeus for ſlaying of Tybalt?
"Since he is guiltleſs quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.
"Whither ſhall he, alas! poor baniſh'd man, now fly?
"What place of ſuccour ſhall he ſeek beneath the ſtarry ſky?
"Since ſhe purſueth him, and him defames by wrong,
"That in diſtreſs ſhould be his fort, and only rampire ſtrong." MALONE.

Again, in *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*: "Where from henceforth ſhall be his refuge? ſith ſhe, which ought to be the only bulwarke and aſſined repare of his diſtreſſe, doth perſue and defame him." HENDERSON.

[5] *Back*, fooliſh *tears*, &c.] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——I am a *fool*
"To weep at what I am glad of." STEEVENS.

"*Back*," ſays ſhe, "*to your native ſource, you fooliſh tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occaſions; but now you erroneouſly ſhed your tributary drops for an event* [the death of Tybalt and the ſubſequent eſcape of my beloved Romeo] *which is in fact to me a ſubject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have ſlain my huſband; but my huſband is alive, and has ſlain Tybalt. This is a ſource of joy, not of ſorrow: wherefore then do I weep?* MALONE.

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear
thy hair,[2]
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Ariſe; one knocks; good Romeo, hide
thyſelf. [*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I; unleſs the breath of heart-ſick
groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
[*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, ariſe;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—ſtand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my ſtudy:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulneſs[3] is this?—I come, I come.
[*Knocking.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you
ſhall know my errand;

Wert thou as young *as Juliet my* love.
I only mention this to ſhow the very high value of the early quarto editions. Malone.

[2] ——*then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,*] So, in the poem:
" Theſe heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he tare,
" And like a frantick man hath torn the garments that he ware.—
" He riſeth oft, and ſtrikes his head againſt the walls;
" He faileth down again, and loud for haſty death he calls."
Malone.

[3] *What* wilfulneſs——] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—What *ſimpleneſs*. Malone.

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe!

Fri. O woeful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament![4]

Nurse. Even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, ſtand up; ſtand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand;
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an O?

Rom. Nurſe!

Nurse. Ah ſir! ah ſir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'ſt thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?[5]

[4] *O woeful ſympathy!*
Piteous predicament!] The old copies give theſe words to the Nurſe. One may wonder the editors did not ſee that ſuch language muſt neceſſarily belong to the *Friar*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may juſtly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it. STEEVENS.

[5] —cancell'd *love?*] The folio reads—*conceal'd* love. JOHNSON.

Nurse. O, ſhe ſays nothing, ſir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then ſtarts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*drawing his ſword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womaniſh;[6] thy wild acts denote
The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt:
Unſeemly woman,[7] in a ſeeming man!

The quarto, *cancell'd* love. Steevens.

The epithet *concealed* is to be underſtood, not of the perſon, but of the condition of the lady. So that the ſenſe is, my lady whoſe being ſo, together with our marriage which made her ſo, is concealed from the world. Heath.

[6] *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;*
Thy tears are womaniſh;] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed his original:

" *Art thou,* quoth he, *a man? thy ſhape ſaith, ſo thou art;*
" *Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*
" For manly reaſon is quite from off thy mind outchaſed,
" And in her ſtead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed;
" So that I ſtood in doubt, this hour at the leaſt,
" *If thou a man or woman wert, or elſe a brutiſh beaſt.*"
Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.
Malone.

[7] *Unſeemly woman,* &c.] *Thou art a beaſt of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.* Johnson.

A perſon who ſeemed both man and woman, would be a monſter, and of courſe an ill-beſeeming beaſt. This is all the friar meant to expreſs. M. Mason.

Or ill-beſeeming beaſt, in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain Tybalt? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady too that lives in thee,[8]
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?[9]
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'ſt loſe.
Fie, fie! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, ſworn, but hollow perjury,

[8] *And ſlay thy lady* too *that* lives *in thee,*] Thus the firſt copy. The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—

And ſlay thy lady, that *in thy life lives.* MALONE.

My copy of the firſt folio reads:

And ſlay thy lady that in thy life *lies.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Why* rail'ſt *thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?*] Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the friar as deſcribed in the poem, he is made to do ſo:

" Firſt *Nature* did he blame, the author of his life,
" In which his joys had been ſo ſcant, and ſorrows aye ſo riſe;
" The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;
" He cryed out with open mouth againſt the *ſtars above.*—
" On fortune eke he *rail'd.*"

Shakſpeare copied the remonſtrance of the friar, without reviewing the former part of his ſcene. He has in other places fallen into a ſimilar inaccuracy, by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original.

The lines, *Why rail'ſt thou,* &c. to—*thy own defence,* are not in the firſt copy. They are formed on a paſſage in the poem:

" Why cry'ſt thou out on love? why doſt thou blame thy fate?
" Why doſt thou ſo cry after death? thy life why doſt thou hate?" &c. MALONE.

Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh:
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk,[2]
Is ſet on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.[3]
What, rouſe thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt Tybalt; there art thou happy too:[4]
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of bleſſings lights upon thy back;
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love:[5]

[2] *Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk*, &c.] To underſtand the force of this alluſion, it ſhould be remembered that the ancient Engliſh ſoldiers, uſing *match*-locks, inſtead of locks with flints as at preſent, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flaſk* in which they kept their powder. The ſame alluſion occurs in *Humour's Ordinary*, an old collection of Engliſh epigrams:

"When ſhe his *flaſk* and touch-box ſet on fire,
"And till this hour the burning is not out." STEEVENS.

[3] *And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*there art thou happy* too:] Thus the firſt quarto. In the ſubſequent quartos and the folio *too* is omitted. MALONE.

It ſhould not be concealed, that the reading of the *ſecond folio* correſponds with that of the *firſt quarto*:

—— there art thou happy *too*—. STEEVENS.

The word is omitted in *all* the intermediate editions; a ſufficient proof that the emendations of that folio are not always the reſult of *ignorance* or *caprice*. RITSON.

[5] *Thou pout'ſt* upon *thy fortune and thy love*:] The quarto 1599, and 1609, read:

Thou *puts up* thy fortune and thy love.

Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to Mantua;
Where thou ſhalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurſe: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.[6]

Nurse. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all the night,
To hear good counſel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, ſir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.
[*Exit* Nurſe.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading:
Thou *putteſt* up thy fortune and thy love.

The undated quarto has *powts*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line ſtands:
Thou *frown'ſt upon* thy fate, that ſmiles on thee.
MALONE.

The reading in the text is confirmed by the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*:
" ——— then
" We *pout upon* the morning,—."
See Vol. XII. p. 202. STEEVENS.

[6] *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this ſpeech has likewiſe been added ſince the firſt edition. STEEVENS.

Fri. Go hence: Good night;[7] and here ſtands
all your ſtate;[8]—
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the break of day diſguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy paſt joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.[9]

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, ſir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman Tybalt dearly,
And ſo did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night:

[7] *Go hence: Good night*; &c.] Theſe three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. Johnson.

They were firſt omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[8] —— *here ſtands all your ſtate*;] The whole of your fortune depends on this. Johnson.

[9] *SCENE IV.*] Some few unneceſſary verſes are omitted in this ſcene according to the oldeſt editions. Pope.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldeſt copy, and omitted ſome unneceſſary verſes which are not found there, but inſerted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expreſſed himſelf ſo looſely, as to have been miſunderſtood by Mr. Steevens. In the text theſe *unneceſſary* verſes, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preſerved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. Malone.

I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night ſhe's mew'd up[2] to her heavineſs.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love:[3] I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my ſon Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on wedneſday next—
But, ſoft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, wedneſday is too ſoon,
O' thurſday let it be;—o' thurſday, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſsly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:

[2] —— mew'd *up*—] This is a phraſe from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. So, in *Albumazar*, 1614:

" —— fully *mew'd*
" From brown ſoar feathers —."

Again, in our author's *King Richard III*:

" And, for his meed, poor lord he is *mew'd up*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Sir Paris, I will make a* deſperate *tender*
Of my child's love:] *Deſperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had ſaid in the vulgar phraſe, *I will ſpeak a* bold *word*, and venture *to promiſe you my daughter*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, 1600:

" Witneſs this *deſperate tender* of mine honour." STEEVENS.

Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to thurſday?

Par. My lord, I would that thurſday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' thurſday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is ſo very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber.*[4]

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:[5]
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

[4] SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The ſtage-direction in the firſt edition is—"*Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a window.*" In the ſecond quarto, "*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*" They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old Engliſh ſtage. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres* in Vol. II. Malone.

[5] *Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:* &c.] This ſcene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"The golden ſun was gone to lodge him in the weſt,
"The full moon eke in yonder ſouth had ſent moſt men to reſt;
"When reſtleſs Romeus and reſtleſs Juliet,
"In wonted ſort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber met, &c.
* * *
"Thus theſe two lovers paſs away the weary night
"In pain, and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleaſure and delight.

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree:[6]
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops;
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

" But now, ſomewhat too ſoon, in fartheſt eaſt aroſe
" Fair Lucifer, the golden ſtar that lady Venus choſe;
" Whoſe courſe appointed is with ſpeedy race to run,
" A meſſenger of dawning day and of the riſing ſun.—
" When thou ne lookeſt wide, ne cloſely doſt thou wink,
" When Phœbus from our hemiſphere in weſtern wave doth ſink,
" What colour then the heavens do ſhow unto thine eyes,
" The ſame, or like, ſaw Romeus in fartheſt eaſtern ſkies:
" As yet he ſaw no day, ne could he call it night,
" With equal force decreaſing dark fought with increaſing light.
" Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,
" With friendly kiſs, and ruthfully ſhe 'gan her knight behold."
MALONE.

[6] Nightly *ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree:*] This is not merely a poetical ſuppoſition. It is obſerved of the nightingale, that, if undiſturbed, ſhe ſits and ſings upon the ſame tree for many weeks together. STEEVENS.

'Tis but the pale reflex[7] of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heaven ſo high above our heads:
I have more care to ſtay, than will to go;[8]—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it ſo.—
How is't, my ſoul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion;[9]
This doth not ſo, for ſhe divideth us:
Sóme ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too![2]

[7] ——*the pale reflex*——] The appearance of a cloud oppoſed to the moon. Johnson.

[8] *I have more care to ſtay, than will to go*;] Would it not be better thus, *I have more will to ſtay, than care to go?* Johnson.

Care was frequently uſed in Shakſpeare's age for *inclination*. Malone.

[9] ——*ſweet* diviſion;] *Diviſion* ſeems to have been the technical phraſe for the pauſes or parts of a muſical compoſition. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" Sung by a fair queen in a ſummer's bower,
" With raviſhing *diviſion* to her lute."

To *run a diviſion*, is alſo a muſical term. Steevens.

[2] *Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;*
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!] I wiſh the lark and toad had changed voices; for then the noiſe which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark; it would conſequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks; not morning, when the lark ſings; and we ſhould not be under the neceſſity of ſeparation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and conſequently no ſignal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpoſe of Juliet's wiſh. Heath.

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occaſion of a common ſaying amongſt the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the ſpeaker alludes. Warburton.

Since arm from arm[3] that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.[4]
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expreſſed in a ruſtick rhyme:

" —To heav'n I'd fly,
" But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye." JOHNSON.

Read chang'*d* eyes. M. MASON.

[3] *Since arm from arm* &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deſerve to be replaced, but as they may ſhow the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to I *wot* was ſpecious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The ſenſe is this: *The lark, they ſay, has loſt her eyes to the toad, and now* I would *the toad had her voice too, ſince ſhe uſes it to the diſturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

[4] *Hunting thee up with* hunts-up *to the day.*] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

" Yet will I play a *hunts-up* to my Muſe."

Again, in the play of *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594 and 1599:

" To play him *huntſup* with a point of war,
" I'll be his minſtrell with my drum and fife."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1607:

" —Make a noiſe, its no matter; any *huntſup* to waken vice."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 13th:

" But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd ſylvans ſing."

STEEVENS.

Puttenham in his *Art of Engliſh Poeſy*, 1589, ſpeaking of one Gray, ſays, " what good eſtimation did he grow into with king Henry [the Eighth] and afterwards with the duke of Somerſet protectour, for making certaine merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*" RITSON.

A *huntſup* alſo ſignified a morning *ſong* to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly uſed here in that ſenſe. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in v. *Reſveil.* MALONE.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. Madam!

JUL. Nurſe?

NURSE. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
[*Exit* NURSE.

JUL. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROM. Farewell, farewell! one kiſs, and I'll deſcend. [ROMEO *deſcends.*

JUL. Art thou gone ſo? my love! my lord! my friend![5]
I muſt hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.[6]

ROM. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JUL. O, think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?

ROM. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.

JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul:[7]

[5] *Art thou gone ſo? my love! my lord! my friend!*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read:
Art thou gone ſo? love, lord, *ay huſband,* friend!
MALONE.

[6] *O! by this count I ſhall be much in years,*
Ere I again behold my Romeo.]
" Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,
" Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus." *Ovid. Epiſt. I.*
STEEVENS.

[7] *O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul:* &c.] This miſerable pre-

Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead [8] in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyeſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me, love, in my eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinks our blood.[9] Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* Romeo.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? [a] Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

ſcience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumſtance particularly beautiful. The ſame kind of warning from the mind, Romeo ſeems to have been conſcious of, on his going to the entertainment at the houſe of Capulet:

" ——my mind miſgives,
" Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtars,
" Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
" From this night's revels." Steevens.

[8] *O God! I have an* ill-divining *ſoul:*
Methinks, I ſee thee, *now thou art below*,
As one dead ——] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*
" The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;
" And fear doth teach it *divination*;
" *I prophecy thy death.*"
The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art *ſo low*. Malone.

[9] *Dry ſorrow drinks our blood.*] This is an alluſion to the proverb—" Sorrow's dry." Steevens.

He is accounting for their *paleneſs*. It was an ancient notion that ſorrow conſumed the blood, and ſhortened life. Hence in the third part of *King Henry VI*, we have—" *blood-ſucking* ſighs." Malone.

See Vol. XV. p. 290, n. 6. Steevens.

[a] *That is renown'd for faith?*] This Romeo, ſo *renown'd for faith*, was but the day before dying for love of another woman: yet this is natural. Romeo was the darling object of Juliet's love, and Romeo was, of courſe, to have every excellence. M. Mason.

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early?[2]
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?[3]

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?[4]
What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief ſhows much of love;
But much of grief ſhows ſtill ſome want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.

La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

[2] *Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early?*] Is ſhe not laid down in her bed at ſo late an hour as this? or rather is ſhe riſen from bed at ſo early an hour of the morn? Malone.

[3] —— procures *her hither?*] *Procures* for *brings*. Warburton.

[4] *Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?* &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" — time it is that now you ſhould our Tybalt's death forget;
" Of whom ſince God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,
" He is in bliſs, ne is there cauſe why you ſhould thus lament:
" *You cannot call him back with tears and ſhriekings ſhrill*;
" It is a fault thus ſtill to grudge at God's appointed will."
Malone.

So full as appoſitely in *Painter's* Novel, " Thinke no more upon the death of your couſin Thibault, *whom do you thinke to revoke with teares*," &c.? Steevens.

Jul. Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot chooſe but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That ſame villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him![5] I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, becauſe the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from[6] the reach of theſe my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my couſin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in Mantua,—
Where that ſame baniſh'd runagate doth live,—
That ſhall beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,[7]

[5] *God pardon* him!] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[6] *Ay, madam, from* &c.] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind diſturbed by the loſs of a new lover. Johnson.

[7] *That ſhall beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, leſs intelligibly,

Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram. Steevens.

The elder quarto has—That *ſhould*, &c. The word *ſhall* is drawn from that of 1599. Malone.

—— unaccuſtom'd *dram*,] In vulgar language, Shall give him a *dram* which he is *not uſed* to. Though I have, if I miſtake not, obſerved, that in old books *unaccuſtomed* ſignifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*. Johnson.

I believe Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation is the true one. Barnaby

That he ſhall ſoon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart ſo for a kinſman vex'd:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
That Romeo ſhould, upon receipt thereof,
Soon ſleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my couſin Tybalt[8]
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou[9] the means, and I'll find ſuch a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time:
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.

Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered*, 1563, uſes *unacquainted* in the ſame ſenſe:

" And ever as we mounted up,
" I lookte upon my wynges,
" And prowde I was, me thought, to ſee
" Suche *unacquaynted* thyngs." Steevens.

[8] —— *my couſin* Tybalt —] The laſt word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[9] *Find thou* &c.] This line in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. Steevens.

Jul. Madam, in happy time,[2] what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next thurſday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris,[3] at ſaint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by ſaint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte; that I muſt wed
Ere he, that ſhould be huſband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I ſwear,
It ſhall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—Theſe are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him ſo yourſelf.
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

[2] ——*in happy time,*] *A la bonne heure.* This phraſe was interjected, when the hearer was not quite ſo well pleaſed as the ſpeaker. Johnson.

[3] *The county Paris,*] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is moſt commonly ſtiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakſpeare ſeems to have preferred, for ſome reaſon or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count:* perhaps he took it from the old Engliſh novel, from which he is ſaid to have taken his plot."—He certainly did ſo: Paris is there firſt ſtiled *a young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*; according to the unſettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

"As when a captaine doth beſiege ſome hold,
"Set in a mariſh, or high on a hill,
"And trieth waies and wiles a thouſand fold,
"To bring the place ſubjected to his will;
"So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.
Godfrey of Bulloigne, Book VII. Stanza 90.
Farmer.

See p. 374-75, n. 5. Malone.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurſe.

CAP. When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew;[4]
But for the ſunſet of my brother's ſon,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?[5]

[4] *When the ſun ſets, the* air *doth drizzle dew*;] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599 and the folio is philoſophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly riſes from the earth, in conſequence of the action of the heat of the ſun on its moiſt ſurface. Thoſe vapours which riſe from the earth in the courſe of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as ſoon as they ariſe; but thoſe which riſe after ſun-ſet, form themſelves into drops, or rather into that fog or miſt which is termed dew.

Though, with the modern editors, I have followed the undated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I ſuſpected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece* ſtrongly ſupports that reading:

" But as the *earth* doth *weep*, the *ſun being ſet*,—."

MALONE.

When our author, in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, ſays: " And when ſhe [the moon] weeps, *weeps* every little flower;" he only means that every little flower is moiſtened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itſelf *drizzles dew*. This paſſage ſufficiently explains how the *earth*, in the quotation from *The Rape of Lucrece*, may be ſaid to *weep*. STEEVENS.

That Shakſpeare thought it was the *air* and not the *earth* that *drizzled* dew, is evident from other paſſages. So, in *King John*:

" Before the *dew* of evening *fall*."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

" His *dews fall* every where."

Again, in the ſame play:

" The *dews* of *heaven fall* thick in bleſſings on her."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" *Dews* of blood *fell*." RITSON.

[5] *How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?*] In Thomas

Evermore ſhowering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the winds, thy ſighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, ſir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſs'd,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logick![6] What is this?

Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. ii. ſt. 40. 1609, there is the ſame alluſion:

"You ſhould not let ſuch high-priz'd moyſture fall,
"Which from your hart your *conduit-eyes* diſtill."

HOLT WHITE.

Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already obſerved, were common in Shakſpeare's time. See Vol. VII. p. 189, n. 5.

We have again the ſame image in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"A pretty while theſe pretty creatures ſtand,
"Like ivory *conduits* coral ciſterns filling." MALONE.

[6] ——*chop-logick!*] This term, which hitherto has been divided

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud; [7]—Miſtreſs minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt thurſday next,
To go with Paris to ſaint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face! [8]

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to ſpeak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'thurſday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;

into two words, I have given as one, it being, as I learn from *The xxiiii orders of Knaves*, bl. l. no date, a nick-name.

"*Choplogyk* is he that whan his mayſter rebuketh his ſervaunt for his defawtes, he will gyve hym xx wordes for one, or elles he wyll bydde the deuylles pater noſter in ſcylence."

In *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell* &c. 1560 this word alſo occurs:

"But you wyl *choplogyck*
"And be Bee-to-buſſe," &c. Steevens.

[7] *And yet not proud*; &c.] This line is wanting in the folio. Steevens.

[8] ——*out, you baggage!*
You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakſpeare, that authors were not contented only to employ theſe terms of abuſe in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their verſions of the moſt chaſte and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of Virgil in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas——*hedgebrat, cullion*, and *tar-breech*, in the courſe of one ſpeech.

Nay, in the Interlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567, *Mary Magdalen* ſays to one of her attendants:

"*Horeſon*, I beſhrowe your heart, are you here?" Steevens.

My fingers itch.—Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſs'd,
That God had ſent us[9] but this only child;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bleſs her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.

Cap. And why, my lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; ſmatter with your goſſips, go.

Nurse. I ſpeak no treaſon.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one ſpeak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:[2] Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided

[9] ——*had* ſent *us*——] So the firſt quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—had *lent* us. Malone.

[2] *God's bread!* &c.] The firſt three lines of this ſpeech are formed from the firſt quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The firſt copy reads:

God's *bleſſed mother*, wife, it makes me mad,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or ſleeping,
Still my care hath been to *ſee* her match'd.

The quarto 1599, and the folio, read:

God's *bread*, it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath been
To *have* her match'd, &c. Malone.

A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demeſnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they ſay,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wiſh a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*[3]

[3] ——*and having now* provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,——
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" Such eare thy mother had, ſo dear thou wert to me,
" That I with long and earneſt ſuit *provided* have for thee
" One of the greateſt lords that wons about this town,
" And for his many virtues' ſake a man of great renown;—
" —— and yet thou playeſt in this caſe
" The *dainty fool* and ſtubborn girl; for want of ſkill,
" Thou doſt refuſe thy offer'd weal, and diſobey my will.
" Even by his ſtrength I ſwear that firſt did give me life,
" And gave me in my youth the ſtrength to get thee on my wife,
" Unleſs by Wedneſday next thou bend as I am bent,
" And, at our caſtle call'd Freetown, thou freely do aſſent
" To county Paris ſuit,—
" *Not only will I give all that I have away,*
" *From thee* to thoſe that ſhall me love, me honour and obey;
" But alſo to ſo cloſe and to ſo hard a gale
" I ſhall thee wed for all thy life, that ſure thou ſhalt not fail
" A thouſand times a day to wiſh for ſudden death:—
" Adviſe thee well, and ſay that thou art warned now,
" *And think not that I ſpeak* in ſport, *or mind to break my vow.*"

There is a paſſage in an old play called *Wily beguil'd*, ſo nearly reſembling this, that one poet muſt have copied from the other. *Wily beguil'd* was on the ſtage before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a ſuitor, which ſhe plucks back; on which her *nurſe* ſays,

" —She'll none, ſhe thanks you, ſir.
" *Gripe.* Will ſhe none? why, how now, I ſay?
" What, you *powting*, peeviſh thing, you untoward *baggage*,
" Will you not be ruled by your father?
" *Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this?*

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' the ſtreets,
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?[4]
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.[5]

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurſe! how ſhall this be prevented?
My huſband is on earth, my faith in heaven;

" And will you doe as you liſt?
" Away, I ſay; *hang, ſtarve, beg,* be gone;
" Out of my ſight! pack, I ſay:
" Thou ne'er get'ſt a pennyworth of my goods for this.
" Think on't; *I do not uſe to jeſt:*
" Be gone, I ſay, I will not hear thee ſpeake." Malone.

[4] *Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,*
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?] So, in *King John*, in two parts, 1591:
" Ah boy, thy yeeres, I ſee, are far too greene,
" *To look into the bottom of theſe cares.*" Malone.

[5] *In that* dim *monument* &c.] The modern editors read *dun* monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto, 1597, and the folio. Steevens.

How ſhall that faith return again to earth,
Unleſs that huſband ſend it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counſel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!—
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurſe.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is baniſhed; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then, ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the county.[6]
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſhclout to him; an eagle, madam,

[6] *'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo*
Is baniſhed; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—
Then, ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the county.] The character of the nurſe exhibits a juſt picture of thoſe whoſe actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the truſt repoſed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the conſequences of her firſt infidelity. Stevens.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the nurſe exhibits the ſame readineſs to accommodate herſelf to the preſent conjuncture:

" The flattering nurſe did praiſe the friar for his ſkill,
" And ſaid that ſhe had done right well, by wit to order will;
" She ſetteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
" And eke ſhe praiſeth much to her *the ſecond marriage*;
" *And county Paris now ſhe praiſeth ten times more*
" *By wrong, than ſhe herſelf by right had Romeus prais'd before:*
" Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill; *Romeus ſhall not return*;
" What ſhall it boot her all her life to languiſh ſtill and mourn?" Malone.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in the *Relapſe*, has copied in this reſpect the character of his nurſe from Shakſpeare. Blackstone.

Hath not ſo green,[7] ſo quick, ſo fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here[8] and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my ſoul too;
Or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?[9]

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

[7] ——*ſo* green,—— *an eye,*] So the firſt editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ſo keen.* Johnson.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the ſame colour:

" His noſe was high, his eyin bright *citryn*:"

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher and Shakſpeare, Act V. ſc. i:

" —— oh vouchſafe,
" With that thy rare *green* eye," &c.—— Steevens.

What Shakſpeare meant by this epithet here, may be eaſily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to Thiſbé in the laſt act of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Theſe lily lips,
" This cherry noſe,
" Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone!—
" His eyes were *green* as leeks." Malone.

[8] *As living here* ——] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *as living hence*, that is, at a diſtance, in baniſhment; but *here* may ſignify, *in this world.* Johnson.

[9] To *what?*] The ſyllable—*To*, which is wanting towards the meaſure, I have ventured to ſupply. When Juliet ſays—*Amen!* the Nurſe might naturally aſk her *to* which of the foregoing ſentiments ſo ſolemn a formulary was ſubjoined. Steevens.

Having diſpleas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done.
[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation![9] O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin—to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thouſand times?—Go, counſellor;
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Paris.

Fri. On thurſday, ſir? the time is very ſhort.

Par. My father Capulet will have it ſo;
And I am nothing ſlow, to ſlack his haſte.[2]

[9] *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in *The Malcontent*, 1604:

" —out, you *ancient damnation!*" Steevens.

[2] *And I am nothing ſlow*, &c.] *His haſte ſhall not be abated by my ſlowneſs.* It might be read:

And I am nothing ſlow to *back* his haſte:

that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haſte. Johnson.

Slack was certainly the author's word, for, in the firſt edition, the line ran—

" And I am nothing *ſlack* to ſlow his haſte."

Back could not have ſtood there.

If this kind of phraſeology be juſtifiable, it can be juſtified only

Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the courſe, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, ſir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe doth give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety:
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.

Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.[3]
[*Aſide.*
Look, ſir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, ſir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on thurſday next.

by ſuppoſing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of ſlowneſs in me, to induce me to ſlacken or abate his haſte.* The meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wiſh to reſtrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverſe of this, and ſeem rather to mean, *I am not backward in reſtraining his haſte*; I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnſon ſaw the impropriety of this expreſſion, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at firſt preſent; and hence his propoſed alteration; but our author muſt anſwer for his own peculiarities. See Vol. XII. p. 628, n. 9. Malone.

[3] ——*be* ſlow'd.] So, in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of the ſecond book of Lucan:

"——will you overflow
"The fields, thereby my march to *ſlow?*" Steevens.

Jul. What muſt be ſhall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?

Jul. To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am ſure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their ſpite.

Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no ſlander, ſir,[4] that is a truth;
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.

Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now;
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?[5]

[4] *That is no* ſlander, *ſir*, &c.] Thus the firſt and ſecond folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—That is no *wrong*, &c. and ſo leaves the meaſure defective. STEEVENS.

A word was probably omitted at the preſs. The quarto, 1599, and the ſubſequent copies, read:

That is no *ſlander*, ſir, which is a truth.

The context ſhews that the alteration was not made by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

The repetition of the word *wrong*, is not, in my opinion, neceſſary: beſides, the reply of Paris juſtifies the reading in the text: "Thy face is mine, and thou haſt *ſlander'd* it." STEEVENS.

[5] *Or ſhall I come to you at* evening maſs?] Juliet means *veſpers*.

Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now:—
My lord, we muſt entreat the time alone.

Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion!—
Juliet, on thurſday early will I rouſe you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit* Paris.

Jul. O, ſhut the door! and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me; Paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thurſday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wiſdom, thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,[6]
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

There is no ſuch thing as *evening maſs*; which our author muſt neceſſarily have known, if, as there is ſome reaſon to believe, he had been bred a *Papiſt*. Ritson.

[6] *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The ſeals of deeds in our authour's time were not impreſſed on the parchment itſelf on which the deed was written, but were appended on diſtinct ſlips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *King Richard II.* the duke of York diſcovers a covenant which his ſon the duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending ſeal:

"What ſeal is that, which *hangs* without thy boſom?"

See the *fac-ſimile* of Shakſpeare's hand writing in Vol. I. Malone.

Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire;[7] arbitrating that
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art[8]
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf to ſcape from it;
And, if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;[9]
Or walk in thieviſh ways; or bid me lurk
Where ſerpents are; chain me[2] with roaring bears;

[7] *Shall play the umpire*;] That is, this knife ſhall decide the ſtruggle between me and my diſtreſſes. Johnson.

[8] —— commiſſion *of thy years and art* —] *Commiſſion* is for *authority* or *power*. Johnson.

[9] *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,*
From off the battlements of yonder tower;] So, in *King Leir*, written before 1594:

" Yea, for to do thee good, I would aſcend
" The higheſt turret in all Britanny,
" And from the top leap headlong to the ground."

Malone.

——*of* yonder *tower*;] Thus the quarto 1597. All other ancient copies—of *any* tower. Steevens.

[2] —— *chain me* &c.]

Or walk in thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
Where ſerpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. Pope.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but

Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel-houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;[3]
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give conſent

the old copy ſeems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,

Where *ſavage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have inſerted the lines which Mr. Pope omitted; for which I muſt offer this ſhort apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three diſtinct ideas, ſuch as may be ſuppoſed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are theſe:

Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me ——. STEEVENS.

The lines laſt quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnſon preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *hide* me nightly, &c. MALONE.

[3] *And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud*;] In the quarto, 1599, and 1609, this line ſtands thus:

And hide me with a dead man in his,

The editor of the folio ſupplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the diſguſting repetition of that word.

The original copy leads me to believe that Shakſpeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line ſtands thus:

Or lay me in a *tombe* with one new dead.

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *ſhroud*. MALONE.

It may be natural for the reader to aſk by what evidence this poſitive aſſertion relative to the printer, is ſupported.

To creep under a *ſhroud*, and ſo be placed in cloſe contact with a corpſe, is ſurely a more terrifick idea than that of being merely laid in a *tomb* with a dead companion. STEEVENS.

To marry Paris: Wedneſday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial,[4] being then in bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off:
When, preſently, through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour,[5] which ſhall ſeize

[4] *Take thou this phial,* &c.] So, in *The Tragical Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet:*

" Receive this phial ſmall, and keep it in thine eye,
" And on the marriage day, before the ſun doth clear the ſky,
" Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
" Then drink it off, and thou ſhalt feel throughout each *vein* and *limb*
" A pleaſant *ſlumber* ſlide, and quite diſpread at length
" On all thy parts; from every part reve all thy kindly ſtrength:
" Withouten moving then thy idle parts ſhall reſt,
" *No pulſe ſhall go,* no heart once heave within thy hollow breaſt;
" But thou ſhalt lie as ſhe that dieth in a trance;
" Thy kinſmen and thy truſty friends ſhall wail the ſudden chance:
" Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yard,
" Where thy forefathers long ago a coſtly tomb prepar'd:
" —— where thou ſhalt reſt, my daughter,
" Till I to Mantua ſend for Romeus, thy knight,
" Out of the tomb *both he and I* will take thee forth that night."

MALONE.

Thus, in *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure,* tom. ii. p. 237: " Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink ſo much as is contained therein. And then you ſhall feele a certaine kinde of pleaſant ſleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, will conſtrain them in ſuch wiſe, as unmoveable they ſhal remaine: and by not doing their accuſtomed duties, ſhall looſe their natural feelings, and you abide in ſuch extaſie the ſpace of xl hours at the leaſt, without any beating of poulſe or other perceptible motion, which ſhall ſo aſtonne them that come to ſee you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the cuſtome of our citie, you ſhall be caried to the churchyard hard by our church, when you ſhall be entombed in the common monument of the Capellets your anceſtors," &c. The number of hours during which the ſleep of Juliet was to continue, is not mentioned in the poem. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *through all thy veins ſhall run*
A cold and drowſy humour, &c.] The firſt edition in 1597 has

Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep
His natural progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat:
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liv'ſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes;[6] thy eyes' windows fall,[7]
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold, appear like death:

in general been here followed, except only, that inſtead of *a cold and drowſy humour*, we there find—" *a dull and heavy ſlumber*," and a little lower, " *no ſign of* breath," &c. The ſpeech, however, was greatly enlarged; for in the firſt copy it conſiſts of only thirteen lines; in the ſubſequent edition, of thirty three. MALONE.

[6] *The* roſes *in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade*
To paly aſhes;] It may be remarked, that this image does not occur either in Painter's proſe tranſlation, or Brooke's metrical verſion of the fable on which conjunctively the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* is founded. It may be met with, however, in *A doleſull Diſcourſe of a Lord and a Ladie*, by Churchyard, 4to. 1593:

" Her colour changde, her cheerfull lookes
" And countenance wanted ſpreete;
" *To ſallow aſhes* turnde the hue
" Of beauties *bloſſomes* ſweete:
" And drery dulneſſe had beſpred
" The weariſh bodie throw;
" Ech vitall vaine did flat refuſe
" To do their dutie now.
" The blood forſooke the wonted courſe,
" And backward ganne retire;
" And left the limmes as cold and ſwarfe
" As coles that waſtes with fire." STEEVENS.

To paly *aſhes*;] Theſe words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—To *many* aſhes, for which the editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted—*mealy* aſhes. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *King Henry V*:

" —— and through their *paly* flames,
" Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face."

We have had too already in a former ſcene—" *Pale*, pale as *aſhes*." MALONE.

[7] —— *thy eyes'* windows *fall*,] See Vol. XII. p. 680, n. 3. MALONE.

And in this borrow'd likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,[8]
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking,[9] and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame;

[8] *Then (as the manner of our country is,)*
In thy beſt robes uncover'd *on the bier,*] The Italian cuſtom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face *uncovered*, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our author found particularly deſcribed in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet:*
" Another uſe there is, that whoſoever dies,
" Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier he lies,*
" In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-ſheet—."
MALONE.

Thus alſo Ophelia's ſong in *Hamlet:*
" They bore him *bare-fac'd on the bier,*—." STEEVENS.

In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the firſt folio, introduce the following verſe, which the poet very probably had ſtruck out on his reviſal, becauſe it is quite unneceſſary, as the ſenſe of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.
Had Virgil lived to have reviſed his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:
" At *Venus* obſcuro gradientes aere ſepſit;
" Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu."
The aukward repetition of the nominative caſe in the ſecond of them, ſeems to decide very ſtrongly againſt it. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *and he and I*
Will watch thy waking,] Theſe words are not in the folio.
JOHNSON.

If no unconſtant toy,[2] nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.[3]

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve: I'll ſend a friar with ſpeed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength! and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Nurſe, *and* Servant.

Cap. So many gueſts invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.[4]

[2] *If no unconſtant toy*, &c.] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance. Johnson.

If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.] Theſe expreſſions are borrowed from the poem:

"Caſt off from thee at once the weed of *womaniſh dread*,
"With manly courage arm thyſelf from heel unto the head:—
"God grant he ſo confirm in thee thy preſent will,
"That no *inconſtant toy* thee let thy promiſe to fulfill!"
Malone.

[3] *Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.*] The old copies unmetrically read:

Give me, give me! O tell me not &c. Steevens.

[4] ——*go hire me* twenty *cunning* cooks.] *Twenty cooks* for *half a dozen gueſts!* Either Capulet has altered his mind ſtrangely, or our author forgot what he had juſt made him tell us. See p. 480. Ritson.

2. *Serv.* You ſhall have none ill, ſir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

2. *Serv.* Marry, ſir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers:[4] therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift[5] with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headſtrong? where have you been gadding?[6]

[4] ——*lick his own fingers*:] I find this adage in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, p. 157:

"As the olde cocke crowes ſo doeth the chick:
"A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick."

Steevens.

[5] ——*from* ſhrift—] i. e. from confeſſion. So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

"Ay, like a wench comes roundly to her *ſhrift*."

In the old Morality of *Every Man*, bl. l. no date, confeſſion is perſonified:

"Now I pray you, *Shrifte*, mother of ſalvacyon."

Steevens.

[6] ——*gadding?*] The primitive ſenſe of this word was to ſtraggle from houſe to houſe, and collect money, under pretence of ſinging carols to the Bleſſed Virgin. See Mr. T. Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 40. Steevens.

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you, and your beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love[7] I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—ſtand up:
This is as't ſhould be.—Let me ſee the county;
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.[8]

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till thurſday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and* Nurſe.

[7] ——*becomed love*——] *Becomed* for *becoming*: one participle for the other; a frequent practiſe with our author. Steevens.

[8] ——*this reverend holy friar,*
All our whole city is much bound to him.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
"—this is not, wife, the friar's firſt deſert;
"In all our commonweal ſcarce one is to be found,
"But is, for ſome good turn, unto this *holy father bound.*"
Malone.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldeſt quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:
All our whole city is much bound *unto*. Steevens.

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort[9] in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.[2]

Cap. Tuſh! I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the houſewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myſelf
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this ſame wayward girl is ſo reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and* Nurſe.[3]

Jul. Ay, thoſe attires are beſt:—But, gentle nurſe,

[9] *We ſhall be ſhort*——] That is, we ſhall be *defective.* Johnson.

[2] *'Tis now near night.*] It appears in a foregoing ſcene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tueſday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* ſhe went to Friar Lawrence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week, ["*Wedneſday is to-morrow.*"] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and ſhe is juſt now returned from ſhrift;—yet lady Capulet ſays, "'tis near *night*," and this ſame night is aſcertained to be *Tueſday*. This is one out of the many inſtances of our author's inaccuracy in the computation of time. Malone.

[3] *Enter Juliet and Nurſe.*] Inſtead of the next ſpeech, the quarto 1597 ſupplies the following ſhort and ſimple dialogue:

Nurſe. Come, come; what need you anie thing elſe?

Juliet. Nothing, good nurſe, but leave me to myſelfe.

Nurſe. Well there's a cleane ſmocke under your pillow, and ſo good night. Steevens.

I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night;
For I have need of many oriſons [4]
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and reſt; for thou haſt need.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and* Nurſe.

Jul. Farewell! [5]—God knows, when we ſhall meet again.

[4] *For I have need* &c.] Juliet plays moſt of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakſpeare meant to uniſh her hypocriſy. JOHNSON.

The pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the nurſe was ſuggeſted by *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, and ſome of the expreſſions of this ſpeech were borrowed from thence:

" Dear friend, quoth ſhe, you know to-morrow is the day
" Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpoſe is to pray*
" Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the ſkies,
" And order all the courſe of things as they can beſt deviſe,
" That they ſo *ſmile* upon the doings of to-morrow,
" That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from ſorrow;
" Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night*,
" But ſee that you to-morrow come before the dawninglight,
" For you muſt curl my hair, and ſet on my attire—."

MALONE.

[5] *Farewell!* &c.] This ſpeech received conſiderable additions after the elder copy was publiſhed. STEEVENS.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life: [6]
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurſe!—What ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all? [7]

[6] *I have a faint cold* fear *thrills through my veins,*
That almoſt freezes *up the heat of life:*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" And whilſt ſhe in theſe thoughts doth dwell ſomewhat too long,
" The force of her imagining anon did wax ſo ſtrong,
" That ſhe ſurmis'd ſhe ſaw out of the hollow vault,
" A grifly thing to look upon, the carcaſe of Tybalt;
" Right in the ſelf ſame ſort that ſhe few days before
" Had ſeen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded ſore.
" Her dainty tender parts 'gan ſhiver all for dread,
" Her golden hair did ſtand upright upon her *chilliſh* head:
" Then preſſed with the *fear* that ſhe there lived in,
" *A ſweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender ſkin.*"
MALONE.

[7] *What if this* mixture *do not work at all?*] So, in *Painter's Palce of Pleaſure*, tom. ii. p. 239: " —but what know I (ſayd ſhe) whether the operation of this pouder will be to ſoone or to late or not correſpondent to the due time, and that my faulte being liſcovered, I ſhall remayne a jeſting ſtocke and fable to the peoje? what know I moreover, if the ſerpents and other venomous and crauling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and bittes of the earth, will hurt me thinkyng that I am dead? But how ſhall I endure the ſtinche of ſo many carions and bones of myr aunceſtors which reſt in the grave, if by fortune I do awake beſce Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me? And as ſhe as thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, ſhe thought that ſhe ſawe a certaine viſion or fanſie of her couſin Thiault, in the very ſame ſort as ſhe ſawe him wounded and imbrue with blood:" STEEVENS.

Hre alſo Shakſpeare appears to have followed the poem:
" —to the end I may my name and conſcience ſave,
" muſt devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have:

Muſt I of force be married to the county?[8]—
No, no;—this ſhall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger.*[9]

" Whoſe *working* and whoſe force as yet I do not know:—
" And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:
" What do I know, (quoth ſhe) if that this powder ſhall
" Sooner or later than it ſhould, or elſe *not work at all?*
" And what know I, quoth ſhe, if ſerpents odious,
" And other beaſts and worms, that are of nature venomous,
" That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,
" And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men's tombs are found,
" Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I ſhall lie as dead?
" Or how ſhall I, that always have in ſo freſh air been bred,
" Endure the loathſome ſtink of ſuch a heaped ſtore
" Of carcaſes not yet conſum'd, and bones that long before
" Intombed were, where I my ſleeping-place ſhall have,
" Where all my anceſtors do reſt, my kindred's common grave?
" Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,
" Find me, if I awake before, *y-ſtifled in the tomb?*"

MALONE.

[8] Muſt *I of force be married to the* county?] Thus the quarto of 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions,

Shall I of force be married to the *count?*

The ſubſequent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,

Shall I be married *then to-morrow morning?* MALONE.

[9] —*lie thou there.* [*Laying down a dagger.*] This ſtage-direction has been ſupplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: " —*Knife*, lie thou there." It appears from ſeveral paſſages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet's *ſtate* had juſt been left with her. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" See at my girdle hang my *wedding knives!*"

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

" Here by my ſide do hang my *wedding knives:*
" Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
" And with the other, I'll diſpatch my love."

STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not neceſſary to have recourſe

What if it be a poiſon, which the friar
Subtly hath miniſter'd to have me dead;
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain ſo bad a thought.[2]—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,[3]

to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent ſoever the cuſtom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furniſhed herſelf with this inſtrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris:

" If all fail elſe, myſelf have power to die."

Accordingly, in the very next ſcene, when ſhe is at the friar's cell, and before ſhe could have been furniſhed with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then conſented to marry the count,) ſhe ſays:

" Give me ſome preſent counſel, or, behold,
" 'Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*
" Shall play the umpire." MALONE.

[2] *I will not entertain ſo bad a thought.*] This line I have reſtored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

[3] *As in a vault*, &c.] This idea was probably ſuggeſted to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repoſitory of the ſame kind in England.—I was furniſhed with this obſervation by Mr. Murphy, whoſe very elegant and ſpirited defence of Shakſpeare againſt the

Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried anceſtors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,[4]
Lies feſt'ring[5] in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,[6]
So early waking,—what with loathſome ſmells;
And ſhrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;[7]—

criticiſms of Voltaire, is one of the leaſt conſiderable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world.
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*green in earth,*] i. e. freſh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet:*
" —of our dear brother's death,
" The memory be *green.*"
Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley:
" ——I am but
" *Green* in my honours." STEEVENS.

[5] *Lies* feſt'ring ——] To *feſter* is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1599:
" Lillies that *feſter* ſmell far worſe than weeds."
This line likewiſe occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakſpeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been aſcribed to him. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*is it not like, that I,*] This ſpeech is confuſed, and inconſequential, according to the diſorder of Juliet's mind.
JOHNSON.

[7] ——*run mad;*] So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:
" I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake,*
" And am *grown mad* with't."
Again, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, 1611:
" The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear
" With more ſad horror, than that voice does mine."
Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:
" I'll rather give an ear to the black *ſhrieks*
" Of *mandrakes,*" &c.
Again, in *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher:*
" This is the *mandrake's voice* that undoes me."
The *mandrake* (ſays Thomas Newton in his *Herball to the Bible,*

O! if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,[8]
Environed with all theſe hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his ſhroud?
And, in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out Romeo, that did ſpit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, ſtay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.[9]
[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

8vo. 1587) has been idly repreſented as "a creature having life and engendered under the earth of the ſeed of ſome dead perſon that hath beene convicted and put to death for ſome felonie or murther; and that they had the ſame in ſuch dampiſh and funerall places where the ſaide convicted perſons were buried," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 145, n. 2; and Vol. X. p. 111, n. 9. MALONE.

[8] ——*be* diſtraught,] *Diſtraught* is diſtracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

"Is, for that river's ſake, near of his wits *diſtraught*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ix:

"What frantick fit, quoth he, hath thus *diſtraught*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*] So the firſt quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read:

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take theſe keys, and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.[2]

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir! the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell [3] hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

[2] *They call for* dates *and quinces in the* paſtry.] i. e. in the room where paſte was made. So *laundry, ſpicery,* &c. MALONE.

See Vol. IV. p. 83, n. 5. STEEVENS.

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1560, are the following entries:

"Item payd for iiii pound of *dates* iiii *ſ.*
"Item payd for xxiiii pounde of prunys iii. *s.* viii *d.*"
STEEVENS.

[3] *The* curfeu *bell*——] I know not that the morning-bell is called the *curfeu* in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening as appears from a paſſage in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton,* 1608:

"—well 'tis *nine* o'clock, tis time to ring *curfew.*"
STEEVENS.

The *curfew bell* is univerſally rung at *eight* or *nine* o'clock at night; generally according to the ſeaſon. The term is here uſed with peculiar impropriety, as it is not believed that *any* bell was ever rung ſo early as *three* in the morning. The derivation of *curfeu* is well known, but it is a mere vulgar error that the inſtitution was a badge of ſlavery impoſed by the Norman Con-

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:[4]
Spare not for coſt.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for leſſer cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt[5] in your time;
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and* Nurſe.

queror. To *put out the fire* became neceſſary only becauſe it was time to go to bed: And if the *curfeu* commanded all fires to be extinguiſhed, the morning bell ordered them to be lighted again. In ſhort, the ringing of thoſe two bells was a manifeſt and eſſential ſervice to people who had ſcarcely any other means of meaſuring their time. Ritson.

[4] *Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:*] Shakſpeare has here imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty ſolicitudes of a private houſe concerning a provincial entertainment. To ſuch a buſtle our author might have been witneſs at home; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet, whoſe wife, if *Angelica* be her name, is here directed to perform the office of a houſekeeper. Steevens.

[5] ——*a* mouſe-hunt——] It appears from a paſſage in *Hamlet*, that *mouſe* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman:

" Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouſe*."

Steevens.

So, in a letter from Alleyn, the celebrated player, to his wife, written in 1593 (now in Dulwich College):

" Emanuel,

" My good ſweet *mouſe*, I commend me hartely to you and to my father, my mother, and to my ſiſter Beſs, hoping in God, though the ſickneſs be round about you, yett by his mercy itt may eſcape your houſe," &c. Malone.

The animal called the *mouſe-hunt*, is the *martin*. Henley.

Cat after kinde, good mouſe hunt, is a proverb in *Heywood's Dialogue*, 1598. 1ſt. pt. c. 2. Holt White.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, *with ſpits, logs, and baſkets.*

1. *Serv.* Things for the cook, ſir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte. [*Exit* Serv.]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will ſhow thee where they are.

2. *Serv.* I have a head, ſir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid; A merry whoreſon! ha,
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with muſick ſtraight,
[*Muſick within.*
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near:—
Nurſe!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurſe, I ſay!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haſte,
Make haſte! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haſte, I ſay! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber*; Juliet *on the Bed.*

Enter Nurſe.

Nurse. Miſtreſs!—what, miſtreſs!—Juliet!—
faſt, I warrant her, ſhe:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you ſlug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I ſay!—madam! ſweet-heart!—why,
bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths
now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath ſet up his reſt,[6]

[6] ——*ſet up his reſt,*] This expreſſion, which is frequently employed by the old dramatick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuſs. This was ſo heavy a gun, that the ſoldiers were obliged to carry a ſupporter called a *reſt*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uſes it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "—ſet your heart at reſt, for I have *ſet up my reſt*, that unleſs you can run ſwifter than a hart, home you go not." The ſame expreſſion occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother:*

"——*My reſt is up,*
"Nor will I go leſs——"

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Like a muſket on a *reſt.*"

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Françoiſe*, tom. v. plate 48.
STEEVENS.

The origin of this phraſe has certainly been rightly explained, but the good nurſe was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expreſſion may probably be ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe already explained, it is however oftener employed with a reference to the *game at primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in uſe. In the ſecond inſtance above quoted it is certainly

That you ſhall reſt but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how ſound is ſhe aſleep!
I needs muſt wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;[7]
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, dreſt! and in your clothes! and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For ſhame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead; alack the day!

ſo. To avoid loading the page with examples, I ſhall refer to *Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780, where ſeveral are brought together. REED.

[7] ——*why* lady!—*fie, you* ſlug-abed!——
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet:*
"Firſt ſoftly did ſhe call, then louder did ſhe cry,
"*Lady, you ſleep too long, the earl will raiſe you by and by.*"
MALONE.

La. Cap. Alack the day! ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me ſee her:—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Accurſed time![8] unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.[9]

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Paris, *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O ſon, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:[1]—See, there ſhe lies,

[8] *Accurſed time!* &c.] This line is taken from the firſt quarto, 1597. Malone.

[9] *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,*
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.] Our author has here followed the poem cloſely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this ſcene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long ſpeech, but the old man utters not a word:

" But more than all the reſt the father's heart was ſo
" Smit with the heavy news, and ſo ſhut up with ſudden woe,
" That he ne had the power his daughter to beweep,
" *Ne yet to ſpeak*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep." Malone.

[1] *O ſon, the night before thy wedding day*
Hath death lain with thy bride:] Euripides has ſported with

Flower as ſhe was, deflowered by him.[3]
Death is my ſon-in-law,[4] death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.[5]

Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,[6]
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?

this thought in the ſame manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

" Τήνδ' αὖ τάλαιναν παρθένον (τί παρθένον;
" Ἅιδης νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα.)" Sir W. Rawlinson.

Hath death lain with thy bride:] Perhaps this line is coarſely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*

" Dead: ſhe's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead."
Steevens.

Decker ſeems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

" —— I'll to my wedding bed,
" And *Death*, not Romeo, *take my maidenhead.*"

The word *ſee* in the line before us, is drawn from the firſt quarto. Malone.

[3] Flower *as ſhe was*, deflowered *by him.*] This jingle was common to other writers; and among the reſt, to Greene, in his *Greene in Conceipt*, 1598: " —— a garden-houſe having round about it many *flowers*, and within it much *deflowering*." Collins.

[4] *Death is my ſon-in-law*, &c.] The remaining part of this ſpeech, " death is my heir," &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition; and ſome of the ſubſequent editors, following his example, took the ſame unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly reſtored by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[5] —— *life* leaving, *all is death's.*] The old copies read—life *living*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[6] —— *morning's face,*] The quarto, 1597, continues the ſpeech of Paris thus:

And doth it now preſent ſuch prodigies?
Accurſt, unhappy, miſerable man,
Forlorn, forſaken, deſtitute I am;
Born to the world to be a ſlave in it:
Diſtreſt, remedileſs, unfortunate.
O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me
To live ſo vile, ſo wretched as I ſhall? Steevens.

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that e'er time ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day![8]
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpited, ſlain!
Moſt déteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder murder our ſolemnity?—
O child! O child!—my ſoul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead![9]—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

[8] *O woe! O woful,* &c.] This ſpeech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited. [that of 1597] Several other parts unneceſſary or tautology, are not to be found in the ſaid edition; which occaſions the variation in this from the common books. Pope.

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed. Malone.

[9] *Dead art thou,* dead! &c.] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakſpeare wrote—

Dead, *dead,* art thou, &c.

When the ſame word is repeated, the compoſitor often is guilty of omiſſion. Malone.

I have repeated the word—*dead,* though in another part of the line. Steevens.

Fri. Peace, ho, for ſhame! confuſion's cure[2] lives not
In theſe confuſions. Heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt you ſought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itſelf?
O, in this love, you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary
On this fair corſe; and, as the cuſtom is,
In all her beſt array bear her to church:
For though fond nature[3] bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reaſon's merriment.

[2] ——*confuſion's* cure—] Old copies—*care*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Theſe violent and confuſed exclamations, ſays the friar, will by no means alleviate that ſorrow which at preſent overwhelms and diſturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"Why, Collatine, is woe the *cure* of woe?" Malone.

[3] *For though* fond *nature*——] This line is not in the firſt quarto. The quarto, 1599, and the folio read,—though *ſome* nature. The editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted *fond* for *ſome*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propoſe. I have already ſhown that all the alterations made by the editor of the ſecond folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto, 1597, where we find—
In all her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments, &c.
The quarto 1599, and folio, read:
And in her beſt array bear her to church. Malone.

I am fully ſatisfied with the reading of the ſecond folio, the propriety of which is confirmed by the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*:
"'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable ſtrokes." Steevens.

Cap. All things,[3] that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a ſad burial feaſt;[4]
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers ſerve for a buried corſe,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, ſir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corſe unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.

[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris, *and* Friar.

1. *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honeſt good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe.[5]

[*Exit* Nurſe.

[3] *All things*, &c.] Inſtead of this and the following ſpeeches, the eldeſt quarto has only a couplet:

Cap. Let it be ſo: come woeful ſorrow-mates,
Let us together taſte this bitter fate. Steevens.

All things, that we ordained feſtival, &c.] So, in the poem already quoted:

" Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,
" And now to ſorrow is return'd the joy of every one;
" And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they change,
" And *Hymen* to *a dirge*:—alas! it ſeemeth ſtrange.
" Inſtead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,
" And, whom they ſhould ſee married, they follow to the grave;
" The *feaſt* that ſhould have been of pleaſure and of joy,
" Hath every diſh and cup fill'd full of ſorrow and annoy."
Malone.

[4] —— *burial feaſt*;] See Vol. XV. p. 40, n. 4. Steevens.

[5] —— *a* pitiful *caſe*.] If this ſpeech was deſigned to be metrical, we ſhould read—*piteous*. Steevens.

1. *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter PETER.[6]

Pet. Muſicians, O, muſicians, *Heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's eaſe.*

1. *Mus.* Why *heart's eaſe?*

Pet. O, muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays —*My heart is full of woe:*[7] O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me.[8]

[6] *Enter* Peter.] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of *Peter* was originally performed by *William Kempe.* MALONE.

[7] *My heart is full of woe:*] This is the burthen of the firſt ſtanza of *A pleaſant new Ballad of Two Lovers:*

"Hey hoe! *my heart is full of woe.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me.*] A *dump* anciently ſignified *ſome kind of dance,* as well as *ſorrow.* So, in *Humour out of Breath,* a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"He loves nothing but an *Italian dump,*
"Or a *French brawl.*"

But on this occaſion it means a mournful ſong. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris,* 1584, after the ſhepherds have ſung an elegiac hymn over the hearſe of *Colin, Venus* ſays to *Paris:*

"—How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?
"*Paris.* Such *dumps,* ſweet lady, as bin theſe, are deadly *dumps* to prove." STEEVENS.

Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; poſſibly indeed *any ſort* of movements were once ſo called, as we ſometimes meet with a *merry dump.* Hence *doleful dumps,* deep ſorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page but one, and in the leſs ancient ballad of *Chevy Chaſe.* It is ſtill ſaid of a perſon uncommonly ſad, that he is in the dumps.

In a Mſ. of Henry the eighth's time, now among the King's Collection in the Muſeum, is a tune for the cittern, or guitar, intitled, "My lady Careys *dompe*;" there is alſo "The duke of Somerſettes *dompe*;" as we now ſay, "Lady Coventry's *Minuet,*"

2. *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

1. *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek:[9] I will give you the minſtrel.[2]

1. *Mus.* Then will I give you the ſerving-creature.

&c. "If thou wert not ſome blockiſh and ſenſeleſs dolt, thou wouldeſt never laugh when I ſung a heavy mixt-Lydian tune, or a note to a *dumpe* or dolefull dittie." Plutarch's *Morals*, by Holland, 1602. p. 61. RITSON.

At the end of *The Secretaries Studie*, by Thomas Gainsford, eſq. 4to. 1616, is a long poem of forty-ſeven ſtanzas, and called *A Dumpe or Paſſion*. It begins in this manner:

"I cannot ſing; for neither have I voyce,
"Nor is my minde nor matter muſicall;
"My barren pen hath neither form nor choyce:
"Nor is my tale or taleſman comicall,
"Faſhions and I were never friends at all:
"I write and credit that I ſee and knowe,
"And mean plain troth; would every one did ſo."

REED.

9 ——*the* gleek:] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occaſion."

To *gleek* is to ſcoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*. STEEVENS.

The uſe of this cant term is no where explained; and in all probability cannot, at this diſtance of time, be recovered. *To gleek* however ſignified to put a joke or trick upon a perſon, perhaps to *jeſt* according to the coarſe humour of that age. See *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, above quoted. RITSON.

2 *No money, on my faith; but the* gleek; *I will give you the* minſtrel.] Shakſpeare's pun has here remained unnoticed. A *Gleekman* or *Gligman*, as Dr. Percy has ſhown, ſignified a *minſtrel*. See his Eſſay on the antient Engliſh Minſtrels, p. 55. The word *gleek* here ſignifies *ſcorn*, as Mr. Steevens has already obſerved;

Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Anſwer me like men:

When griping grief[3] *the heart doth wound,*
And doleful dumps the mind oppreſs,[4]
Then muſick, with her ſilver ſound;

and is as he ſays, borrowed from the old game ſo called, the method of playing which may be ſeen in Skinner's Etymologicon, in voce, and alſo in the Compleat Gameſter, 2d edit. 1676, p. 90. Douce.

——*the* minſtrel.] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a *parſon* was cheaper than that of a *minſtrel* or a *cook*.

" Item, payd to the preacher vi s. iid.
" Item, payd to the minſtrell xii s.
" Item, payd to the coke xv s." Steevens.

[3] *When* griping *grief* &c.] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his tranſlation of the ſecond book of Virgil's Æneid, makes the hero ſay:

" New *gripes* of dred then pearſe our trembling breſtes."

Dr. Percy thinks that the queſtions of Peter are deſigned as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. Steevens.

In Commendation of Muſicke.

Where griping grief ye hart would woūd, (& dolful domps ye mind oppreſſe,
There muſick with her ſilver ſound, is wont with ſpede to geue redreſſe;

Why, *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?*
What ſay you, Simon Catling?[5]

1. *Mus.* Marry, ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! What ſay you, Hugh Rebeck?[6]

Of troubled minds for every ſore, ſwete muſick hath a ſalue in ſtore:
In ioy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy ſprights,
The carefull head releef hath found, by muſicks pleaſant ſwete delights:
Our ſenſes, what ſhould I ſaie more, are ſubject unto muſicks lore.
The Gods by muſick hath their pray, the ſoul therein doth ioye,
For as the Romaine poets ſaie, in ſeas whom pirats would deſtroye,
A Dolphin ſau'd from death moſt ſharpe, Arion playing on his harp.
Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the ſterne doth rule the ſhip,)
Of muſick, whom ye Gods aſſignde to comfort man, whom cares would nip,
Sith thou both man, & beaſt doeſt moue, what wiſem thē will thee reprove?
From the Paradiſe of Daintie Deuiſes, fol. 31. b. *Richard Edwards.*

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of ſundry poems in this collection, ſee an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and alſo in Tanner's *Bibliotheca.* Sir John Hawkins.

Another copy of this ſong is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry. Steevens.

[4] *And doleful dumps the mind oppreſs,*] This line I have recovered from the old copy [1597.] It was wanting to complete the ſtanza as it is afterwards repeated. Steevens.

[5] — *Simon* Catling?] A *catling* was a ſmall lute-ſtring made of *catgut.* Steevens.

In *An hiſtorical account of taxes under all denominations in the time of William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: "For every groſs of *catlings* and luteſtring," &c. A. C.

[6] — *Hugh Rebeck?*] The fidler is ſo called from an inſtrument

2. *Mus.* I ſay—*ſilver ſound*, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What ſay you, James Sound-poſt?

3. *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the ſinger: I will ſay for you. It is—*muſick with her ſilver ſound*,[7] becauſe ſuch fellows as you[8] have ſeldom gold for ſounding:—

Then muſick with her ſilver ſound,
With ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs.
[*Exit, ſinging.*

1. *Mus.* What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2. *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

with three ſtrings, which is mentioned by ſeveral of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquin.* See Menage, in v. *Rebec.* So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle:* "—'Tis preſent death for theſe fidlers to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace." In *England's Helicon*, 1600, is *The Shepherd Arſilius, his Song to his* Rebeck, by Bar. Yong. Steevens.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an inſtrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round,
"And the jocund *rebecks* ſound——" Malone.

[7] ——*ſilver ſound*,] So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"Faith, fellow fidlers, here's no *ſilver ſound* in this place."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"—— what harmony is this
"With *ſilver ſound* that glutteth Sophos' ears?"

Spenſer perhaps is the firſt author of note who uſed this phraſe:

"A *ſilver ſound* that heavenly muſick ſeem'd to make."
Steevens.

Edwards's Song preceded Spenſer's poem. Malone.

[8] —— *becauſe ſuch fellows as you*——] Thus the quarto, 1597. The others read—becauſe *muſicians*. I ſhould ſuſpect that a fidler made the alteration. Steevens.

ACT V.[9] SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. If I may truſt the flattering eye of ſleep,[a]
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:

[9] *Act V.*] The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better diſtribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the peruſal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the firſt folio, and I ſuppoſe the foregoing editions are in the ſame ſtate, there is no diviſion of the acts, and therefore ſome future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. JOHNSON.

[a] *If I may truſt the flattering* eye *of ſleep,*] Thus the earlieſt copy, meaning, perhaps, if I may truſt to what *I ſaw* in my ſleep. The folio reads:

If I may truſt the flattering *truth* of ſleep;

which is explained, as follows, by Dr. Johnſon. STEEVENS.

The ſenſe is, *If I may truſt the* honeſty *of ſleep*, which I know however not to be ſo nice as not often to practiſe *flattery*. JOHNSON.

The ſenſe ſeems rather to be—"If I may repoſe any confidence in the flattering viſions of the night."

Whether the former word ought to ſuperſede the more modern one, let the reader determine: it appears to me, however, the moſt eaſily intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

If I may truſt the flattering eye *of ſleep,*] i. e. If I may confide in thoſe delightful *viſions* which I have *ſeen* while aſleep. The preciſe meaning of the word *flattering* here, is aſcertained by a former paſſage in Act II:

"——all this is but a *dream*,
"Too *flattering-ſweet* to be ſubſtantial."

By *the eye of ſleep* Shakſpeare, I think, rather meant the viſual

My boſom's lord[3] ſits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit

power, which a man aſleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exerciſe, than the eye of *the god of ſleep.*

This is the reading of the original copy in 1597, which in my opinion is preferable in this and various other places, to the ſubſequent copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

If I may truſt the flattering *truth* of ſleep,

which by a very forced interpretation may mean, If I may confide in the pleaſing viſions of ſleep, and, believe them to be true.—

Otway, to obtain a clearer ſenſe than that furniſhed by the words which Dr. Johnſon has interpreted, reads, leſs poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never ſeen, but with nearly the ſame meaning:

If I may truſt the *flattery* of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:

and Mr. Pope has followed him.

In this note I have ſaid, that I thought Shakſpeare *by the eye of ſleep* meant the viſual power which a man aſleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exerciſe, rather than the eye of the *God of ſleep:* but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the ſame time ſtrongly ſupports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of ſleep was meant:

" My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks;
" O, if thy *eye* be not a *flatterer,*
" Come thou on my ſide, and entreat for me." MALONE.

[3] *My* boſom's lord ——] So, in *King Arthur,* a Poem, by R. Chefter, 1601:

" That neither Uter nor his councell knew
" How his deepe *boſome's lord* the dutcheſs thwarted."

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *boſom's lord,* he means—*Cupid.* STEEVENS.

So alſo, in the preface to *Caltha Poetarum, or the Rumble-bee,* 1599: " —whilſt he [*Cupid,*] continues honoured in the world, we muſt once a yeare bring him upon the ſtage, either dancing, kiſſing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *ſeating* himſelf *in their breaſts,*" &c.

Thus too Shakſpeare, in *Twelfth Night:*

" It gives a very echo to the ſeat
" Where *love* is *throu'd.*"

Again, in *Othello:*

" Yield up, O *Love,* thy crown and *hearted throne.*"

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;

Though the paſſage quoted above from *Othello* proves deciſively that Shakſpeare conſidered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, ſince this note was written, ſtrange as it may ſeem, that by *my boſom's lord*, we ought to underſtand, not the *god of love*, but *the heart*. The words—*love ſits lightly on his throne*, ſays Mr. Maſon, can only import "that Romeo loved leſs intenſely than uſual." Nothing leſs. Love, the lord of my boſom, (ſays the ſpeaker,) who has been much diſquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened ſince my marriage, is now, in conſequence of my laſt night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—ſits *cheerful* in his throne, aſcertains the author's meaning beyond a doubt.

When the poet deſcribed the god of love as ſitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phraſe, *a light heart*, which ſignified in his time, as it does at preſent, a heart undiſturbed by care.

Whenever Shakſpeare wiſhes to repreſent a being that he has perſonified, eminently happy, he almoſt always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"And on your eyelids *crown* the god of ſleep."

Again, in the play before us:

"Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
"For 'tis a *throne* where honour may be *crown'd*,
"Sole monarch of the univerſal earth."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Henry V:*

"As if allegiance *in their boſoms ſat*,
"*Crowned* with faith and conſtant loyalty." MALONE.

My boſom's lord——] Theſe three lines are very gay and pleaſing. But why does Shakſpeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulneſs juſt before the extremity of unhappineſs? Perhaps to ſhow the vanity of truſting to thoſe uncertain and caſual exaltations or depreſſions, which many conſider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this paſſage himſelf a little further on:

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,
"Have they been merry? which their keepers call
"A lightning before death."

Again, in G. Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:

"—a lightning delight againſt his ſouden deſtruction."

STEEVENS.

(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd,[4] and was an emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſs'd,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthaſar?
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet?[5] That I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

BAL. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in Capels' monument,[6]

[4] *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;——*
And breath'd *ſuch* life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd,] Shakſpeare ſeems here to have remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As you Like It*:

" By this ſad Hero——
" Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;
" *He kiſs'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,*" &c.

MALONE.

[5] *How fares my Juliet?*] So the firſt quarto. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

How *doth my lady* Juliet? MALONE.

[6] —— *in* Capels' *monument,*] Thus the old copies; and thus Gaſcoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

" Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, ſo that
" They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they paſſe,
" For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene theſe two houſes was." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* uſed indiſcriminately in the poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels'* monument the modern editors have ſubſtituted—*Capulet's* monument. MALONE.

Not all of them. The edition preceding Mr. Malone's, does not, on this occaſion, differ from his. REED.

And her immortal part with angels lives;
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, ſir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars![7]—
Thou know'ſt my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, ſir, I will not leave you thus:[8]
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthasar.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's ſee for means:—O, miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,[9]—

[7] —— *I* defy *you, ſtars!*] The firſt quarto—I defy *my* ſtars. The folio reads—*deny* you, ſtars. The preſent and more animated reading is picked out of both copies. Steevens.

The quarto of 1599, and the folio, read—I *deny you*, ſtars. Malone.

[8] *Pardon me, ſir, I will not leave you thus.*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read: "I do beſeech you, ſir, have patience." Steevens.

So alſo the quarto, 1599. Malone.

[9] *I do remember an apothecary,* &c.] This circumſtance is likewiſe found in Painter's tranſlation, tom. ii. p. 241. "—beholdyng an apoticaries ſhoppe of lytle furniture, and leſſe ſtore of *boxes* and other thynges requiſite for that ſcience, thought that the

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones: [2]
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuff'd,[3] and other ſkins

verie povertie of the mayſter apothecarye would make him wyllyngly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde." STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakſpeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed more than one expreſſion from thence:

" And ſeeking long, alas, too ſoon! the thing he ſought, he found.
" An apothecary ſat unbuſied at his door,
" Whom by his *heavy countenance* he gueſſed to be poor;
" And in his ſhop he ſaw his *boxes* were but few,
" And in his window of his wares there was ſo ſmall a *ſhew:*
" Wherefore our Romeus aſſuredly hath thought,
" What by no friendſhip could be got, with money ſhould be bought;
" For needy lack is like the poor man to compel
" To ſell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to ſell.—
" Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)——
" Fair ſir, (quoth he) be ſure this is the *ſpeeding geer,*
" And more there is than you ſhall need; for half of that is there
" Will ſerve, I undertake, in leſs than half an hour
" To kill the ſtrongeſt man alive, ſuch is the poiſon's power."
MALONE.

[2] —— *meager were his looks,*
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:] See Sackville's deſcription of *Miſerie* in his *Induction:*
" His *face was leane,* and ſome deal pinde away;
" And eke *his hands conſumed to the bone.*" MALONE.

[3] *An alligator ſtuff'd,*] It appears from Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden,* 1596, that a ſtuff'd alligator, in Shakſpeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's ſhop. " He made (ſays Naſhe,) an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, inſtead of an *apothecary's* crocodile, or *dried alligator.*" MALONE.

I was many years ago aſſured, that formerly when an apothecary firſt engaged with his druggiſt, he was gratuitouſly furniſhed by

Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,[3]
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid—
An if a man[4] did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
O, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need;
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe:
Being holiday, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I ſee, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon; ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer

him with theſe articles of ſhow, which were then imported for that uſe only. I have met with the alligator, tortoiſe &c. hanging up in the ſhop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouſe, as well as in places more remote from our metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage Alamode*, Plate III.—It may be remarked, however, that the apothecaries diſmiſſed their alligators &c. ſome time before the phyſicians were willing to part with their amber-headed canes and ſolemn periwigs. STEEVENS.

[3] *A* beggarly *account of empty boxes,*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly* is probably right; if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous. JOHNSON.

[4] An if *a man* &c.] This phraſeology which means ſimply—*If*, was not unfrequent in Shakſpeare's time and before. Thus, in Lodge's *Illuſtrations*, Vol. I. p. 85: "—meanys was maid unto me to ſee [illegible] I wold appoynt" &c. REED.

As will diſperſe itſelf through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare, and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thy eyes,[5]

[5] *Need and oppreſſion* ſtarveth *in thy eyes,*] The firſt quarto reads:

And ſtarved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

Need and oppreſſion *ſtarveth* in thy eyes.

Our modern editors, without authority,

Need and oppreſſion *ſtare* within thy eyes. Steevens.

The paſſage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus:

Need and oppreſſion *ſtareth* in thy eyes.

For they cannot, properly, be ſaid to *ſtarve* in his eyes; though *ſtarved famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy*, not *thine*, is the reading of the folio, and thoſe who are converſant in our author, and eſpecially in the old copies, will ſcarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the propoſed emendation. Ritson.

The modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whoſe *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:

"Need and oppreſſion *ſtareth* in thy eyes."

The word *ſtarved* in the firſt copy ſhows that *ſtarveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this ſpeech ſtands thus:

And doſt thou fear to violate the law?
The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law.
Upon thy back hangs ragged miſerie,
And ſtarved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The laſt line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been ſubſtituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text

Upon thy back hangs ragged miſery,[6]
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would deſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſouls,
Doing more murders in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyſelf in fleſh.—
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there muſt I uſe thee.

[*Exeunt.*

without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving an hemiſtick. MALONE.

[6] *Upon thy back hangs ragged miſery,*] This is the reading of the oldeſt copy. I have reſtored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the ſubſequent impreſſions:

" Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back."

In *The Firſt Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this of Shakſpeare:

" Whoſe famiſh'd jaws look like the chaps of death,
" Upon whoſe eye-brows hang damnation." STEEVENS.

Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

" Upon thy *back* where *miſery doth ſit.*
" O Rome," &c.

Jeronimo was performed before 1590. MALONE.

See Vol. VIII. p. 6, n. 4. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

JOHN. Holy Franciſcan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

LAU. This ſame ſhould be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What ſays Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,[7]
Here in this city viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting, that we both were in a houſe

[7] *One of our order, to aſſociate me,*] Each friar has always a companion aſſigned him by the ſuperior when he aſks leave to go out; and thus, ſays Baretti, they are a check upon each other.
STEEVENS.

In *The Viſitatio Notabilis de Seleburne*, a curious record printed in *The Natural Hiſtory and Antiquities of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the Prior, who is ordered on ſuch occaſions to aſſign the brother a companion, *ne ſuſpicio ſiniſtra vel ſcandalum oriatur. Append.* p. 448.
HOLT WHITE.

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting, &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to Mantua there was ſtay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not ſend it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,[8] but full of charge,

" Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;
" And, for becauſe in Italy it is a wonted guiſe
" That friars in the town ſhould ſeldom walk alone,
" But of their convent aye *ſhould be accompanied with one*
" *Of his profeſſion*, ſtraight a houſe he findeth out,
" In mind to take ſome friar with him, to walk the town about."

Our author having occaſion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and ſuppoſed the peſtilence to rage at Verona, inſtead of Mantua.

Friar John ſought for a brother merely for the ſake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of viſiting the ſick; the words therefore, *to aſſociate me*, muſt be conſidered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. muſt refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the paſſage ought to be regulated thus:

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town
Here in this city viſiting the ſick, &c.

But the text is certainly right. The ſearchers would have had no ground of ſuſpicion, if neither of the friars had been in an infected houſe. Malone.

[8] ——*was not* nice,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle ſubject.

Nice ſignifies *fooliſh* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer. So, in the ſecond book *De Confeſſione Amantis*, fol. 37:

" My ſonne, eſchewe thilke vice.——
" My father elles were I *nice*."

Again, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the Lordes*, &c.

" —the moſt complaint of all,

Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring 't thee. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now muſt I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;[9]
She will beſhrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

" Is to thinkin that I have be ſo *nice*,
" That I ne would in vertues to me call," &c.

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

" You muſt appeare to be ſtraunge and *nyce*."

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, obſerves, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the ſynonymes of *ſot*. Apol. Herod. l. i. c. 4. Steevens.

See Vol. X. p. 602, n. 9; and Vol. XII. p. 354, n. 7. Malone.

9 *Within theſe three hours will fair Juliet wake*;] Inſtead of this line, and the concluding part of the ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

" Leſt that the lady ſhould before I come
" Be wak'd from ſleep, I will hye
" To free her from that tombe of miſerie." Steevens.

SCENE III.

A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and ſtand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*

PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit doſt contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels doſt remain,[a]

[a] *Fair Juliet, that with angels* &c.] Theſe four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has theſe lines:

" Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew;
" O woe! thy canopy is duſt and ſtones,
" Which with ſweet water nightly I will dew,
" Or, wanting that, with tears diſtill'd by moans.

Accept this lateſt favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praiſes do adorn thy tomb!
[*The boy whiſtles.*
The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.[3]
[*retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.

" The obſequies that I for thee will keep,
" Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy grave, and weep."
JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactneſs; but took the firſt and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verſes, which I have reſtored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the ſeven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[3] —— muffle *me, night, a while.*] Thus in Drayton's *Polyolbion:*
" But ſuddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,
" Do *muffle* him againe—"
Muffle was not become a low word even in the time of Milton, as the Elder Brother in *Comus* uſes it:
" Un*muffle* ye faint ſtars" &c.
A *muffler*, as I have already obſerved, was a part of female dreſs. See Vol. III. p. 454. n. 8. STEEVENS.

Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I muſt uſe
In dear employment:[4] therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are ſavage-wild;[5]
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring ſea.

Bal. I will be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhow me friendſhip.—Take thou that:
Live, and be proſperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou déteſtable[6] maw, thou womb of death,

[4] ——*dear employment:*] That is, *action of importance.* Gems were ſuppoſed to have great powers and virtues. Johnson.

See Vol. V. p. 465, n. 7. Steevens.

Ben Jonſon uſes the word *dear* in the ſame ſenſe:

"Put your known talents on ſo *dear* a buſineſs."
Catiline, Act I.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 10th book of the Odyſſey:

"——full pitching on
"The *deareſt* joint his head was plac'd upon."
Steevens.

See Vol. XI. p. 650, n. 7. Malone.

[5] ——*ſavage-wild;*] Here the ſpeech concludes in the old copy. Steevens.

[6] ——*déteſtable*——] This word, which is now accented on the ſecond ſyllable, was once accented on the firſt; therefore this line did not originally ſeem to be inharmonious. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604:

"Court with vain words and *déteſtable* lyes."

Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in deſpite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that baniſh'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's couſin;—with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
[*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou muſt die.

Rom. I muſt, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon theſe gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beſeech thee, youth,
Heap not another ſin upon my head,[7]
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf:

Again, in Shakſpeare's *King John*, Act III. ſc. iii:
"And I will kiſs thy *déteſtable* bones." STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:
"Such *déteſtable* vile impiety." MALONE.

[7] Heap *not* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folios—*Put* not; which led Mr. Rowe to introduce the unauthorized reading—pu*ll*. That in the text, however, is the true one. So, in *Cymbeline*:
"—— thou *heapeſt*
"A year's age on me." STEEVENS.

So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:
"With ſighs and ſalted tears her ſhriving doth begin,
"For ſhe of *heaped* ſorrows hath to ſpeak, and not of *ſin*."
MALONE.

And her immortal part with angels lives;
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, ſir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars![7]—
Thou know'ſt my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, ſir, I will not leave you thus:[8]
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's ſee for means:—O, miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,[9]—

[7] —— *I* deſy *you, ſtars!*] The firſt quarto—I defy *my* ſtars. The folio reads—*deny* you, ſtars. The preſent and more animated reading is picked out of both copies. Steevens.

The quarto of 1599, and the folio, read—I *deny you*, ſtars. Malone.

[8] *Pardon me, ſir, I will not leave you thus.*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read: "I do beſeech you, ſir, have patience." Steevens.

So alſo the quarto, 1599. Malone.

[9] *I do remember an apothecary*, &c.] This circumſtance is likewiſe found in Painter's tranſlation, tom. ii. p. 241. "—beholdyng an apoticaries ſhoppe of lytle furniture, and leſſe ſtore of *boxes* and other thynges requiſite for that ſcience, thought that the

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:[2]
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuff'd,[3] and other ſkins

verie povertie of the mayſter apothecarye would make him wyllyngly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde." STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakſpeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed more than one expreſſion from thence:

" And ſeeking long, alas, too ſoon! the thing he ſought, he found.
" An apothecary ſat unbuſied at his door,
" Whom by his *heavy countenance* he gueſſed to be poor;
" And in his ſhop he ſaw his *boxes* were but few,
" And in his window of his wares there was ſo ſmall a *ſhew:*
" Wherefore our Romeus aſſuredly hath thought,
" What by no friendſhip could be got, with money ſhould be bought;
" For needy lack is like the poor man to compel
" To ſell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to ſell.—
" Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)——
" Fair ſir, (quoth he) be ſure this is the *ſpeeding geer,*
" And more there is than you ſhall need; for half of that is there
" Will ſerve, I undertake, in leſs than half an hour
" To kill the ſtrongeſt man alive, ſuch is the poiſon's power."
MALONE.

[2] —— *meager were his looks,*
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:] See Sackville's deſcription of *Miſerie* in his *Induction:*
" His *face was leane,* and ſome deal pinde away;
" And eke *his hands conſumed to the bone.*" MALONE.

[3] *An alligator ſtuff'd,*] It appears from Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden,* 1596, that a ſtuff'd alligator, in Shakſpeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's ſhop. " He made (ſays Naſhe,) an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, inſtead of an *apothecary's* crocodile, or *dried alligator.*" MALONE.

I was many years ago aſſured, that formerly when an apothecary firſt engaged with his druggiſt, he was gratuitouſly furniſhed by

Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,[3]
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid—
An if a man[4] did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
O, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need;
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe:
Being holiday, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I ſee, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon; ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer

him with theſe articles of ſhow, which were then imported for that uſe only. I have met with the alligator, tortoiſe &c. hanging up in the ſhop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouſe, as well as in places more remote from our metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage Alamode*, Plate III.—It may be remarked, however, that the apothecaries diſmiſſed their alligators &c. ſome time before the phyſicians were willing to part with their amber-headed canes and ſolemn periwigs. STEEVENS.

[3] *A* beggarly *account of empty boxes,*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly* is probably right; if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous. JOHNSON.

[4] An if *a man* &c.] This phraſeology which means ſimply—*If*, was not unfrequent in Shakſpeare's time and before. Thus, in Lodge's *Illuſtrations*, Vol. I. p. 85: "—meanys was maid unto me to ſee an *if* I wold appoynt" &c. REED.

As will diſperſe itſelf through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare, and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thy eyes,[5]

[5] *Need and oppreſſion* ſtarveth *in thy eyes,*] The firſt quarto reads:

And ſtarved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

Need and oppreſſion *ſtarveth* in thy eyes.

Our modern editors, without authority,

Need and oppreſſion *ſtare* within thy eyes. Steevens.

The paſſage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus:

Need and oppreſſion *ſtareth* in thy eyes.

For they cannot, properly, be ſaid to *ſtarve* in his eyes; though *ſtarved famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy*, not *thine*, is the reading of the folio, and thoſe who are converſant in our author, and eſpecially in the old copies, will ſcarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the propoſed emendation. Ritson.

The modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whoſe *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:

"Need and oppreſſion *ſtareth* in thy eyes."

The word *ſtarved* in the firſt copy ſhows that *ſtarveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this ſpeech ſtands thus:

And doſt thou fear to violate the law?
The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law.
Upon thy back hangs ragged miſerie,
And ſtarved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The laſt line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been ſubſtituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text

Upon thy back hangs ragged miſery,[6]
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would deſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſouls,
Doing more murders in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyſelf in fleſh.—
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there muſt I uſe thee.

[*Exeunt.*

without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving an hemiſtick. MALONE.

[6] *Upon thy back hangs ragged miſery,*] This is the reading of the oldeſt copy. I have reſtored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the ſubſequent impreſſions:

"Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back."

In *The Firſt Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this of Shakſpeare:

"Whoſe famiſh'd jaws look like the chaps of death,
"Upon whoſe eye-brows hang damnation." STEEVENS.

Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

"Upon thy *back* where *miſery doth ſit.*
"O Rome," &c.

Jeronimo was performed before 1590. MALONE.

See Vol. VIII. p. 6, n. 4. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

JOHN. Holy Franciſcan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

LAU. This ſame ſhould be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What ſays Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,[7]
Here in this city viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting, that we both were in a houſe

[7] *One of our order, to aſſociate me,*] Each friar has always a companion aſſigned him by the ſuperior when he aſks leave to go out; and thus, ſays Baretti, they are a check upon each other.
STEEVENS.

In *The Viſitatio Notabilis de Seleburne*, a curious record printed in *The Natural Hiſtory and Antiquities of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the Prior, who is ordered on ſuch occaſions to aſſign the brother a companion, *ne ſuſpicio ſiniſtra vel ſcandalum oriatur. Append.* p. 448.
HOLT WHITE.

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting, &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to Mantua there was ſtay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not ſend it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,[8] but full of charge,

" Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;
" And, for becauſe in Italy it is a wonted guiſe
" That friars in the town ſhould ſeldom walk alone,
" But of their convent aye *ſhould be accompanied with one*
" *Of his profeſſion*, ſtraight a houſe he findeth out,
" In mind to take ſome friar with him, to walk the town about."

Our author having occaſion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and ſuppoſed the peſtilence to rage at Verona, inſtead of Mantua.

Friar John ſought for a brother merely for the ſake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of viſiting the ſick; the words therefore, *to aſſociate me*, muſt be conſidered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. muſt refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the paſſage ought to be regulated thus:

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town
Here in this city viſiting the ſick, &c.

But the text is certainly right. The ſearchers would have had no ground of ſuſpicion, if neither of the friars had been in an infected houſe. Malone.

[8] ——*was not* nice,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle ſubject.

Nice ſignifies *fooliſh* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer. So, in the ſecond book *De Confeſſione Amantis*, fol. 37:

" My ſonne, eſchewe thilke vice.——
" My father elles were I *nice*."

Again, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the Lordes*, &c.

" —the moſt complaint of all,

Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring 't thee. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now muſt I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;[9]
She will beſhrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

" Is to thinkin that I have be ſo *nice*,
" That I ne would in vertues to me call," &c.

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

" You muſt appeare to be ſtraunge and *nyce*."

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, obſerves, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the ſynonymes of *ſot*. Apol. Herod. l. i. c. 4. Stevens.

See Vol. X. p. 602, n. 9; and Vol. XII. p. 354, n. 7. Malone.

9 *Within theſe three hours will fair Juliet wake*;] Inſtead of this line, and the concluding part of the ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

" Leſt that the lady ſhould before I come
" Be wak'd from ſleep, I will hye
" To free her from that tombe of miſerie." Stevens.

SCENE III.

A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and ſtand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*

PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit doſt contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels doſt remain,[a]

[a] *Fair Juliet, that with angels* &c.] Theſe four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has theſe lines:

" Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew;
" O woe! thy canopy is duſt and ſtones,
" Which with ſweet water nightly I will dew,
" Or, wanting that, with tears diſtill'd by moans.

Accept this lateſt favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praiſes do adorn thy tomb!
[*The boy whiſtles.*
The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.[3]
[*retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.

" The obſequies that I for thee will keep,
" Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy grave, and weep."
JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactneſs; but took the firſt and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verſes, which I have reſtored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the ſeven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[3] —— muffle *me, night, a while.*] Thus in Drayton's *Polyolbion:*
" But ſuddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,
" Do *muffle* him againe—"
Muffle was not become a low word even in the time of Milton, as the Elder Brother in *Comus* uſes it:
" Un*muffle* ye faint ſtars" &c.
A *muffler*, as I have already obſerved, was a part of female dreſs. See Vol. III. p. 454. n. 8. STEEVENS.

Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I muſt uſe
In dear employment:[4] therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are ſavage-wild;[5]
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring ſea.

Bal. I will be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhow me friendſhip.—Take thou that:
Live, and be proſperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou déteſtable[6] maw, thou womb of death,

[4] ——*dear employment:*] That is, *action of importance.* Gems were ſuppoſed to have great powers and virtues. Johnson.

See Vol. V. p. 465, n. 7. Steevens.

Ben Jonſon uſes the word *dear* in the ſame ſenſe:

"Put your known talents on ſo *dear* a buſineſs."

Catiline, Act I.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 10th book of the Odyſſey:

"——full pitching on
"The *deareſt* joint his head was plac'd upon."

Steevens.

See Vol. XI. p. 650, n. 7. Malone.

[5] ——*ſavage-wild;*] Here the ſpeech concludes in the old copy. Steevens.

[6] ——*déteſtable*——] This word, which is now accented on the ſecond ſyllable, was once accented on the firſt; therefore this line did not originally ſeem to be inharmonious. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604:

"Court with vain words and *déteſtable* lyes."

Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in deſpite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that baniſh'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's couſin;—with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
[*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou muſt die.

Rom. I muſt, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon theſe gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beſeech thee, youth,
Heap not another ſin upon my head,[7]
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf:

Again, in Shakſpeare's *King John*, Act III. ſc. iii:
"And I will kiſs thy *déteſtable* bones." Steevens.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:
"Such *déteſtable* vile impiety." Malone.

[7] Heap *not* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folios—*Put* not; which led Mr. Rowe to introduce the unauthorized reading—pu*ll*. That in the text, however, is the true one. So, in *Cymbeline:*
"—— thou *heapeſt*
"A year's age on me." Steevens.

So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet:*
"With ſighs and ſalted tears her ſhriving doth begin,
"For ſhe of *heaped* ſorrows hath to ſpeak, and not of *ſin*."
Malone.

Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter ſay—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,[8]
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight.*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit* Page.

Par. O, I am ſlain! [*falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruſe this face;—
Mercutio's kinſman, noble county Paris:—
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul

[8] *I do* defy *thy conjurations,*] Thus the quarto 1597. Paris conceived Romeo to have burſt open the monument for no other purpoſe than to do *ſome villainous ſhame* on the dead bodies, ſuch as witches are reported to have practiſed; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magick arts which he ſuſpects he is preparing to uſe. So, in Painter's tranſlation of the novel, tom. ii. p. 244: "—the watch of the city by chance paſſed by, and ſeeing light within the grave, ſuſpected ſtraight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs *to abuſe the dead bodies,* for aide of their arte." The folio reads:

I do *defy* thy commiſeration.

One of the ancient ſenſes of the verb—to *defy,* was to *refuſe* or *deny.* So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon,* 1601:

"Or, as I ſaid, for ever I *defy* your company."

Again, in *The Miſeries of Queen Margaret,* by Drayton:

"My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy.*"

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen,* B. II. c. viii:

"Foole, (ſaid the Pagan) I thy gift *defye.*"

See Vol. VIII. p. 407, n. 8.

Paris may, however, mean—I refuſe to do as thou *conjureſt* me to do, i. e. to depart. Steevens.

I do defy thy conjurations,] So the quarto 1597. Inſtead of this, in that of 1599, we find—*commiration.* In the next quarto of 1609 this was altered to *commiſeration,* and the folio being probably printed from thence, the ſame word is exhibited there. The obvious interpretation of theſe words, "*I refuſe to do as thou conjureſt me to do, i. e. to depart,*" is in my apprehenſion the true one. Malone.

Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris ſhould have married Juliet:
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?[9]
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was ſo?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern,[2] ſlaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting preſence[3] full of light.

[9] ——*or did I dream it ſo?*] Here the quarto 1597 not inelegantly ſubjoins:

" But I will ſatisfy thy laſt requeſt,
" For thou haſt priz'd thy love above thy life."

A following addition, however, obliged our author to omit theſe lines, though perhaps he has not ſubſtituted better in their room. STEEVENS.

[2] *A grave? O, no; a* lantern,] A *lantern* may not, in this inſtance, ſignify an encloſure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is ſtyled *lanternium*, i. e. a ſpacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals, and ſometimes halls, are illuminated. See the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minſter.

The ſame word, with the ſame ſenſe, occurs in Churchyard's *Siege of Edinbrough Caſtle:*

" This lofty ſeat and *lantern* of that land,
" Like lodeſtarre ſtode, and lokte o'er eu'ry ſtreete." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*preſence*——] A *preſence* is a *public room.* JOHNSON.

A preſence means a publick room, which is at times the *preſence-chamber* of the ſovereign. So, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques ſays, his maſter is a duke,

" His chamber hung with nobles, like *a preſence.*" M. MASON.

Again, in *Weſtward for Smelts*, 1620: " ——the *king* ſent for the wounded man into the *preſence.*" MALONE.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:

" The darkeſt dungeon which ſpite can deviſe
" To throw this carcaſe in, her glorious eyes
" Can make as lightſome as the faireſt chamber
" In Paris Louvre." STEEVENS.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.[3]
[*Laying* Paris *in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?[4]—O, my love! my wife!

[3] ——*by a dead man interr'd.*] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, conſiders himſelf as already dead. MALONE.

Till I read the preceding note, I ſuppoſed Romeo meant, that he placed Paris by the ſide of *Tybalt* who was already dead, and buried in the ſame monument. The idea, however, of a man's receiving burial from a dead undertaker, is but too like ſome of thoſe miſerable conceits with which our author too frequently counteracts his own pathos. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*O*, how *may I*
Call this a lightning?] I think we ſhould read,
——*O*, now *may I*
Call this a lightning?—— JOHNSON.

How is certainly right and proper. Romeo had, juſt before, been in high ſpirits, a ſymptom, which he obſerves, was ſometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how ſays he (for no ſituation can exempt Shakſpeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *ſad* and *gloomy* proſpect a *lightning?* RITSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The firſt copy reads: *But* how, &c. which ſhows that Dr. Johnſon's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramatick pieces. So, in the ſecond part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"I thought it was *a lightning before death*,
"Too ſudden to be certain."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 15th Iliad:

"—ſince after this he had not long to live,
"This *lightning flew before his death.*"

Again, in his tranſlation of the 18th Odyſſey:

"——extend their cheer
"To th' utmoſt *lightning* that ſtill uſhers *death.*"

STEEVENS.

Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:[5]
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.[6]—
Tybalt, lieſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?[7]
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,

[5] *Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,*
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. III: "Death being able to divide the ſoule, but not the beauty from her body." STEEVENS.

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:
"Decayed roſes of diſcolour'd cheeks
"Do yet retain ſome notes of former grace,
"*And ugly death ſits faire within her face.*" MALONE.

[6] —— *beauty's* enſign *yet*
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale *flag* &c.] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:
"And nought reſpecting death (the laſt of paines)
"Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *enſign* of his might)
"Upon his new-got ſpoil;" &c.
In the firſt edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare is leſs florid in his account of the lady's beauty; and only ſays:
"—— ah, dear Juliet,
"How well thy beauty doth become this grave!"
The ſpeech, as it now ſtands, is firſt found in the quarto, 1599. STEEVENS.

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.] An ingenious friend ſome time ago pointed out to me a paſſage of *Marini*, which bears a very ſtrong reſemblance to this:
Morte la'nſegna ſua pallida e bianca
Vincitrice ſpiegò ſu'l volto mio.
Rime lugubri, p. 149, edit. Venet. 1605. TYRWHITT.

[7] *Tybalt, lieſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?*] So, in Painter's tranſlation, tom. ii. p. 242: "—— what greater or more cruel ſatisfaction canſt thou deſyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than to ſee hym which murdered thee, to be empoyſoned wyth hys owne handes, and buryed by thy ſyde?" STEEVENS.

To ſunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, couſin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? Shall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;[8]

[8] ——*Ah, dear Juliet,*
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous; &c.] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:
"Ah, now, methinks, I ſee *death dallying ſeeks*
"*To entertain itſelfe in love's ſweete place.*" MALONE.

In the quarto 1597, the paſſage runs thus:
——Ah dear Juliet,
How well thy beauty doth become this grave!
O, I believe that unſubſtantial death
Is amorous, and doth court my love.
Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,
Set up my everlaſting reſt
With worms that are thy *chamber-maids.*
Come, deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary barge:
Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are ſwift: thus with a kiſs I die. [*falls.*

In the quarto 1599, and the folio, (except that the latter has *arms* inſtead of *arm*,) the lines appear thus:
——Ah dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? *I will believe*
Shall I believe that unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour;
For fear of that I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this palace [*pallat* * 4°] of dim night
[Depart again. Come, lie thou in my arm:
Here's to thy health where e'er thou tumbleſt in.
O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiſs I die.]
Depart again; here, here, will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids: O, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt,
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars, &c.
Come, bitter conduct, come, unſavoury guide!

* —*pallat*—] meaning perhaps the *bed* of night. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
"Upon uneaſy *pallets* ſtretching thee."
In *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, however, (an old MS. in the library of the Marquis of Lanſdowne) monuments are ſtyled the "*palaces* of death." STEEVENS.

And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will ſtill ſtay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt;[9]

Thou deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary bark!
Here's to my love. O, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiſs I die.

As the old blundering tranſcribers or compoſitors may be fairly ſuppoſed, in the preſent inſtance, to have given what Shakſpeare had rejected, as well as what he deſigned to appear in his text, the lines within the crotchets are here omitted. Following the example of Mr. Malone, I have alſo omitted the long notes which, in ſome former editions, had accompanied this paſſage. STEEVENS.

There cannot, I think, be the ſmalleſt doubt that the words included within crotchets, which are not found in the undated quarto, were repeated by the careleſſneſs or ignorance of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. In like manner, in a former ſcene we have two lines evidently of the ſame import, one of which only the poet could have intended to retain. See p. 506, n. 8.

In a preceding part of this paſſage Shakſpeare was probably in doubt whether he ſhould write:

—— I *will* believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;

Or,

—— *Shall* I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;

and having probably eraſed the words *I will believe* imperfectly, the wiſe compoſitor printed the rejected words as well as thoſe intended to be retained.

With reſpect to the line,

Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumbleſt in,

it is unneceſſary to inquire what was intended by it, the paſſage in which this line is found, being afterwards exhibited in another form; and being much more accurately expreſſed in its ſecond than in its firſt exhibition, we have a right to preſume that the poet intended it to appear in its ſecond form, that is, as it now appears in the text. MALONE.

[9] —— *my everlaſting reſt*;] See a note on ſcene 5th of the pre-

And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-wearied fleſh.—Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death![3]—
Come, bitter conduct,[4] come, unſavoury guide!
Thou deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary bark!

ceding act, p. 520, n. 6. So, in *The Spaniſh Gipſie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

" —— could I *ſet up my reſt*
" That he were loſt, or taken priſoner,
" I could hold truce with ſorrow."

To *ſet up one's reſt*, is to be determined to any certain purpoſe, to reſt in perfect confidence and reſolution, to make up one's mind.

Again, in the ſame play:

" *Set up thy reſt*; her marrieſt thou, or none." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *Eyes, look your laſt!*
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" Pitiful mouth, ſaid he, that living gaveſt
" The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoul could wiſh,
" O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou haveſt
" The ſorrowing farewell of a dying kiſs!
" And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliſs,
" Motives of love, born to be matched never,
" Entomb'd in your ſweet circles, ſleep for ever!"

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other paſſages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the laſt act of the preſent tragedy.

A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing *death!*] *Engroſſing* ſeems to be uſed here in its clerical ſenſe. MALONE.

[4] *Come bitter* conduct,] Marſton alſo in his ſatires, 1599, uſes *conduct* for *conductor*:

" Be thou my *conduct* and my genius."

So, in a former ſcene in this play:

" And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now."

See Vol. III. p. 156, n. 7. MALONE.

Here's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiſs I die.
[*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and ſpade.*

FRI. Saint Francis be my ſpeed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves?[5]—Who's there?
Who is it that conſorts, ſo late, the dead?[6]

BAL. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRI. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BAL. It doth ſo, holy ſir; and there's my maſter,
One that you love.

FRI. Who is it?

BAL. Romeo.

FRI. How long hath he been there?

BAL. Full half an hour.

FRI. Go with me to the vault.

BAL. I dare not, ſir:

[5] ——*how oft to-night*
Have my old feet ſtumbled *at graves?*] This accident was reckoned ominous. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
"For many men that *ſtumble* at the threſhold,
"Are well foretold, that danger lurks within."
Again, in *King Richard III*, Haſtings, going to execution, ſays:
"Three times to-day my footcloth horſe did *ſtumble*."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Who is it* &c.] This very appropriate queſtion I have reſtored from the quarto 1597. STEEVENS.

My maſter knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.

FRI. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

BAL. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my maſter and another fought,[6]
And that my maſter ſlew him.

FRI. Romeo?— [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?—
What mean theſe maſterleſs and gory ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who elſe? what, Paris too?
And ſteep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady ſtirs.[7] [JULIET *wakes and ſtirs.*

[6] *I dreamt my maſter and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have eſcaped the hand of any painter leſs attentive to it than Shakſpeare. What happens to a perſon while he is under the manifeſt influence of fear, will ſeem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, repreſents Rheſus dying faſt aſleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a ſword into his boſom. Euſtathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in ſuch a condition, ſays Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to ſee confuſedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a viſion. STEEVENS.

[7] *The lady ſtirs.*] In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the ſtage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the ſtory as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes:

"*Mar. Jun.* She breathes, and ſtirs.

"*Lav.* [*in the tomb.*] Where am I? bleſs me! Heaven!

"'*Tis very cold,* and yet here's ſomething warm.

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?
[*Noiſe within.*

Fri. I hear ſome noiſe.—Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;[8]
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead;[9]
And Paris too; come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is coming;[2]

" *Mar. Jun. She lives, and we ſhall both be made immortal.*
" Speak, my Lavinia, ſpeak ſome heavenly news,
" And tell me how the gods deſign to treat us.
" *Lav.* O, I have ſlept a long ten thouſand years.—
" What have they done with me? I'll *not be us'd thus:*
" *I'll not wed Sylla; Marius is my huſband.*" MALONE.

[8] ——*and unnatural ſleep*;] Shakſpeare alludes to the ſleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs. STEEVENS.

[9] *Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead*;] Shakſpeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus loſing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting ſcene between theſe unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any *literal* tranſlation of it, and was misled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the author of which departed from the Italian ſtory, making the poiſon take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a tranſlation of the original pathetick narrative at the concluſion of the play, in a note on the poem near the end. MALONE.

[2] *Stay not to queſtion, for the* watch *is coming*;] It has been objected that there is no ſuch eſtabliſhment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakſpeare ſeldom ſcrupled to give the manners and uſages of his own country to others. In this particular inſtance the old poem was his guide:

" The weary *watch* diſcharg'd did hie them home to ſleep."

Again:

" The *watchmen* of the town the whilſt are paſſed by,
" And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb they ſpy." MALONE.

Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noiſe again.*] I dare ſtay no longer. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,[3]
To help me after?—I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply, ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtorative. [*Kiſſes him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1. *Watch.* [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noiſe?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching* Romeo's *dagger.*[4]

In *Much ado about Nothing*, where the ſcene lies at Meſſina, our author has alſo introduced *Watchmen*; though without ſuggeſtion from any dull poem like that referred to on the preſent occaſion.

See, however, Vol. XV. p. 397, n. 4, in which Mr. Malone appears to contradict, on the ſtrongeſt evidence, the preſent aſſertion relative to there being *no watch in Italy*. Steevens.

[3] O *churl!* drink *all*; *and* leave *no friendly drop*,] The text is here made out from the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599. The firſt has—

Ah churl! *drink* all, and *leave* no drop for me!

The other:

O churl! *drunk* all, and *left* no friendly drop,
To help me after? Malone.

[4] *Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's tranſlation of *Pierre Boiſteau*, tom. ii. p. 244: "Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his ſide, ſhe pricked herſelf with many blowes againſt the heart." Steevens.

It is clear that in this and moſt other places Shakſpeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter deſcribes Romeo's dagger as hanging at *his ſide*; whereas the poem is ſilent as to the place where it hung, and our author, governed by the faſhion of his own time, ſuppoſes it to have hung at Romeo's *back*:

"And then paſt deadly fear, (for life ne had ſhe care,)
"With haſty hand ſhe did draw out the dagger that he ware."

Malone.

This is thy ſheath; [*ſtabs herſelf.*] there ruſt, and let me die.[5]

[*Falls on* ROMEO's *body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page *of* Paris.

PAGE. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1. *WATCH.* The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:
Go, ſome of you, who e'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt ſome.*

Pitiful ſight! here lies the county ſlain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raiſe up the Montagues,—ſome others ſearch;[6]—

[*Exeunt other watchmen.*

We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie;
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

[5] —— *there* ruſt, *and let me die.*] is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the paſſage thus:

" I, noiſe? then muſt I be reſolute.
" Oh, happy dagger! thou ſhalt end my fear;
" *Reſt* in my boſom: thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

" This is thy *ſheath.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Raiſe up the Montagues,—ſome others ſearch;*—] Here ſeems to be a rhyme intended, which may be eaſily reſtored:

" Raiſe up the Montagues. Some others, *go.*
" We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie,
" But the true ground of all *this* piteous *woe*
" We cannot without circumſtance deſcry." JOHNSON.

It was often thought ſufficient, in the time of Shakſpeare, for the ſecond and fourth lines in a ſtanza, to rhyme with each other.

It were to be wiſhed that an apology as ſufficient could be offered for this Watchman's quibble between *ground*, the earth, and *ground*, the fundamental cauſe. STEEVENS.

Enter ſome of the Watch, with Balthaſar.

2. *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1. *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence.

3. *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, ſighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard ſide.

1. *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince *and Attendants.*

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's reſt?

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and Others.*

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?[7]

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and ſome—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which ſtartles in our ears?[8]

[7] —— *that they ſo ſhriek abroad?*] Thus the folio and the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that *is* ſo ſhriek abroad. Malone.

[8] *What fear is this, which ſtartles in* our *ears?*] The old copies read—in *your* ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. Malone.

1. *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris ſlain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1. *Watch.* Here is a friar, and ſlaughter'd Romeo's man;
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en,—for, lo! his houſe
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And it mis-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.[9]

[9] *This dagger hath miſta'en,—for, lo! his houſe*
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And it *mis-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.*] The modern editors (contrary to the authority of all the ancient copies, and without attention to the diſagreeable aſſonance of *ſheath* and *ſheathed*, which was firſt introduced by Mr. Pope) read:

" This dagger hath miſta'en; for, lo! *the ſheath*
" *Lies* empty on the back of Montague,
" *The point* mis-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom."

The quarto, 1597, erroneouſly,

" —— this dagger hath miſtooke;
" For (loe) the backe is empty of yong Mountague,
" And it *is* ſheathed in our daughter's breaſt."

The quarto, 1599, ſeems to afford the true reading:

" This dagger hath miſtane, for, loe! his houſe
" Is emptie on the back of Mountague,
" And *it* mis-ſheathd in my daughter's boſome."

If we do not read—*it* inſtead of *is*, Capulet will be made to ſay—*The ſcabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and ſheathed in Juliet's boſom.*

Shakſpeare quaintly repreſents the dagger as having miſtaken its place, and " *it* mis-ſheathed," i. e. " mis-ſheathed *itſelf*" in the boſom of Juliet.

La. Cap. O me! this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter Montague *and Others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,[2]
To ſee thy ſon and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;[3]
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopp'd her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?

The quarto, 1609, and the folio, 1623, offer the ſame reading, except that they concur in giving *is* inſtead of *it*.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

" Thou muſt weare thy ſword by thy ſide,
" And thy *dagger* handſumly *at thy backe*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

" See you the huge bum *dagger at his backe?*"

The epithet applied to the dagger, ſhows at what part of the back it was worn. Steevens.

The words, " *for, lo! his houſe is empty on the back of Montague*," are to be conſidered as parenthetical. In p. 547, l. 6 and 7, we have a ſimilar conſtruction.

My reading [*is*] is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609, and the folio. Malone.

[2] ——*for thou art early up*, &c.] This ſpeech (as appears from the following paſſage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601) has ſomething proverbial in it:

" In you, i'faith, the proverb's verified,
" *You are early up*, and yet are ne'er the near."

Steevens.

[3] *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night*;] After this line the quarto, 1597, adds,

" And young Benvolio is deceaſed too."

But this, I ſuppoſe, the poet rejected, on his reviſion of the play, as unneceſſary ſlaughter. Steevens.

The line, which gives an account of Benvolio's death, was probably thrown in to account for his abſence from this intereſting ſcene. Ritson.

Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.[4]

Mon. O thou untaught![5] what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murder;
And here I ſtand, both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned and myſelf excus'd.

Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.

Fri. I will be brief,[6] for my ſhort date of breath

[4] *Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.*] Theſe words, as they ſtand, being of no kindred to metre, we may fairly ſuppoſe that ſome others have been caſually omitted. Perhaps, our author wrote:
Look *in this monument*, and thou ſhalt ſee. Steevens.

[5] *O thou untaught!* &c.] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:
" Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:
" Who came firſt to the world, ſhould firſt depart.
" It not becomes the old t'o'er-live the young;
" This dealing is prepoſt'rous and o'er-thwart."
Steevens.

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:
" If children pre-deceaſe progenitors,
" We are their offspring, and they none of ours."
Malone.

[6] *I will be brief,*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did

Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.[6]
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that Juliet;
And ſhe, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that ſiege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—Then comes ſhe to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage,
Or, in my cell there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her, ſo tutor'd by my art,
A ſleeping potion; which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare was led into this unintereſting narrative by following too cloſely *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*. MALONE.

In this poem (which is ſubjoined to the preſent edition of the play) the bodies of the dead are removed to a publick ſcaffold, and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The ſame circumſtance, as I have already obſerved, is introduced in *Hamlet*. See Vol. XV. p. 357, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*my ſhort date of breath*
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.] So, in the 91ſt *Pſalm*:—
" —— when thou art angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." MALONE.

Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could ſend to Romeo:
But, when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb;
And ſhe, too deſperate, would not go with me,
But (as it ſeems,) did violence on herſelf.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy: And, if aught in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he ſay in this?

Bal. I brought my maſter news of Juliet's death;
And then in poſt he came from Mantua,
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's grave;
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be theſe enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen:[7]—all are puniſh'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich ſhall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace[8] this morning with it brings;
The ſun, for ſorrow, will not ſhow his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:[9]

[7] *Have loſt a brace of kinſmen:*] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expreſsly called the prince's kinſman in Act III. ſc. iv. and that Paris alſo was the prince's kinſman, may be inferred from the following paſſages. Capulet, ſpeaking of the count in the fourth act, deſcribes him as "a gentleman of *princely* parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo ſays,

"——Let me peruſe this face;
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For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.[a] [*Exeunt.*

" Through dreadful ſhades of ever-*glooming* night."

To *gloom* is an ancient verb uſed by Spenſer; and I meet with it likewiſe in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

" If either he gaſpeth or *gloometh*." STEEVENS.

Gloomy is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which *glooming* was ſubſtituted in that of 1599. MALONE.

[9] *Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:*] This ſeems to be not a reſolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various diſpenſations of Providence; for who was there that could juſtly be puniſhed by any human law? EDWARDS's MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was baniſhed for concealing the marriage; Romeo's ſervant ſet at liberty becauſe he had only acted in obedience to his maſter's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace. STEEVENS.

[a] —— *Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakſpeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the ſcenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marſton, in his ſatires, 1598, ſays:

" Luſcus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know
" I ſet thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
" Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo." STEEVENS.

For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.] Theſe lines ſeem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet:*

" —— among the monuments that in Verona been,
" There is no monument more worthy of the ſight,
" Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight."
MALONE.

This play is one of the moſt pleaſing of our author's performances. The ſcenes are buſy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the cataſtrophe irreſiſtibly affecting, and the proceſs of the action carried on with ſuch probability, at leaſt with ſuch congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakſpeare to exhibit the converſation of gentlemen, to repreſent the airy ſprightlineſs of juvenile

Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
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elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might eaſily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakſpeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, leſt he ſhould have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no ſuch formidable perſon, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in queſt of truth, in a pointed ſentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very ſeldom to be rigorouſly underſtood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wiſh him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the conſtruction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakſpeare to have continued his exiſtence, though ſome of his ſallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whoſe genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehenſive, and ſublime.

The nurſe is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great ſubtilty of diſtinction, drawn her at once loquacious and ſecret, obſequious and inſolent, truſty and diſhoneſt.

His comick ſcenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick ſtrains are always polluted wih ſome unexpected depravations. His perſons, however diſtreſſed, *have a conceit left them in their miſery, a miſerable conceit.* JOHNSON.

THE

TRAGICALL HYSTORY

OF

ROMEUS AND JULIET:

Contayning in it a rare Example of true CONSTANCIE; With the ſubtill Counſels and Practices of an old Fryer; and their ill Event.

Res eſt ſolliciti plena timoris amor.

TO THE READER.

Amid the deſert rockes the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herſelfe, her yonge,
Nought els but lumpes of fleſhe, withouten heare;
In traćt of time, her often lycking tong
Geves them ſuch ſhape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on; or, when one dogge doth ſhake
With mooſled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,
Or, when upright he ſtandeth by his ſtake,
(A noble creaſt!) or wylde in ſavage wood
A doſyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth and ſtayned jawes with blood;
Or els, when from the fartheſt heavens, they
The lode-ſtarres are, the wery pilates marke,
In ſtormes to gyde to haven the toſſed barke;—
Right ſo my muſe
Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of ſtyle,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle
May better ſhape. The eldeſt of them loe
I offer to the ſtake; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe:
The reſt, unlickt as yet, a whyle ſhall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve ſtrength, to meete and match in fight,
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then ſhall they tell of ſtryfe,
Of noble trymphes, and deedes of martial might;
And ſhall geve rules of chaſt and honeſt lyfe.
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muſe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Love hath inflamed twayne by ſodayn ſight,
And both do graunt the thing that both deſyre;
They wed in ſhrift, by counſell of a frier;
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight:
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A baniſht man, he ſcapes by ſecret flight:
New marriage is offred to his wyfe;
She drinkes a drinke that ſeemes to reve her breath;
They bury her, that ſleping yet hath lyfe.
Her huſband heares the tydinges of her death;
He drinkes his bane; and ſhe, with Romeus' knyfe,
When ſhe awakes, her ſelfe, alas! ſhe ſleath.

ROMEUS AND JULIET.*

THERE is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,
Where bright renoune yet ſhineth cleare, Verona men it name;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertyle ſoyle,
Maynteined by the heavenly fates, and by the townifh toyle.

* In a preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet* I obſerved that it was founded on *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almoſt as rare as a manuſcript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and ſhall give it a place here as a proper ſupplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the death of Maiſter* Arthur Brooke *drowned in paſſing to New-Haven*, by George Tuberville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes*, &c. 1567,] we learn that the former was the author of this poem:

" Apollo lent him lute, for ſolace ſake,
" To ſound his verſe by touch of ſtately ſtring,
" And of the never-fading baye did make
" A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.
" In prouſe that he for myter did excell,
" As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate*;
" For there he ſhewde his cunning paſſing well,
" When he the tale to Engliſh did tranſlate.
" But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
" With others moe his ſoveraigne queene to ſerve,
" Amid the ſeas unluckie youth was drownd,
" More ſpeedie death than ſuch one did deſerve."

The original relater of this ſtory was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till ſome years after his death; being firſt printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. In an epiſtle prefixed to this work, which is addreſſed *Alla belliſſima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this ſtory:

" As you yourſelf have ſeen, when heaven had not as yet levelled againſt me its whole wrath, in the fair ſpring of my youth I devoted myſelf to the profeſſion of arms, and, following therein many brave and valiant men, for ſome years I ſerved in your delightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the courſe of my private ſervice, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accuſtomed, when upon any expedition on horſeback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whoſe name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practiſed in the military art, a pleaſant companion, and, like almoſt all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only a brave and experienced ſoldier, but of a gay and lively diſpoſition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was for ever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the moſt amuſing novels, eſpecially ſuch as treated of love, and this he did with more grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that, departing from Gradiſca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my ſervants, travelling, perhaps impell'd by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely ſolitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly abſorbed in thought, and riding at a diſtance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who gueſſed my thoughts, thus addreſſed me: " Will you then for ever live this melancholy

The fruitefull hilles above, the pleaſant vales belowe,
The ſilver ſtreame with chanel depe, that through the towne doth flow;
The ſtore of ſpringes that ſerve for uſe, and eke for eaſe,
And other moe commodities, which profit may and pleaſe;
Eke many certayne ſignes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngry eyes of thoſe that curiouſly beholde;
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the reſt
Of Lombard townes, or at the leaſt, compared with the beſt.
In which whyle Eſcalus as prince alone did raygne,
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
Alas! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,
Which Boccace ſkant, not my rude tonge, were able foorth to tell.
Within my trembling hande my penne doth ſhake for feare,
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth ſtand my heare.
But ſith ſhee doeth commaunde, whoſe heſt I muſt obeye,
In moorning verſe a woful chaunce to tell I will aſſaye.
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muſes with your art,
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retournd to ſmart:
Help eke, ye ſiſters three, my ſkilleſſe pen tindyte,
For you it cauſd, which I alas! unable am to wryte.
There were two auncient ſtocks, which Fortune hygh did place
Above the reſt, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race;
Lovd of the common ſorte, lovd of the prince alike,
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune liſt to ſtryke;
Whoſe prayſe with equal blaſt Fame in her trumpet blew;
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountague.
A wonted uſe it is, that men of likely ſorte,
(I wot not by what furye forsd) envye eache others porte.
So theſe, whoſe egall ſtate bred envye pale of hew,
And then of grudging envies roote blacke hate and rancor grew;

life, becauſe a cruel and diſdainful fair one does not love you? though I now ſpeak againſt myſelf, yet, ſince advice is eaſier to give than to follow, I muſt tell you, maſter of mine, that, beſides its being diſgraceful in a man of your profeſſion to remain long in the chains of love, almoſt all the ends to which he conducts us are ſo replete with miſery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in teſtimony of what I ſay, if it ſo pleaſe you, I could relate a tranſaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way leſs ſolitary and leſs diſagreeable to us; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were conducted to a miſerable and piteous death.—And now, upon my making him a ſign of my willingneſs to liſten, he thus began."

The phraſe, in the beginning of this paſſage, *when heaven had not as yet levelled againſt me its whole wrath*, will be beſt explained by ſome account of the author, extracted from Creſcimbeni, *Iſtoria della Volgar Poeſia*, T. v. p. 91: 'Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in his youth, on account of his valour, 'made a leader in the Venetian army; but, fighting againſt the Germans in 'Friuli, was ſo wounded, that he remained for a time wholly diſabled, and afterwards lame and weak during his life; on which account, quitting the profeſſion 'of arms, he betook himſelf to letters,' &c. MALONE.

As of a littel ſparke oft ryſeth mighty fyre,
So, of a kyndled ſparke of grudge, in flames flaſh oute their eyre:
And then theyr deadly foode, firſt hatchd of trifling ſtryſe,
Did bathe in bloud of ſmarting woundes,—it reved breth and lyſe.
No legend lye I tell; ſcarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
That did behold the griſly fight with wet and weeping eye.
But when the prudent prince who there the ſcepter helde,
So great a new diſorder in his commonweale behelde,
By jentyl meane he ſought their choler to aſſwage,
And by perſwaſion to appeaſe their blameful furious rage;
But both his woords and tyme the prince hath ſpent in vayne,
So rooted was the inward hate, he loſt his buyſy payne.
When frendly ſage adviſe ne gentyll woords avayle,
By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he quayle;
In hope that when he had the waſting flame ſuppreſt,
In time he ſhould quyte quench the ſparke that boornd within their breſt.

Now whylſt theſe kyndreds do remayne in this eſtate,
And eche with outward frendly ſhew doth hyde his inward hate,
One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,
Upon whoſe tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
Whoſe beauty and whoſe ſhape ſo farre the reſt dyd ſtayne,
That from the cheef of Veron youth he greateſt fame dyd gayne,
Hath found a mayde ſo fayre (he founde ſo foul his happe)
Whoſe beauty, ſhape, and comely grace, did ſo his heart entrappe,
That from his owne affayres his thought ſhe did remove;
Onely he ſought to honor her, to ſerve her and to love.
To her he writeth oft, oft meſſengers are ſent,
At length, in hope of better ſpede, himſelfe the lover went;
Preſent to pleade for grace, which abſent was not founde,
And to diſcover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
But ſhe that from her youth was foſtred evermore
With vertues foode, and taught in ſchole of wiſdomes ſkilfull lore,
By aunſwere did cutte off thaffections of his love,
That he no more occaſion had ſo vayne a ſute to move:
So ſterne ſhe was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
That, in reward of toyle, ſhe would not geve a frendly looke;
And yet how much ſhe did with conſtant minde retyre,
So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by deſyre,
But when he, many monthes, hopeleſs of his recure,
Had ſerved her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,
At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
If chaunge of place might chaunge away his ill-beſtowed love;
And ſpeaking to himſelfe, thus gan he make his mone:
"What booteth me to love and ſerve a fell unthankfull one,
Sith that my humble ſute, and labour ſowde in vayne,
Can reape none other fruite at all but ſcorne and proude diſdayne?

What way ſhe ſeekes to goe, the ſame I ſeeke to runne,
But ſhe the path wherein I treade with ſpedy flight doth ſhunne.
I cannot live except that nere to her I be;
She is ay beſt content when ſhe is fartheſt of from me.
Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;
Perhaps, mine eye once baniſhed by abſence from her ſight,
This fyre of myne, that by her pleaſant eyne is fed,
Shall little and little weare away, and quite at laſt be ded."
But whileſt he did decree this purpoſe ſtill to kepe,
A contrary repugnant thought ſanke in his breſt ſo depe,
That douteful is he now which of the twayne is beſt,
In ſyghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in ſorrow and unreſt,
He mones the daye, he wakes the long and werey night;
So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygravd her bewty bright
Within his breſt, and hath ſo maſtred quyte his hart,
That he of force muſt yelde as thrall;—no way is left to ſtart.
He cannot ſtaye his ſteppe, but forth ſtyll muſt he ronne,
He languiſheth and melts awaye, as ſnowe agaynſt the ſonne.
His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
And eche of them in frendly wyſe his heavy hap bewayles.
But one emong the reſt, the truſtieſt of his feeres,
Farre more then he with counſel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,
Gan ſharply him rebuke; ſuch love to him he bare,
That he was fellow of his ſmart, and partner of his care.
" What meanſt thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage
Doth make thee thus conſume away the beſt part of thine age,
In ſeking her that ſcornes, and hydes her from thy ſight,
Not forſing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unſpotted truth,
Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardeſt hart to ruthe?
Now, for our frendſhips ſake, and for thy health, I pray
That thou hencefoorth become thine owne;—O give no more away
Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free eſtate:
In that thou loveſt ſuch a one thou ſeemſt thy ſelf to hate.
For ſhe doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;
Or els (what booteth thee to ſue?) Loves court ſhe hath forſworne.
Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace:
What man is better ſhapd than thou? who hath a ſweeter face?
By painfull ſtudies meane great learning haſt thou wonne,
Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely ſonne.
What greater greeſe, trowſt thou, what woful dedly ſmart,
Should ſo be able to diſtraine thy ſeely fathers hart,
As in his age to ſee thee plonged deepe in vice,
When greateſt hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame ariſe?
What ſhall thy kinſmen think, thou cauſe of all their ruthe?
Thy dedly foes doe laugh to ſkorne thy yll-employed youth.

Wherefore my counſell is, that thou henceforth beginne
To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedſt in.
Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes ſo blynde,
That thou ne canſt the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
But if unto thy will ſo much in thrall thou art,
Yet in ſome other place beſtowe thy witles wandring hart.
Chooſe out ſome woorthy dame, her honor thou, and ſerve,
Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pitty ere thou ſterve.
But ſow no more thy paynes in ſuch a barraine ſoyle
As yelds in harveſt time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
Ere long the towniſh dames together will reſort,
Some one of beauty, favour, ſhape, and of ſo lovely porte,
With ſo faſt fixed eye perhaps thou mayſt beholde,
That thou ſhalt quite forget thy love and paſſions paſt of olde."
The yong mans liſtning eare receivd the holſome ſounde,
And reaſons truth y-planted ſo, within his heade had grounde;
That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,
And piece meale weares away the greeſe that erſt his heart did freate.
To his approved frend a ſolemne othe he plight,
At every feaſt y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,
At pardons in the churche, at games in open ſtreate,
And every where he would reſort where ladies wont to mete;
Eke ſhould his ſavage heart like all indifferently,
For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.
How happy had he been, had he not been forſworne!
But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.
For ere the moone could thriſe her waſted hornes renew,
Falſe Fortune caſt for him, poore wretch, a miſchiefe new to brewe.
The wery winter nightes reſtore the Chriſtmas games,
And now the ſeſon doth invite to banquet towniſh dames.
And fyrſt in Capels houſe, the chiefe of all the kyn
Sparth for no coſt, the wonted uſe of banquets to begin.
No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne,
But Capilet himſelfe hath byd unto his feaſt,
Or, by his name in paper ſent, appointed as a geaſt.
Yong damſels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
Not ſo much for the banquets ſake, as bewties to ſerche out.
But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
(For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)
Save Romeus, and he in maſke, with hydden face,
The ſupper done, with other five did preaſe into the place.
When they had maſkd a while with dames in courtly wiſe,
All did unmaſke; the reſt did ſhew them to theyr ladies eyes;
But baſhfull Romeus with ſhamefaſt face forſooke
The open preaſe, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.

But brighter than the ſunne the waxen torches ſhone,
That, maugre what he could, he was eſpyd of every one,
But of the women cheeſe, theyr gaſing eyes that threwe,
To woonder at his ſightly ſhape, and bewties ſpotles hewe;
With which the heavens him had and nature ſo bedeckt,
That ladies, thought the fayreſt dames, were fowle in his reſpect.
And in theyr head beſyde an other woonder roſe,
How he durſt put himſelfe in throng among ſo many foes:
Of courage ſtoute they thought his cumming to procede,
And women love an hardy hart, as I in ſtories rede.
The Capilets diſdayne the preſence of theyr foe,
Yet they ſuppreſſe theyr ſtyred yre; the cauſe I doe not knowe:
Perhaps toffend theyr geſtes the courteous knights are loth;
Perhaps they ſtay from ſharpe revenge, dreadyng the princes wroth;
Perhaps for that they ſhamd to exerciſe theyr rage
Within their houſe, gainſt one alone, and him of tender age.
They uſe no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyre deede,
They neyther ſay, what makſt thou here, ne yet they ſay, God ſpeede.
So that he freely might the ladies view at eaſe,
And they alſo behelding him their chaunge of fanſies pleaſe:
Which Nature had hym taught to doe with ſuch a grace,
That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,
And judgd who beſt, and who next her, was wrought in natures frame.
At length he ſaw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect ſhape,
(Which Theſeus or Paris would have choſen to their rape)
Whom erſt he never ſawe; of all ſhe pleaſde him moſt;
Within himſelfe he ſayd to her, thou juſtly mayſt thee boſte
Of perfet ſhapes renowne and beauties ſounding prayſe,
Whoſe like ne hath, ne ſhall be ſeene, ne liveth in our dayes.
And whilſt he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:
The proverbe ſaith, unminded oft are they that are unſeene.
And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
This ſodain kindled fyre in time is wox ſo great,
That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery heate.
When Romeus ſaw himſelfe in this new tempeſt toſt,
Where both was hope of pleaſant port, and daunger to be loſt,
He doubtefull ſkaſely knew what countenance to keepe;
In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenchd and drenched deepe.
Yea he forgets himſelfe, ne is the wretch ſo bolde
To aſke her name that without force hath him in bondage folde;

Ne how tunlooſe his bondes doth the poore foole deviſe,
But onely ſeeketh by her ſight to feede his houngry eyes;
Through them he ſwalloweth downe loves ſweete empoyſonde baite:
How ſurely are the wareles wrapt by thoſe that lye in wayte!
So is the poyſon ſpred throughout his bones and vaines,
That in a while (alas the while) it haſteth deadly paines.
Whilſt Juliet, for ſo this gentle damſell hight,
From ſyde to ſyde on every one dyd caſt about her ſight,
At laſt her floting eyes were ancored faſt on him,
Who for her ſake dyd baniſh health and fredome from eche limme.
He in her ſight did ſeeme to paſſe the reſt, as farre
As Phœbus ſhining beames do paſſe the brightnes of a ſtarre.
In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and ſhaft,
And to his eare with ſteady hand the bowſtring up he raft:
Till now ſhe had eſcapde his ſharpe inflaming darte,
Till now he liſted not aſſaulte her yong and tender hart.
His whetted arrow looſde, ſo touchd her to the quicke,
That through the eye it ſtrake the hart, and there the hedde did ſticke.
It booted not to ſtrive. For why?—ſhe wanted ſtrength;
The weaker aye unto the ſtrong, of force, muſt yeld at length.
The pomps now of the feaſt her heart gyns to deſpyſe;
And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.
When theyr new ſmitten hearts had fed on loving gleames,
Whilſt, paſſing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr beames,
Eche of theſe lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,
That frendſhip in theyr breſt had roote, and both would have it grow.
When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,
And eche of them had fought the meane to end the warre by ſpeach,
Dame Fortune did aſſent, theyr purpoſe to advaunce.
With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her foorth to daunce;
She quit herſelfe ſo well and with ſo trim a grace
That ſhe the cheefe prayſe wan that night from all Verona race:
The whilſt our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
Nye to the ſeate where ſhe muſt ſit, the daunce once beyng donne.
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleaſant cheere,
And glad ſhe was her Romeus approched was ſo neere.
At thone ſyde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
And on the other ſyde there ſat one cald Mercutio;
A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his ſpeeche, and pleaſant of deviſe.
Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
Such was emong the baſhful maydes Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he ceaſd fayre Juliets ſnowiſh hand:
A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his ſwathing band,
That froſen mountayne yſe was never halfe ſo cold,
As were his handes, though nere ſo neere the fire he did them hold.

As ſoon as had the knight the virgins right hand raught,
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.
For he wiſt well himſelfe for her abode moſt payne,
And well he wiſt ſhe lovd him beſt, unleſs ſhe liſt to fayne.
Then ſhe with ſlender hand his tender palm hath preſt;
What joy, trow you, was graffed ſo in Romeus cloven breſt?
The ſodayne ſweete delight hath ſtopped quite his tong,
Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redreſſe of wrong.
But ſhe eſpyd ſtraight waye, by chaunging of his hewe
From pale to red, from red to pale, and ſo from pale anewe,
That vehment love was cauſe why ſo his tong did ſtay,
And ſo much more ſhe longd to heare what Love could teach him ſaye.
When ſhe had longed long, and he long held his peace,
And her deſyre of hearing him by ſylence did increaſe,
At laſt, with trembling voyce and ſhamefaſt chere, the mayde
Unto her Romeus tournde her ſelfe, and thus to him ſhe ſayde:
"O bleſſed be the time of thy arrivall here!"—
But ere ſhe could ſpeake forth the reſt, to her Love drewe ſo nere,
And ſo within her mouth her tongue he glewed faſt,
That no one woord could ſcape her more then what already paſt.
In great contented eaſe the yong man ſtraight is rapt:
What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt:
That geves you worthy cauſe my cumming here to bleſſe?
Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her ſelfe by this;
Fyrſt ruthfully ſhe lookd, then ſayd with ſmyling chere:
"Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and feere,
Mercutios yſy hande had all to-froſen myne,
And of thy goodneſs thou agayne haſt warmed it with thyne."
Whereto with ſtayed brow gan Romeus replye:
"If ſo the Gods have graunted me ſuche favor from the ſkye,
That by my being here ſome ſervice I have donne
That pleaſeth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.
O wel-beſtowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,
Which I woulde wiſh if I might have my wiſhed hart's deſire!
For I of God woulde crave, as pryſe of paynes forpaſt,
To ſerve, obey, and honor you, ſo long as lyfe ſhall laſt:
As proofe ſhall teache you playne, if that you like to trye
His faltles truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye lye.
But if my touched hand have warmed yours ſome dele,
Aſſure your ſelfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,
Compard to ſuche quicke ſparks and glowing furious gleade,
As from your bewties pleaſant eyne Love cauſed to proceade;
Which have to ſet on fyre eche feling parte of myne,
That lo! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utward parts do pyne.

And, but you helpe all whole, to aſhes ſhall I toorne;
Wherefore, alas! have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne."
Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,
And Juliet of force muſt part from her new-choſen frend.
His hand ſhe claſped hard, and all her partes dyd ſhake,
When layſureles with whiſpring voyce thus did ſhe aunſwer make:
" You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours;
My honour ſav'd, preſt tobey your will, while life endures."
Lo! here the lucky lot that ſild true lovers finde,
Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
A happy life is love, if God graunt from above
That hart with hart by even waight do make exchaunge of love.
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde;
He hath forgot to aſk her name, that hath his hart in holde.
With forged careles cheere, of one he ſeekes to knowe,
Both how ſhe hight, and whence ſhe camme, that him enchaunted ſo.
So hath he learnd her name, and knowth ſhe is no geaſt,
Her father was a Capilet, and maſter of the feaſt.
Thus hath his foe in choyſe to geve him life or death,
That ſcarcely can his wofull breſt keepe in the lively breath.
Wherefore with pitious plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,
That in his ruth and wretched plight doth ſeeke her laughing game.
And he reproveth love cheefe cauſe of his unreſt,
Who eaſe and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull breſt:
Twiſe hath he made him ſerve, hopeles of his rewarde;
Of both the ylles to chooſe the leſſe, I weene, the choyſe were harde.
Fyrſt to a ruthles one he made him ſue for grace,
And now with ſpurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.
Amid theſe ſtormy ſeas one ancor doth him holde,
He ſerveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde;
And therefore is content and chooſeth ſtill to ſerve,
Though hap ſhould ſweure that guerdonles the wretched wight ſhould ſterve.
The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myſer ſtill doth pyne.
As carefull was the mayde what way were beſt deviſe,
To learne his name that intertaind her in ſo gentle wiſe;
Of whom her hart receivd ſo depe, ſo wyde, a wound.
An ancient dame ſhe calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde:
(This old dame in her youth had nurſt her with her mylke,
With ſlender nedel taught her ſow, and how to ſpyn with ſylke.)
What twayne are thoſe, quoth ſhe, which preaſe unto the doore,
Whoſe pages in their hand do beare two torches light before?

And then, as eche of them had of his houſhold name,
So ſhe him namd.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame:—
"And tell me who is he with vyſor in his hand,
That yonder dooth in maſking weede beſyde the window ſtand."
His name is Romeus, ſaid ſhee, a Montagewe,
Whoſe fathers pryde firſt ſtyrd the ſtryſe which both your houſholds rewe.
The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,
And ſtraight inſtead of happy hope deſpayre began to growe.
What hap have I, quoth ſhe, to love my fathers foe?
What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wyſh my woe?
But though her grevouſe paynes diſtraind her tender hart,
Yet with an outward ſhow of joye ſhe cloked inward ſmart;
And of the courtlike dames her leave ſo courtly tooke,
That none did geſſe the ſodein change by changing of her looke.
Then at her mothers heſt to chamber ſhe her hyed,
So wel ſhe faynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme deſcride.
But when ſhe ſhoulde have ſlept as wont ſhe was in bed,
Not half a wynke of quyet ſlepe could harber in her hed;
For loe, an hugy heape of divers thoughtes ariſe,
That reſt have baniſht from her hart, and ſlumber from her eyes.
And now from ſyde to ſyde ſhe toſſeth and ſhe turnes,
And now for feare ſhe ſhevereth, and now for love ſhe burnes,
And now ſhe lykes her choyſe, and now her choyſe ſhe blames,
And now eche houre within her head a thouſand fanſyes frames.
Sometime in mynde to ſtop amyd her courſe begonne,
Sometime ſhe vowes, what ſo betyde, that tempted race to ronne.
Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought;
The fight was feerſe, continuyng long by their contrary thought.
In tourning maſe of love ſhe wandreth too and fro,
Then ſtandeth doutful what to doo; laſt, overpreſt with woe,
How ſo her fanſies ceaſe, her teares did never blin,
With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.
"Ah ſilly foole, quoth ſhe, y-cought in ſoottill ſnare!
Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with care!
Whence come theſe wandring thoughts to thy unconſtant breſt,
By ſtraying thus from raiſons lore, that reve thy wonted reſt?
What if his ſuttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
And ſo the ſnake that lurkes in graſſe thy tender hart hath ſtong?
What if with frendly ſpeache the traytor lye in wayte,
As oft the poyſond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleaſant bayte?
Oft under cloke of truth hath Falſhood ſervd her luſt;
And toornd their honor into ſhame, that did to ſlightly truſt.
What, was not Dido ſo, a crowned queene, defamd?
And eke, for ſuch an heynous cryme, have men not Theſeus blamd?

A thouſand ſtories more, to teache me to beware,
In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainely written are.
Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by ſtrength,
By ſuttel ſleight (my honour ſtaynd) he hopes to woorke at length.
So ſhall I ſeeke to find my fathers foe, his game;
So (I defylde) Report ſhall take her trompe of blacke defame,
Whence ſhe with puffed cheeke ſhall blowe a blaſt ſo ſhrill
Of my diſprayſe, that with the noyſe Verona ſhall ſhe fill.
Then I, a laughing ſtocke through all the towne becomme,
Shall hide my ſelfe, but not my ſhame, within an hollow toombe."
Straight underneath her foote ſhe treadeth in the duſt
Her trobleſom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond diſtruſt.
" No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth ſhee,
Although I raſhely ſpake before, in no wiſe can it bee,
That where ſuch perfet ſhape with pleaſant bewty reſtes,
There crooked craft and trayſon blacke ſhould be appoynted geſtes.
Sage writers ſay, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;
Then ſure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.
The tong the meſſenger eke call they of the mynd;
So that I ſee he loveth me:—ſhall I then be unkynd?
His faces roſy hew I ſaw full oft to ſeeke;
And ſtraight again it flaſhed foorth, and ſpred in eyther cheeke.
His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei ſemed to rehearce.
What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?
The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?
And whilſt I talke with him, himſelf he hath exylde
Out of himſelf, as ſeemed me; ne was I ſure begylde.
Thoſe arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,
But Natures hand, when all deceyte was baniſhd out of place.
What other certayn ſignes ſeke I of his good wil?
Theſe doo ſuffice; and ſtedfaſt I will love and ſerve him ſtyll,
Till Attropos ſhall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.
For ſo perchaunce this new alliance may procure
Unto our houſes ſuch a peace as ever ſhall indure."
Oh how we can perſwade ourſelf to what we like!
And how we can diſwade our mynd, if ought our mind miſlyke!
Weake arguments are ſtronge, our fanſies ſtreight to frame
To pleaſing things, and eke to ſhonne, if we miſlyke the ſame.
The mayde had ſcarcely yet ended the wery warre,
Kept in her heart by ſtriving thoughts, when every ſhining ſtarre
Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus ſpred in ſkies
His golden rayes, which ſeemd to ſay, now time it is to riſe.
And Romeus had by this forſaken his wery bed,
Where reſtles he a thouſand thoughts had forged in his hed.

And while with lingring ſtep by Juliets houſe he paſt,
And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did caſt,
His love that lookd for him there gan he ſtraight eſpye.
With pleaſant cheere eche greeted is; ſhe followeth with her eye
His parting ſteppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
But not ſo oft as he deſyres; warely he doth refrayne.
What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-ſowered not the ſweete; if love were free from jeloſy!
But ſhe more ſure within, unſeene of any wight,
When ſo he comes, lookes after him till he be out of ſight.
In often paſſing ſo, his buſy eyes he threw,
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
In happy houre he doth a garden plot eſpye,
From which, except he warely walke, men may his love deſcrye;
For lo! it fronted full upon her leaning place,
Where ſhe is wont to ſhew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.
And leſt the arbors might theyr ſecret love bewraye,
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from paſſing there by daye;
But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath ſpred,
Well-armde he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.
Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde?
He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.
By night he paſſeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
And for the miſſing of his marke his greeſe hath hym nye ſlaine.
And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releeſe,—
Her Romeus pleaſant eyen I mean—is almoſt dead for greeſe.
Eche day ſhe chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre
When they are ſure to ſee theyr love, in paſſing by their bowre.
Impacient of her woe, ſhe hapt to leane one night
Within her windowe, and anon the moone did ſhine ſo bright
That ſhe eſpyde her loove; her hart revived ſprang;
And now for joy ſhe claps her handes, which erſt for wo ſhe wrang.
Eke Romeus, when he ſawe his long deſyred ſight,
His moorning cloke of mone caſt of, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I ſay, of both that ſhe rejoyced more:
His care was great, hers twiſe as great was, all the time before;
For whilſt ſhe knew not why he did himſelfe abſent,
In douting both his health and life, his death ſhe did lament.
For love is fearful oft where is no cauſe of feare,
And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced weare.
Of greater cauſe alway is greater woorke y-bred;
While he nought douteth of her helth, ſhe dreads leſt he be ded.
When onely abſence is the cauſe of Romeus ſmart,
By happy hope of ſight againe he feedes his fainting hart.
What wonder then if he were wrapt in leſſe annoye?
What marvel if by ſodain ſight ſhe fed of greater joy?

His ſmaller greeſe or joy no ſmaller love doo prove;
Ne, for ſhe paſſed him in both, did ſhe him paſſe in love:
But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.
Now whilſt with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,
With whiſpering voice, y-broke with ſobs, thus is her tale begonne:
" Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas ſure you are,
That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kinſmen, ſaw you here?
Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes aſonder would they teare.
In ruth and in diſdayne, I, wery of my life,
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloudy knyſe.
For you, myne own, once dead, what joy ſhould I have heare?
And eke my honor ſtaynd, which I then lyſe do holde more deare."
" Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyſe (quod hee)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall ſiſters three.
They may in ſpyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed;
And they alſo (who ſo ſayth nay) aſonder may it ſhreed.
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps ſhould trye unto his payne how I it coulde defende.
Ne yet I love it ſo, but alwayes, for your ſake,
A ſacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my miſhappe were ſuch, that here, before your ſight,
I ſhould reſtore agayn to death, of lyſe my borrowed light,
This one thing and no more my parting ſprite would rewe,
That part he ſhould before that you by certain trial knew
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languiſh in,
And how I dread to looſe the gayne which I do hope to win;
And how I wiſh for lyſe, not for my proper eaſe,
But that in it you might I love, you honor, ſerve and pleaſe,
Till dedly pangs the ſprite out of the corps ſhall ſend:"
And thereupon he ſware an othe, and ſo his tale had ende.
Now love and pitty boyle in Juliets ruthfull breſt;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth reſt:
Her boſome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),
With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunſwered ſhe agayne:
" Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in theſe words, (quod ſhe)
For lo, the thought of ſuch miſchaunce already maketh me
For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath;
In even ballance peyſed are my life and eke my death.
For ſo my heart is knit, yea made one ſelfe with yours,
That ſure there is no greeſe ſo ſmall, by which your mynd endures,
But as you ſuffer payne, ſo I doo beare in part
(Although it leſſens not your greeſe) the halfe of all your ſmart.
But theſe thinges overpaſt, if of your health and myne
You have reſpect, or pity ought my teer-y-weeping eyen,

In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfolde,
That as I ſee your pleaſant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you do intende my honor to defile,
In error ſhall you wander ſtill, as you have done this while:
But if your thought be chaſte, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the end and marke which your deſyre hath found,
Obedience ſet aſyde, unto my parents dewe,
The quarrel eke that long agoe betwene our houſholdes grewe,
Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
And following you where ſo you goe, my fathers houſe forſake.
But if by wanton love and by unlawfull ſute
You thinke in rypeſt yeres to plucke my maydenhoods dainty frute,
You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beſeekes
To ceaſe your ſute, and ſuffer her to live emong her likes."
Then Romeus, whoſe thought was free from fowle deſyre,
And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aſpyre,
Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expreſſe,
Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can geſſe.*
And then with joyned hands, heavd up into the ſkies,
He thankes the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down he cries,
If he have other thought but as his Lady ſpake;
And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did anſwere make:
"Since, lady, that you like to honor me ſo much
As to accept me for your ſpouſe, I yeeld myſelf for ſuch.
In true witnes whereof, becauſe I muſt depart,
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart,
Tomorrow eke betimes, before the ſunne ariſe,
To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his ſage adviſe.
He is my goſtly ſyre, and oft he hath me taught
What I ſhould doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have ſought.
And at this ſelf ſame houre, I plyte you here my faith,
I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he ſayth."

* —— *the* hearers *hart can geſſe.*] From theſe words it ſhould ſeem that this poem was formerly ſung or recited to caſual paſſengers in the ſtreets. See alſo p. 588, l. 5.

"If any man be *here*, whom love hath clad with care,
"To him I ſpeak; if thou wilt ſpeed," &c. MALONE.

In former days, when the faculty of reading was by no means ſo general as at preſent, it muſt have been no unfrequent practice for thoſe who did not poſſeſs this accompliſhment to gratify their curioſity by liſtening while ſome better educated perſon read aloud. It is, I think, ſcarcely probable, that a poem of the length of this *Tragicall Hiſtory* ſhould be *ſung or recited in the ſtreets*: And Sir *John Maundevile* at the cloſe of his work intreats "alle the *Rederes and* HERERES of his boke, zif it pleſe hem that thei wolde preyen to God," &c. p. 383, 8vo. edit. 1727. By *hereres of his boke* he unqueſtionably intended *hearers* in the ſenſe I have ſuggeſted. HOLT WHITE.

She was contented well; els favour found he none
That night, at lady Juliets hand, ſave pleaſant woords alone.
This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayiſh weede,
For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede.
Not as the moſt was he, a groſſe unlearned foole,
But doctor of divinetie proceded he in ſchoole.
The ſecrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke;
By magicks arte moſt men ſuppoſed that he could wonders woorke.
Ne doth it ill beſeeme devines thoſe ſkils to know,
If on no harmeful deede they do ſuch ſkilfulnes beſtow;
For juſtly of no arte can men condemne the uſe,
But right and reaſons lore crye out agaynſt the lewd abuſe.
The bounty of the fryer and wiſdom hath ſo wonne
The townes folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence ronne,
To ſhrive themſelfe; the olde, the young, the great and ſmall;
Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.
And, for he did the reſt in wiſdom farre exceede,
The prince by him (his counſell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.
Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendſhip grew,
A ſecret and aſſured frend unto the Montague.
Lovd of this yong man more than any other geſte,
The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus beſt;
For whom he ever hath in time of his diſtres,
As earſt you heard, by ſkilful love found out his harmes redreſſe.
To him is Romeus gonne, ne ſtayeth he till the morrowe;
To him he painteth all his caſe, his paſſed joy and ſorrow.
How he hath her eſpide with other dames in daunce,
And how that fyrſt to talke with her him ſelfe he dyd advaunce;
Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
And how ſo faſt by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,
That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,
Shall make him falſe his fayth to her, while lyfe ſhall lend him breath.
And then with weping eyes he prayes his goſtly ſyre
To further and accompliſh all their honeſt hartes deſyre.
A thouſand doutes and moe in thold mans hed aroſe,
A thouſand daungers like to comme the old man doth diſcloſe,
And from the ſpouſall rites he readeth him refrayne,
Perhaps he ſhall be bet adviſde within a weeke or twayne.
Adviſe is baniſht quite from thoſe that folowe love,
Except adviſe to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
As well the father might have counſeld him to ſtay
That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the waye,
As warne his frend to ſtop amid his race begonne,
Whom Cupid with his ſmarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.
Part wonne by earneſt ſute, the frier doth graunt at laſt;
And part, becauſe he thinkes the ſtormes, ſo lately overpaſt,

Of both the houſholds wrath, this marriage might appeaſe;
So that they ſhould not rage agayne, but quite for ever ceaſe.
The reſpite of a day he aſketh to deviſe
What way were beſt, unknown, to ende ſo great an enterpriſe.
The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
Scarce patient tarieth whilſt his leeche doth make the ſalve to cure:
So Romeus hardly graunts a ſhort day and a night,
Yet nedes he muſt, els muſt he want his onely hartes delight.
You ſee that Romeus no time or payne doth ſpare;
Thinke, that the whilſt fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap
Into the friers breſt;—but where ſhall Juliet unwrap
The ſecrets of her hart? to whom ſhall ſhe unfolde
Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care ſo colde.
The nurſe of whom I ſpake, within her chamber laye,
Upon the mayde ſhe wayteth ſtill;—to her ſhe doth bewray
Her new-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
In her, ſhe ſaith, it lyes to ſpill, in her, her life to ſave.
Not eaſily ſhe made the froward nurce to bowe,
But wonne at length with promeſt hyre, ſhe made a ſolemne vowe
To do what ſhe commaundes, as handmayd of her heſt;
Her miſtres ſecrets hide ſhe will, within her covert breſt.
To Romeus ſhe goes, of hym ſhe doth deſyre
To know the meane of marriage, by counſell of the fryre.
On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to ſhrift,
She ſhall be ſhrived and married:—how lyke you, noorſe, this drift?
Now by my truth, (quod ſhe) God's bleſſing have your hart,
For yet in all my life I have not heard of ſuch a part.
Lord, how you yong men can ſuch crafty wiles deviſe,
If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers eyes!
An eaſy thing it is with cloke of holines
To mocke the ſely mother, that ſuſpecteth nothing leſſe.
But that it pleaſed you to tell me of the caſe,
For all my many yeres perhaps I ſhould have found it ſcarſe.
Now for the reſt let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, ſome feate excuſe I will deviſe anone;
For that her golden lockes by ſloth have been unkempt,
Or for unawares ſome wanton dreame the youthfull damſell drempt,
Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time ſhe ſpent,
Or otherwiſe within her hart deſerved to be ſhent.
I know her mother will in no caſe ſay her nay;
I warrant you, ſhe ſhall not fayle to come on Saterday.
And then ſhe ſweares to him, the mother loves her well;
And how ſhe gave her ſucke in youth, ſhe leaveth not to tell.
A prety babe (quod ſhe) it was when it was yong;
Lord howe it could full pretely have prated with it tong!

A thouſand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
And clapt her on the buttocke ſoft, and kiſt where I did clappe.
And gladder then was I of ſuch a kiſſe forſooth,
Then I had been to have a kiſſe of ſome old lecher's mouth.
And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorſe,
And of her preſent ſtate to make a tedious long diſcourſe.
For though he pleaſure tooke in hearing of his love,
The meſſage aunſwer ſeemed him to be of more behove.
But when theſe beldames ſit at eaſe upon theyr tayle,
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke ſhall fayle.
And part they ſay is true, and part they do deviſe,
Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.
Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
And gave them her;—a flight reward (quod he) and ſo adiew.
In ſeven yeres twice tolde ſhe had not bowd ſo lowe
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe: ſhe ſweares ſhe will beſtowe
Her crafty wit, her time, and all her buſy payne,
To help him to his hoped bliſſe; and, cowring downe agayne,
She takes her leave, and home ſhe hyes with ſpedy pace;
The chaumber doore ſhe ſhuts, and then ſhe ſaith with ſmyling face:
Good newes for thee, my gyrle, good tydinges I thee bring,
Leave of thy woonted ſong of care, and now of pleaſure ſing.
For thou mayſt hold thyſelfe the happieſt under ſonne,
That in ſo little while ſo well ſo worthy a knight haſt wonne.
The beſt y-ſhapde is he and hath the fayreſt face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe ſo good a grace:
So gentle of his ſpeeche, and of his counſell wiſe:—
And ſtill with many prayſes more ſhe heaved him to the ſkies.
Tell me els what, (quod ſhe) this evermore I thought;
But of our marriage, ſay at once, what anſwere have you brought?
Nay, ſoft, (quod ſhe) I feare your hurt by ſodain joye;
I liſt not play (quod Juliet), although thou liſt to toye.
How glad, trow you, was ſhe, when ſhe had heard her ſay,
No farther of then Saturday differred was the day,
Again the auncient nurſe doth ſpeake of Romeus,
And then (ſaid ſhe) he ſpake to me, and then I ſpake him thus.
Nothing was done or ſayd that ſhe hath left untold,
Save only one that ſhe forgot, the taking of the golde.
"There is no loſſe (quod ſhe) ſweete wench, to loſſe of time,
Ne in thine age ſhall thou repent ſo much of any crime.
For when I call to mynd my former paſſed youth,
One thing there is which moſt of all doth cauſe my endleſs ruth.
At ſixtene yeres I firſt did chooſe my loving feere,
And I was fully rype before, I dare well ſay, a yere.
The pleaſure that I loſt, that year ſo overpaſt,
A thouſand times I have bewept, and ſhall, whyle life doth laſt.

In fayth it were a ſhame, yea ſinne it were, I wiſſe,
When thou maiſt live in happy joy, to ſet light by thy bliſſe."
She that this morning could her miſtres mynd diſſwade,
Is now become an oratreſſe, her lady to perſwade.
If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
To him I ſpeake; if thou wilt ſpeede, thy purſe thou muſt not ſpare.
Two ſorts of men there are, ſeeld welcome in at doore,
The welthy ſparing nigard, and the ſutor that is poore.
For glittring gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;
And oftentimes a ſlight rewarde doth cauſe a more deſart.
Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,
There is no better way to fiſhe then with a golden hooke.
Of Romeus theſe two do ſitte and chat awhyle,
And to them ſelfe they laugh how they the mother ſhall begyle.
A feate excuſe they finde, but ſure I know it not,
And leave for her to go to ſhriſt on Saterday, ſhe got.
So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
The Saterday betimes, in ſober weed y-clad,
She tooke her leave, and forth ſhe went with viſage grave and ſad.
With her the nurce is ſent, as brydle of her luſt,
With her the mother ſends a mayd almoſt of equall truſt.
Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cought,
So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.
She gaſeth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
Ne wandreth ſhe from place to place, but ſtraight ſhe kneleth downe
Upon an alters ſtep, where ſhe devoutly prayes,
And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady ſtayes;
Whilſt ſhe doth ſend her mayde the certain truth to know,
If frier Lawrence layſure had to heare her ſhrift, or no.
Out of his ſhriving place he commes with pleaſant cheere;
The ſhamfaſt mayde with baſhfull brow to himward draweth neere.
Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,
Perhaps you have diſpleasd your frend by geving him a mate.
Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
Go heare a maſſe or two, (quod he) which ſtraightway ſhall be ſayde.
For, her confeſſion heard, I will unto you twayne
The charge that I received of you reſtore to you agayne.
What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,
That for this truſty fryre hath chaungd her yong miſtruſting mayde?
I dare well ſay, there is in all Verona none,
But Romeus, with whom ſhe would ſo gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn;
He ſhuts the doore as ſoon as he and Juliet were in.
But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,
And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.

Eche minute ſeemd an houre, and every howre a day,
Twixt hope he lived and deſpayre of cumming or of ſtay.
Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of ſight,
For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleaſant cheefe delight.
And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her ſmart,
For now the reſt of all her parts have found her ſtraying hart.
Both theyr confeſſions fyrſt the fryer hath heard them make,
And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence ſpake:
Fayre lady Juliet, my goſtly daughter deere,
As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you ſtondeth here,
Twixt you it is agreed, that you ſhal be his wyfe,
And he your ſpouſe in ſteady truth, till death ſhall end your life.
Are you both fully bent to kepe this great beheſt?
And both the lovers ſaid, it was theyr onely harts requeſt.
When he did ſee theyr myndes in linkes of love ſo faſt,
When in the prayſe of wedlocks ſtate ſomme ſkilfull talke was paſt,
When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,
His duty eke by goſtly talke the youthfull huſband knew;
How that the wyfe in love muſt honour and obey,
What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he muſt pay,—
The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde
Appoynted hath for mariage, and ſhe a ring of golde
Received of Romeus; and then they both aroſe.
To whom the frier then ſaid: Perchaunce apart you will diſcloſe,
Betwixt your ſelfe alone, the bottome of your hart;
Say on at once, for time it is that hence you ſhould depart.
Then Romeus ſaid to her, (both loth to part ſo ſoone)
"Fayre lady, ſend to me agayne your nurce thys afternoone.
Of corde I will beſpeake a ladder by that time;
By which, this night, while other ſleepe, I will your windowe clime.
Then will we talke of love and of our old diſpayres,
And then with longer layſure had diſpoſe our great affayres."
Theſe ſayd, they kiſſe, and then part to theyr fathers houſe,
The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the ſpouſe;
Contented both, and yet both uncontented ſtill,
Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
The painfull ſouldiour, ſore y-bet with wery warre,
The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from farre,
The ploughman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,
Rather to ſit in ydle eaſe then ſowe his tilt hath choſe,
Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace;
Not pleaſurd with the ſound ſo much, but, when the warres do ceaſe,
Then ceaſed are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth:
The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;

Dredeleſs the huſbandman doth till his fertile feeld.
For welth, her mate, not for her ſelfe, is peace ſo precious held:
So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unreſt,
And dedly warre by ſtriving thoughts they kepe within their breſt;
But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
To do a thouſand pleaſant thinges that ſhould not els be donne.
The newes of ended warre theſe two have heard with joy,
But now they long the fruite of peace with pleaſure to enjoy.
In ſtormy wind and wave, in daunger to be loſt,
Thy ſtearles ſhip, O Romeus, hath been long while betoſt;
The ſeas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy ſtarre,
Art come in ſight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with ſwelling tyde, boldly thou mayſt reſort
Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long-deſyred port.
God graunt, no follies miſt ſo dymme thy inward ſight,
That thou do miſſe the channel that doth leade to thy delight!
God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy ſea-beaten barke.
A ſervant Romeus had, of woord and deede ſo juſt,
That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maiſter would him truſt.
His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde;
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
Who ſtraight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
To which he hath made faſt two ſtrong and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to ſend the nurce at twylight fayleth not,
To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,
For, whether Fortune ſmyle on him, or if ſhe liſt to lowre,
He will not miſſe to come to hys appoynted place,
Where wont he was to take by ſtelth the view of Juliets face.
How long theſe lovers thought the laſting of the day,
Let other judge that woonted are lyke paſſions to aſſay:
For my part, I do geſſe eche howre ſeemes twenty yere;
So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
The ſunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
Black ſhade of night and doubled darke ſhould ſtraight all over-hyde.
Thappointed howre is comme; he, clad in riche araye,
Walkes toward his deſyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!
Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,
So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he ſpyde his wyfe,
Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;
Where ſhe ſo ſurely had made faſt the ladder made of corde,
That daungerles her ſpouſe the chaumber window climes,
Where he ere then had wiſht himſelfe above ten thouſand tymes.
The windowes cloſe are ſhut; els looke they for no geſt;
To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurce is preſt,

Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
That ſhe at pleaſure might behold her huſbands bewty bright.
A carchef white as ſnowe ware Juliet on her hed,
Such as ſhe wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.
As ſoon as ſhe hym ſpide, about his necke ſhe clong,
And by her long and ſlender armes a great while there ſhe hong.
A thouſand times ſhe kiſt, and him unkiſt againe,
Ne could ſhe ſpeake a woord to him, though would ſhe nere ſo fayne.
And like betwixt his armes to faint his lady is;
She fets a ſigh and clappeth cloſe her cloſed mouth to his:
And ready then to ſownde, ſhe looked ruthfully,
That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
Theſe piteous painfull panges were haply overpaſt,
And ſhe unto herſelfe againe retorned home at laſt.
Then, through her troubled breſt, even from the fartheſt part,
An hollow ſigh, a meſſenger ſhe ſendeth from her hart.
O Romeus, (quod ſhe) in whom all vertues ſhine,
Welcome thou art into this place, where from theſe eyes of mine
Such teary ſtreames did flowe, that I ſuppoſe wel ny
The ſource of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.
Abſence ſo pynde my heart, which on thy preſence fed,
And of thy ſafety and thy health ſo much I ſtood in dred.
But now what is decreed by fatall deſteny,
I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorſt to me.
Full recompenſd am I for all my paſſed harmes,
In that the Gods have graunted me to claſpe thee in mine armes.
The chryſtall teares began to ſtand in Romeus eyes,
When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunſwere in this wiſe:
"Though cruell Fortune be ſo much my deadly foe,
That I ne can by lively proofe cauſe thee, fayre dame, to know
How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
Ne yet what mighty powre thou haſt, by thy deſert, on me,
Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well aſſure;
The leaſt of many paines which of thy abſence ſproong,
More painfully than death it ſelfe my tender hart hath wroong.
Ere this, one death had reft a thouſand deathes away,
But life prolonged was by hope of this deſyred day;
Which ſo juſt tribute payes of all my paſſed mone,
That I as well contented am as if my ſelfe alone
Did from the ocean reigne unto the ſea of Ynde.
Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde;
For, as the wretched ſtate is now redreſt at laſt,
So is it ſkill behind our backe the curſed care to caſt.
Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time aſſinde,
Where we with pleaſure may content our uncontented mynde,

In Lethes hyde we depe all greeſe and all annoy,
Whilſt we do bathe in bliſſe, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
And, for the time to comme, let be our buſy care
So wiſely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;
Leſt envious foes by force deſpoyle our new delight,
And us threw backe from happy ſtate to more unhappy plight."
Fayre Juliet began to aunſwere what he ſayde,
But foorth in haſt the old nurce ſtept, and ſo her aunſwere ſtayde.
Who takes no time (quoth ſhe) when time well offred is,
An other time ſhall ſeeke for tyme, and yet of time ſhall miſſe.
And when occaſion ſerves, who ſo doth let it ſlippe,
Is worthy ſure, if I might judge, of laſhes with a whippe.
Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other ſo,
And eche of you hath ben the cauſe of others wayled woe,
Lo here a field (ſhe ſhewd a field-bed ready dight)
Where you may, if you liſt, in armes revenge yourſelf by fight.
Whereto theſe lovers both gan eaſely aſſent,
And to the place of mylde revenge with pleaſant cheere they went,
Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to reſt)
How can this be? they reſtleſs lye, ne yet they feele unreſt.
I graunt that I envie the bliſſe they lived in;
O that I might have found the like! I wiſh it for no ſin,
But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
As heretofore I have diſplayd their ſecret hidden playnt.
Of ſhyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
But Fortune ſuch delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.
By proofe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
But what I geſſe by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.
The blindfold goddeſſe that with frowning face doth fraye,
And from theyr ſeate the mighty kinges throwes down with headlong ſway,
Begynneth now to turne to theſe her ſmyling face;
Nedes muſt they taſt of great delight, ſo much in Fortunes grace.
If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleaſant ſport,
I think, O Romeus, Mars himſelfe envies thy happy ſort.
Ne Venus juſtly might (as I ſuppoſe) repent,
If in thy ſtead, O Juliet, this pleaſant time ſhe ſpent.
Thus paſſe they foorth the night, in ſport, in joly game;
The haſtines of Phœbus ſteeds in great deſpyte they blame.
And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,
In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon ſhot,
And now in eaſe he doth poſſeſſe the hoped place:
How glad was he, ſpeake you, that may your lovers parts embrace.
The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleaſd,
The nigh approche of dayes retoorne theſe ſely ſoles diſeaſd.
And for they might no while in pleaſure paſſe theyr time,
Ne leyſure had they much to blame the haſty mornings crime,

With friendly kiſſe in armes of her his leave he takes,
And every other night, to come, a ſolemn othe he makes,
By one ſelfe meane, and eke to come at one ſelfe howre:
And ſo he doth, till Fortune liſt to ſawſe his ſweete with ſowre.
But who is he that can his preſent ſtate aſſure?
And ſay unto himſelfe, thy joyes ſhall yet a day endure?
So wavering Fortunes whele, her chaunges be ſo ſtraunge;
And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge:
Who raignes ſo over all, that eche man hath his part,
Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleaſure and of ſmart.
For after many joyes ſome feele but little paine,
And from that little greeſe they toorne to happy joy againe.
But other ſome there are, that living long in woe,
At length they be in quiet eaſe, but long abide not ſo;
Whoſe greeſe is much increaſt by myrth that went before,
Becauſe the ſodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it ſeeme the more.
Of this unlucky ſorte our Romeus is one,
For all his hap turnes to miſhap, and all his myrth to mone.
And joyfull Juliet another leaſe muſt toorne;
As woont ſhe was, (her joyes bereft) ſhe muſt begin to moorne.
The ſummer of their bliſſe doth laſt a month or twayne,
But winters blaſt with ſpedy foote doth bring the fall agayne.
Whom glorious Fortune erſt had heaved to the ſkies,
By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.
She payd theyr former greeſe with pleaſures doubled gayne,
But now, for pleaſures uſury, ten folde redoubleth payne.
The prince could never cauſe thoſe houſholds ſo agree,
But that ſome ſparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee;
Which lye this while raaked up in aſhes pale and ded,
Till tyme do ſerve that they agayne in waſting flame may ſpred.
At holieſt times, men ſay, moſt heynous crimes are donne;
The morrowe after Eaſter-day the miſchiefe new begonne.
A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)
Within the walles, by Purſers gate, a band of Montagewes.
The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have choſe out,
Beſt exerciſd in feates of armes, and nobleſt of the rowte,
Our Juliets unkles ſonne, that cleped was Tibalt;
He was of body tall and ſtrong, and of his courage halt.
They neede no trumpet ſounde to byd them geve the charge,
So lowde he cryde with ſtrayned voyce and mouth out-ſtretched large:
"Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our ſelfe ſo let us wreake,
That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may ſpeake.
Now once for all let us their ſwelling pryde aſſwage;
Let none of them eſcape alive."—Then he with furious rage,

And they with him, gave charge upon theyr preſent foes,
And then forthwith a ſkirmiſh great upon this fray aroſe.
For loe the Montagewes thought ſhame away to flye.
And rather then to live with ſhame, with prayſe did chooſe to dye.
The woords that Tybalt uſd to ſtyrre his folke to yre,
Have in the breſtes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
With lyons harts they fight, warely them ſelfe defend;
To wound his foe, his preſent wit and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long on eche ſide ſtoutly fought,
That whether part had got the woorſt, full doutfull were the thought.
The noyſe hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
And parts are taken on every ſide; both kindreds thether hye.
Here one doth graſpe for breth, his frend beſtrydeth him;
And he hath loſt a hand, and he another maymed lym:
His leg is cutte whilſt he ſtrikes at an other full,
And whom he would have thruſt quite through, hath cleft his cracked ſkull.
Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde;
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutful wounde.
Thus foote by foote long while, and ſhylde to ſhylde ſet faſt,
One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agaſt.
And whilſt this noyſe is riſe in every townesmans eare,
Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyſe doth wofull Romeus heare.
With ſpedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace;
With him, thoſe fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.
They pitie much to ſee the ſlaughter made ſo greate,
That wet ſhod they might ſtand in blood on eyther ſide the ſtreate.
Part frendes, ſaid he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,
And to the reſt, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to ſtaye.
Gods farther wrath you ſtyrre, beſide the hurt you feele,
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.
But they ſo buſy are in fight, ſo egar, fierce,
That through theyr eares his ſage adviſe no leyſure had to pearce.
Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
As well of thoſe that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.
As ſoon as Tybalt had our Romeus eſpyde,
He threw a thruſt at him that would have paſt from ſide to ſide;
But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,
So that the ſwerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus harmde.
Thou doeſt me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye;
Not dread, but other waighty cauſe my haſty hand doth ſtay.
Thou art the cheeſe of thine, the nobleſt eke thou art,
Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe theſe folke to part.
Many are hurt, ſome ſlayne, and ſome are like to dye:—
No, coward, traytor boy, quoth he, ſtraight way I mind to trye,

Whether thy ſugred talke, and tong ſo ſmoothly fylde,
Againſt the force of this my ſwerd ſhall ſerve thee for a ſhylde.
And then, at Romeus hed a blow he ſtrake ſo hard
That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.
It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,
And geve him deth for intereſt, a well-forborne gayne.
Right as a foreſt bore, that lodged in the thicke,
Pinched with dog, or els with ſpeare y-pricked to the quicke,
His briſtles ſtyffe upright upon his backe doth ſet,
And in his fomy mouth his ſharp and crooked tuſkes doth whet;
Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,
His whelps bereft, whoſe fury can no weaker beaſt aſſwage;—
Such ſeemed Romeus in every others ſight,
When he him ſhope, of wrong receavde tavenge himſelfe by fight.
Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the ſkye,
That through the ayre, the maſſy earth, and ſeas, have powre to flye;
So met theſe two, and whyle they chaunge a blow or twayne,
Our Romeus thruſt him through the throte, and ſo is Tybalt ſlayne.
Loe here the end of thoſe that ſtyrre a dedly ſtryfe!
Who thryſteth after others death, him ſelfe hath loſt his lyfe.
The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,
The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus fight doth growe.
The townesmen waxen ſtrong, the Prince doth ſend his force;
The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce
Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath theyr kinſman ſlayne.
The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt;
The lookers on do ſay, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
The prince doth pawſe, and then geves ſentence in a while,
That Romeus, for fleying him, ſhould goe into exyle.
His foes woulde have him hangde, or ſterve in priſon ſtrong;
His frends do think, but dare not ſay, that Romeus hath wrong.
Both houſholds ſtraight are charged on payne of loſing lyfe,
Theyr bloudy weapons layd aſide, to ceaſe the ſtyrred ſtryfe.
This common plage is ſpred through all the towne anon,
From ſide to ſide the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.
For Tybalts haſty death bewayled was of ſomme,
Both for his ſkill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
He ſhould, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,
To helpe his frends, and ſerve the ſtate; which hope within a howre
Was waſted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.
And other ſomme bewayle, but ladies moſt of all,
The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is ſo late befall,

Without his falt, unto the ſeely Romeus;
For whilſt that he from natiſe land ſhall live exyled thus,
From heavenly bewties light and his well ſhaped parts,
The ſight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull harts,
Shall you be baniſhd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
What hope have you to joy, what hope to ceaſe to moorne?
This Romeus was borne ſo much in heavens grace,
Of Fortune and of Nature ſo beloved, that in his face
(Beſide the heavenly bewty gliſtring ay ſo bright,
And ſeemely grace that wonted ſo to glad the ſeers ſight)
A certain charme was graved by Natures ſecret arte,
That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
So every one doth wiſh to beare a part of payne,
That he releaſed of exyle might ſtraight retoorne againe.
But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet!
How doth ſhe bathe her breſt in teares! what depe ſighes doth ſhe fet!
How doth ſhe tear her heare! her weede how doth ſhe rent!
How fares the lover hearing of her lovers baniſhment!
How wayles ſhe Tybalts death, whom ſhe had loved ſo well!
Her hearty greeſe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
For delving depely now in depth of depe deſpayre,
With wretched ſorrows cruell ſound ſhe fils the empty ayre;
And to the loweſt hell downe falls her heavy crye,
And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
The waters and the woods of ſighes and ſobs reſounde,
And from the hard reſounding rockes her ſorrowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a ſhowre,
That in the garden where ſhe walkd might water herbe and flowre.
But when at length ſhe ſaw her ſelfe outraged ſo,
Unto her chaumber there ſhe hide; there, overcharged with woe,
Upon her ſtately bed her painfull parts ſhe threw,
And in ſo wondrous wiſe began her ſorrowes to renewe,
That ſure no hart ſo hard (but it of flynt had byn,)
But would have rude the piteous playnt that ſhe did languiſhe in.
Then rapt out of her ſelfe, whilſt ſhe on every ſide
Did caſt her reſtles eye, at length the windowe ſhe eſpide,
Through which ſhe had with joye ſeene Romeus many a time,
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets ſake to clyme.
She cryde, O curſed windowe! acurſt be every pane,
Through which, alas! to ſone I raught the cauſe of life and bane,
If by thy meane I have ſome ſlight delight receaved,
Or els ſuch fading pleaſure as by Fortune ſtraight was reaved,
Haſt thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous
Of heaped greeſe and laſting care, and ſorrowes dolorous?

That theſe my tender parts, which nedeful ſtrength do lacke
To bear ſo great unweldy lode upon ſo weake a backe,
Oppreſt with waight of cares and with theſe ſorrowes rife,
At length muſt open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;
That ſo my wery ſprite may ſomme where els unlode
His deadly loade, and free from thrall may ſeeke els where abode;
For pleaſant quiet eaſe and for aſſured reſt,
Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unreſt?
O Romeus, when firſt we both acquainted were,
When to thy painted promiſes I lent my liſtning eare,
Which to the brinkes you fild with many a ſolemne othe,
And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,
I thought you rather would continue our good will,
And ſeeke tappeaſe our fathers ſtrife, which daily groweth ſtill.
I little wend you would have ſought occaſion how
By ſuch an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;
Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipſed is,
And I unhappy, huſbandles, of cumfort robde and bliſſe.
But if you did ſo much the blood of Capels thyrſt,
Why have you often ſpared myne? myne might have quencht it fyrſt.
Synce that ſo many times and in ſo ſecret place,
Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,
My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to ſtand
In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloudy hand.
What! ſeemde the conqueſt which you got of me ſo ſmall?
What! ſeemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made your thrall?
But that you muſt increaſe it with that kinſmans blood,
Which for his woorth and love to me, moſt in my favour ſtood?
Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and ſeeke an other whyle
Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
And, where I comme, ſee that you ſhonne to ſhew your face,
For your excuſe within my hart ſhall finde no reſting place.
And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
Will ſo the reſt of wery life with many teares lament,
That ſoon my joyceles corps ſhall yeld up baniſhd breath,
And where on earth it reſtles lived, in earth ſeeke reſt by death.
  Theſe ſayd, her tender hart, by payne oppreſſed ſore,
Reſtraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in ſtore;
And then as ſtill ſhe was, as if in ſownd ſhe lay,
And then againe, wroth with herſelfe, with feble voyce gan ſay:
  "Ah cruell murdering tong, murdrer of others fame,
How durſt thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?
Whoſe dedly foes do yeld him dew and erned prayſe;
For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decayes.

Why blamſt thou Romeus for ſlaying of Tybalt,
Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?
Whether ſhall he, alas! poore baniſhd man, now flye?
What place of ſuccour ſhall he ſeeke beneth the ſtarry ſkye?
Since ſhe purſueth hym, and him defames by wrong,
That in diſtres ſhould be his fort, and onely rampier ſtrong.
Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
Who, for ſhe was unkind her ſelfe, doth offer up her life,
In flames of yre, in ſighes, in ſorow and in ruth,
So to revenge the crime ſhe did commit againſt thy truth."
Theſe ſaid, ſhe could no more; her ſenſes all gan fayle,
And dedly panges began ſtraightway her tender hart aſſayle;
Her limmes ſhe ſtretched forth, ſhe drew no more her breath:
Who had been there might well have ſeen the ſignes of preſent death.
The nurce that knew no cauſe why ſhe abſented her,
Did doute leſt that ſomme ſodayn greefe too much tormented her.
Eche where but where ſhe was, the carefull beldam ſought,
Laſt, of the chamber where ſhe lay ſhe happly her bethought;
Where ſhe with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,
Her limmes ſtretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.
The nurce ſuppoſde that ſhe had payde to death her det,
And then, as ſhe had loſt her wittes, ſhe cryde to Juliet:
Ah! my dere hart, quoth ſhe, how greveth me thy death!
Alas! what cauſe haſt thou thus ſone to yeld up living breath?
But while ſhe handled her, and chafed every part,
She knew there was ſome ſparke of life by beating of her hart,
So that a thouſand times ſhe cald upon her name;
There is no way to helpe a traunce but ſhe hath tride the ſame:
She openeth wyde her mouth, ſhe ſtoppeth cloſe her noſe,
She bendeth downe her breſt, ſhe wringeth her fingers and her toes,
And on her boſome cold ſhe layeth clothes hot;
A warmed and a holeſome juyce ſhe powreth down her throte.
At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
And then ſhe ſtretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce ſhe ſpyes.
But when ſhe was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
" Why doſt thou trouble me, quoth ſhe, what drave thee, with miſchaunce,
To come to ſee my ſprite forſake my bretheles corſe?
Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my ſmart remorſe.
For who would ſee her frend to live in dedly payne?
Alas! I ſee my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.
Or who would ſeeke to live, all pleaſure being paſt?
My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to laſt.
Wherefore ſince that there is none other remedy,
Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye."

The nurce with trickling teares, to witnes inward ſmart,
With holow ſigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
Thus ſpake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care:
" Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare;
Ne yet the cauſe of your unmeaſurde heavineſs.
But of this one I you aſſure, for care and ſorowes ſtreſſe,
This hower large and more I thought, ſo God me ſave,
That my dead corps ſhould wayte on yours to your untimely grave."
" Alas, my tender nurce, and truſty frende, (quoth ſhe)
Art thou ſo blinde that with thine eye thou canſt not eaſely ſee
The lawfull cauſe I have to ſorow and to moorne,
Since thoſe the which I hyld moſt deere, I have at once forlorne."
Her nurce then aunſwered thus—" Methinkes it fits you yll
To fall in theſe extremities that may you gyltles ſpill.
For when the ſtormes of care and troubles do aryſe,
Then is the time for men to know the fooliſh from the wiſe.
You are accounted wiſe, a foole am I your nurce;
But I ſee not how in like caſe I could behave me wurſe.
Tybalt your frend is ded; what, weene you by your teares
To call him backe againe? thinke you that he your crying heares?
You ſhall perceive the falt, if it be juſtly tryde,
Of his ſo ſodayn death was in his raſhnes and his pryde.
Would you that Romeus him ſelfe had wronged ſo,
To ſuffer him ſelfe cauſeles to be outraged of his foe,
To whom in no reſpect he ought a place to geve?
Let it ſuffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,
And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
With greater glory ſhall be calde home from his hard exile.
How well y-born he is, thyſelfe I know canſt tell,
By kindred ſtrong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.
With patience arme thyſelfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,
Without your falt, to both your greeſes, depart you for a time,
I dare ſay, for amendes of all your preſent payne,
She will reſtore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,
With ſuch contented eaſe as never erſt you had;
Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more ſo ſad.
And that I may diſcharge your hart of heavy care,
A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I ſpare,
To learne his preſent ſtate, and what in time to comme
He mindes to doe; which knowne by me, you ſhall know all and ſomme.
But that I dread the whilſt your ſorowes will you quell,
Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence cell.
But if you gyn eft ſones, as erſt you did, to moorne,
Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.

So I ſhall ſpend in waſte my time and buſy payne,
So unto you, your life once loſt, good aunſwere comes in vayne;
So ſhall I ridde my ſelfe with this ſharpe pointed knyfe,
So ſhall you cauſe your parents deere wax wery of theyr life;
So ſhall your Romeus, deſpiſing lively breath,
With haſty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.
Where, if you can a while by reaſon rage ſuppreſſe,
I hope at my retorne to bring the ſalve of your diſtreſſe.
Now chooſe to have me here a partner of your payne,
Or promiſe me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne."
Her miſtres ſendes her forth, and makes a grave beheſt
With reaſons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her breſt.
When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,
Then vaniſh they by hope of ſcape; and thus the lady lyes
Twixt well-aſſured truſt, and doutfull lewd dyſpayre:
Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now ſeeme they white and fayre.
As oft in ſummer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the ſonne,
And ſtraight againe in cleareſt ſkye his reſtles ſteedes do ronne;
So Juliets wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,
And by and by her haſty thought the woes doth overgoe.
But now is tyme to tell, whilſt ſhe was toſſed thus,
What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.
When he had ſlayne his foe that gan this dedly ſtrife,
And ſaw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,
He fled the ſharpe revenge of thoſe that yet did live,
And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might gyve,
He ſought ſomewhere unſeene to lurke a littel ſpace,
And truſty Lawrence ſecret cell he thought the ſureſt place.
In doutfull happe aye beſt a truſty frend is tryde;
The frendly frier in this diſtreſſe doth graunt his frend to hyde.
A ſecret place he hath, well ſeeled round about,
The mouth of which ſo cloſe is ſhut, that none nay finde it out;
But roome there is to walke, and place to ſit and reſt,
Beſide a bed to ſleape upon, full ſoft, and trimly dreſt.
The flowre is planked ſo, with mattes it is ſo warme,
That neither winde nor ſmoky damps have powre him ought to harme.
Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to beſtowe,
There now he hydeth Romeus, whilſt forth he goth to knowe
Both what is ſaid and donne, and what appoynted payne
Is publiſhed by trumpets ſound; then home he hyes agayne.
By this unto his cell the nurce with ſpedy pace
Was comme the nereſt way; ſhe ſought no ydel reſting place.

The fryer ſent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,
And promiſe made (what ſo befell) he ſhould that night by ſtelth
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wiſe
Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thoroughly deviſe.
Thoſe joyfull newes the nurce brought home with merry joy;
And now our Juliet joyes to thinke ſhe ſhall her love enjoy.
The fryer ſhuts faſt his doore, and then to him beneth,
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or elſe of death.
Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,
But thou ſhalt live, and do full well, in ſpite of ſpitefull fone.
This only payne for thee was erſt proclaymde aloude,
A baniſhd man, thou mayſt thee not within Verona ſhrowde.
Theſe heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware.
And as the ſmitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
So waltreth he, and with his breſt doth beate the troden grounde.
He riſeth eft, and ſtrikes his hed againſt the wals,
He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for hafty death he cals.
"Come ſpedy death, quoth he, the readieſt leache in love,
Synce nought can els beneth the ſunne the ground of greefe remove,
Of lothſome life breake downe the hated ſtaggering ſtayes,
Deſtroy, deſtroy at once the life that fayntly yet decayes.
But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did deviſe
With cunning hand to woorke that might ſeeme wondrous in our eyes,
For you, I pray the gods, your pleaſures to increaſe,
And all miſhap, with this my death, for evermore to ceaſe.
And mighty Jove with ſpeede of juſtice bring them lowe,
Whoſe lofty pryde, without our gylt, our bliſſe doth overblowe.
And Cupid graunt to thoſe theyr ſpedy wrongs redreſſe,
That ſhall bewayle my cruell death and pity her diſtreſſe."
Therewith a cloude of ſighes he breathd into the ſkies,
And two great ſtreames of bitter teares ran from his ſwowlen eyes.
Theſe thinges the auncient fryer with ſorrow ſaw and heard,
Of ſuch beginning eke the end the wiſeman greatly feard.
But lo! he was ſo weake by reaſon of his age,
That he ne could by force repreſſe the rigour of his rage.
His wiſe and friendly woordes he ſpeaketh to the ayre,
For Romeus ſo vexed is with care, and with diſpayre,
That no advice can perce his cloſe forſtopped eares,
So now the fryer doth take his part in ſhedding ruthfull teares.
With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard y-fold,
With wofull cheere his wayling frende he ſtandeth to beholde.
And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,
With voyce with plaint made horce, with ſobs, and with a faltring tong,

Renewd with novel mone the dolors of his hart;
His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his ſtore of inward ſmart,
Fyrſt Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
In which his joyes had been ſo ſcant, and ſorowes ay ſo rife;
The time and place of byrth he feerſly did reprove,
He cryed out with open mouth againſt the ſtarres above:
The fatall ſiſters three, he ſaid, had donne him wrong,
The threed that ſhould not have been ſponne, they had drawne forth too long.
He wiſhed that he had before his time been borne,
Or that as ſoone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
His nurce he curſed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;
And then did he complaine on Venus cruell ſonne,
Who led him firſt unto the rockes which he ſhould warely ſhonne:
By meane whereof he loſt both lyfe and libertie,
And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
Loves troubles laſten long, the joyes he gives are ſhort;
He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr erneſt is his ſport.
A thouſand thinges and more I here let paſſe to write
Which unto love this wofull man dyd ſpeake in great deſpite.
On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
Unconſtant, fond, deceitfull, raſhe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
And to himſelfe he layd a great part of the falt,
For that he ſlewe and was not ſlaine, in fighting with Tibalt.
He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,
But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
When after raging fits appeaſed was his rage,
And when his paſſions, powred forth, gan partly to aſſwage,
So wiſely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
That he ſtraight cared for his life, that erſt had care to dye.
" Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy ſhape ſaith, ſo thou art;
Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.
For manly reaſon is quite from of thy mynd out-chaſed,
And in her ſtead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:
So that I ſtoode in doute, this howre at the leaſt,
If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutiſh beaſt.
A wiſe man in the midſt of troubles and diſtres
Still ſtandes not wayling preſent harme, but ſeekes his harmes redres.
As when the winter flawes with dredful noyſe ariſe,
And heave the ſomy ſwelling waves up to the ſtary ſkyes,
So that the brooſed barke in cruell ſeas betoſt,
Diſpayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be loſt,
The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates ſtrike now your ſayle,
And tornes her ſtemme into the waves that ſtrongly her aſſayle;

Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull ſhore,
In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,
He ſeeth his ſhip full right againſt the rocke to ronne,
But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to ſhonne;
Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
The ancors loſt, the cables broke, and all the tackle ſpent,
The rodef ſmitten of, and over-boord the maſt,
Doth win the long-deſyred porte, the ſtormy daunger paſt:
But if the maſter dread, and overpreſt with woe
Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
The ſhip rents on the rocke, or ſinketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou ſtill beweepe
And ſeke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
Thy cauſe of ſorow ſhall increaſe, thou cauſe of thy miſchaunce.
Other account thee wiſe, prove not thyſelf a foole;
Now put in practiſe leſſons learned of old in wiſdome's ſchoole.
The wiſe man ſaith, beware thou double not thy payne,
For one perhaps thou mayſt abyde, but hardly ſuffer twaine.
As well we ought to ſeeke thinges hurtfull to decreaſe,
As to indevor helping thinges by ſtudy to increaſe.
The prayſe of trew fredom in wiſdomes bondage lyes,
He winneth blame whoſe deedes be fonde, although his woords be wiſe.
Sicknes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;
If thou canſt ſcape from heavy greefe, true freedome ſhalt thou finde.
Fortune can fill nothing ſo full of hearty greefe,
But in the ſame a conſtant mynd finds ſolace and releefe.
Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,
But wiſdom in adverſitie findes cauſe of quiet joye.
And they moſt wretched are that know no wretchednes,
And after great extremity miſhaps ay waxen leſſe.
Like as there is no weale but waſtes away ſomtime,
So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
If thou wilt maſter quite the troubles that thee ſpill,
Endeavor firſt by reaſons help to maſter witles will.
A ſondry medſon hath eche ſondry faynt diſeaſe,
But patience, a common ſalve, to every wound geves eaſe.
The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce muſt not ſeem to a wiſe man ſtraunge.
For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a ſteady conſtant mynd.
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her ſmyling face,
And ſorow ſeke to ſet himſelfe in baniſhd pleaſures place,

Yet may thy marred ſtate be mended in a whyle,
And ſhe eftſones that frowneth now, with pleaſant cheere ſhall
ſmyle.
For as her happy ſtate no long while ſtandeth ſure,
Even ſo the heavy plight ſhe brings, not alwayes doth endure.
What nede ſo many words to thee that art ſo wyſe?
Thou better canſt adviſe thy ſelfe, then I can thee adviſe.
Wiſdome, I ſee, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
A wiſemans wit unpractiſed doth ſtand him in no ſteede.
I know thou haſt ſome cauſe of ſorow and of care,
But well I wot thou haſt no cauſe thus frantickly to fare.
Affections foggy miſt thy febled ſight doth blynd;
But if that reaſons beames againe might ſhine into thy mynd,
If thou wouldſt view thy ſtate with an indifferent eye,
I thinke thou wouldſt condemne thy plaint, thy ſighing, and thy
crye.
With valiant hand thou madeſt thy foe yeld up his breth,
Thou haſt eſçaped his ſword and eke the lawes that threaten death.
By thy eſcape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou with truſty frendes of pleaſure take ſome part?
Or els to pleaſe thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr ſmart?
Why cryeſt thou out on love? why doſt thou blame thy fate?
Why doſt thou ſo crye after death? thy life why doſt thou hate?
Doſt thou repent the choyſe that thou ſo late dydſt chooſe?
Love is thy lord; thou oughtſt obey and not thy prince accuſe.
For thou haſt found, thou knoweſt, great favour in his ſight,
He graunted thee, at thy requeſt, thy onely harts delight.
So that the gods invyde the bliſſe thou livedſt in;
To geve to ſuch unthankfull men is folly and a ſin.
Methinke I hear thee ſay, the cruell baniſhment
Is onely cauſe of thy unreſt; onely thou doſt lament
That from thy natiſe land and frendes thou muſt depart,
Enforſd to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart:
And ſo oppreſt with waight of ſmart that thou doſt feele,
Thou doſt complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning wheele.
Unto a valiant hart there is no banyſhment,
All countreys are his native ſoyle beneath the firmament.
As to the fiſh the ſea, as to the fowle the ayre,
So is like pleaſant to the wiſe eche place of his repayre.
Though forward fortune chaſe thee hence into exile,
With doubled honor ſhall ſhe call thee home within a while.
Admit thou ſhouldſt abyde abrode a year or twayne,
Should ſo ſhort abſence cauſe ſo long and eke ſo greevous payne?
Though thou ne mayſt thy frendes here in Verona ſee,
They are not baniſhd Mantua, where ſafely thou mayſt be.

Thether they may reſort, though thou reſort not hether,
And there in ſuretie may you talke of your affayres together.
Yea, but this while, alas! thy Juliet muſt thou miſſe,
The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy bliſſe.
Thy heart thou leaveſt with her, when thou doeſt hence depart,
And in thy breſt incloſed bearſt her tender frendly hart.
But if thou rew ſo much to leave the reſt behinde,
With thought of paſſed joyes content thy uncontented minde;
So ſhall the mone decreaſe wherewith thy mind doth melt,
Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou haſt often felt.
He is too nyſe a weakeling that ſhrinketh at a ſhowre,
And he unworthy of the ſweete, that taſteth not the ſowre.
Call now agayne to mynd thy fyrſt conſuming flame;
How didſt thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame?
Hadſt thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy ſwelling eyne?
Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languiſhe away and pyne?
Thoſe greefes and others like were happly overpaſt,
And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the laſt!
From whence thou art now falne, that, rayſed up agayne,
With greater joy a greater whyle in pleaſure mayſt thou raigne.
Compare the preſent while with times y-paſt before,
And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleaſure yet in ſtore.
The whilſt, this little wrong receve thou patiently,
And what of force muſt needes be done, that do thou willingly.
Folly it is to feare that thou canſt not avoyde,
And madnes to deſyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.
To geve to Fortune place, not aye deſerveth blame,
But ſkill it is, according to the times thy ſelfe to frame."
Whilſt to this ſkilfull lore he lent his liſtning eares,
His ſighs are ſtopt, and ſtopped are the conduyts of his teares.
As blackeſt cloudes are chaſed by winters nimble wynde,
So have his reaſons chaced care out of his carefull mynde.
As of a morning fowle enſues an evening fayre,
So baniſht hope returneth home to baniſh his deſpayre.
Now is affections veale removed from his eyes,
He ſeeth the path that he muſt walke, and reaſon makes him wiſe.
For very ſhame the blood doth flaſhe in both his cheekes,
He thankes the father for his love, and farther ayde he ſeekes.
He ſayth, that ſkilles youth for counſell is unfitte,
And anger oft with haſtines are joynd to want of witte;
But ſound adviſe aboundes in hides with horiſh heares,
For wiſdom is by practiſe wonne, and perfect made by yeares.
But aye from this time forth his ready bending will
Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrences ſkill.
The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
To whom he doth wiſely diſcoorſe of his affayres at large.

He tells him how he ſhall depart the towne unknowne,
(Both mindeful of his frendes ſafetie, and carefull of his owne)
How he ſhall gyde himſelfe, how he ſhall ſeeke to winne
The frendſhip of the better ſort, how warely to crepe in
The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
Appeaſe the wrath of Eſcalus, and wipe the fault away;
The choller of his foes by gentle meanes taſſuage,
Or els by force and practiſes to bridle quite theyr rage:
And laſt he chargeth him at his appoynted howre
To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre,
And there with holeſome woordes to ſalve her ſorowes ſmart,
And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.
The old mans woords have filld with joy our Romeus breſt,
And eke the old wyves talke hath ſet our Juliets hart at reſt.
Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?
Like dayes the painefull mariners are wonted to aſſay;
For, beat with tempeſt great, when they at length eſpye
Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through the ſkie,
To cleare the ſhadowde earth by clearenes of his face,
They hope that dreadles they ſhall ronne the remnant of theyr race;
Yea they aſſure them ſelfe, and quite behind theyr backe
They caſt all doute, and thanke the gods for ſcaping of the wracke;
But ſtraight the boyſterous windes with greater fury blowe,
And over boord the broken maſt the ſtormy blaſtes doe throwe;
The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
And twice as hye the ſtriving waves begin to roare and ſwell;
With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of theyr life then they had been before.
The golden ſonne was gonne to lodge him in the weſt,
The full moon eke in yonder ſouth had ſent moſt men to reſt;
When reſtles Romeus and reſtles Juliet
In woonted ſort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chamber met.
And from the windowes top downe had he leaped ſcarce,
When ſhe with armes outſtretched wide ſo hard did him embrace,
That wel nigh had the ſprite (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce.
Thus muet ſtoode they both the eyght part of an howre,
And both would ſpeake, but neither had of ſpeaking any powre;
But on his breſt her hed doth joyleſſe Juliet lay,
And on her ſlender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus ſtay.
Theyr ſcalding ſighes aſcend, and by theyr cheekes downe fall
Theyr trickling teares, as chriſtall cleare, but bitterer far then gall.
Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,
Dyd kiſſe his love, and wiſely thus hys tale he dyd begin:
"My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
To you I purpoſe not as now with length of woordes declare

The diverſenes and eke the accidents ſo ſtraunge
Of frayle unconſtant Fortune, that delyteth ſtill in chaunge;
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
Of her ſwift-turning ſlippery wheele, then fleetes her frendſhip
ſtraight.
O wondrous chaunge! even with the twinkling of an eye
Whom erſt her ſelfe had raſhly ſet in pleaſant place ſo hye,
The ſame in great deſpyte downe hedlong doth ſhe throwe,
And while ſhe treades, and ſpurneth at the lofty ſtate layde lowe,
More ſorow doth ſhe ſhape within an howers ſpace,
Than pleaſure in an hundred yeares; ſo geyſon is her grace.
The proofe whereof in me, alas! too playne apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have foſterd with my feeres,
In proſperous hygh degree, mayntained ſo by fate,
That, as your ſelfe dyd ſee, my foes envyde my noble ſtate.
One thing there was I did above the reſt deſyre,
To which as to the ſovereign good by hope I would aſpyre,
That by our mariage meane we might within a while
(To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile:
That ſafely ſo we might, not ſtopt by ſturdy ſtrife,
Unto the bounds that God hath ſet, gyde forth our pleaſant lyfe.
But now, alack! too ſoone my bliſſe is over blowne,
And upſide downe my purpoſe and my enterpriſe are throwne.
And driven from my frendes, of ſtraungers muſt I crave
(O graunt it God!) from daungers dread that I may ſuretie have.
For loe, henceforth I muſt wander in landes unknowne,
(So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.
Which thing I have thought good to ſet before your eyes,
And to exhort you now to proove yourſelfe a woman wiſe;
That patiently you beare my abſent long abod,
For what above by fatall dome decreed is, that God—"
And more than this to ſay, it ſeemed, he was bent,
But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackiſh tears beſprent,
Brake of his tale begonne, and whilſt his ſpeech he ſtayde,
Theſe ſelfe ſame woordes, or like to theſe, with dreery cheere ſhe
ſaide:
"Why Romeus, can it be, thou haſt ſo hard a hart,
So farre removed from ruth, ſo farre from thinking on my ſmart,
To leave me thus alone, thou cauſe of my diſtreſſe,
Beſeged with ſo great a campe of mortall wretchedneſſe;
That every howre now and moment in a day
A thouſand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away?
Yet ſuch is my miſhap, O cruell deſtinye!
That ſtill I lyve, and wiſh for death, but yet can never dye.
So that juſt cauſe I have to thinke, as ſeemeth me,
That froward Fortune did of late with cruel Death agree,

To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleaſure in my payne,
And triumph in my harme, as in the greateſt hoped gayne.
And thou, the inſtrument of Fortunes cruell will,
Without whoſe ayde ſhe can no way her tyrans luſt fulfill,
Art not a whit aſhamde (as farre as I can ſee)
To caſt me of, when thou haſt culld the better part of me.
Whereby alas! to ſoone, I, ſeely wretch, do prove,
That all the auncient ſacred laws of frendſhip and of love
Are quelde and quenched quite, ſince he on whom alway
My cheefe hope and my ſteady truſt was woonted ſtill to ſtay,
For whom I am becomme unto myſelfe a foe,
Diſdayneth me, his ſtedfaſt frend, and ſkornes my friendſhip ſo.
Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayſt of two thinges chooſe the one,
Eyther to ſee thy caſtaway, as ſoone as thou art gone,
Hedlong to throw her ſelfe downe from the windowes haight,
And ſo to breake her ſlender necke with all the bodies waight,
Or ſuffer her to be companion of thy payne,
Where ſo thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne.
So wholy into thine transformed is my hart,
That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I ſhall part,
So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it ſelfe awaye,
Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may
In ſpite of all thy foes thy preſent partes enjoye,
And in diſtres to beare with thee the half of thine annoye.
Wherefore, in humble ſort, Romeus, I make requeſt,
If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle breſt,
O, let it now have place to reſt within thy hart;
Receve me as thy ſervant, and the fellow of thy ſmart:
Thy abſence is my death, thy ſight ſhall geve me lyfe.
But if perhaps thou ſtand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counſelleſſe? canſt thou no ſhift deviſe?
What letteth but in other weede I may my ſelfe diſguyſe?
What, ſhall I be the firſt? hath none done ſo ere this,
To ſcape the bondage of theyr frends? thyſelfe can aunſwer, yes.
Or doſt thou ſtand in doute that I thy wife ne can
By ſervice pleaſure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?
Or is my loyalte of both accompted leſſe?
Perhaps thou fearſt leſt I for gayne forſake thee in diſtreſſe.
What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
Whoſe brightnes, force, and prayſe, ſometime up to the ſkyes you blew?
My teares, my frendſhip and my pleaſures donne of olde,
Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke, her cooller pale and ded,
The woorſt of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;

And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
And kiſt her with a loving kyſſe, and thus to her he ſpake:
Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the miſtres of my hart,
For whom, even now, thy ſervant doth abyde in dedly ſmart,
Even for the happy dayes which thou deſyreſt to ſee,
And for the fervent friendſhips ſake that thou doſt owe to mee,
At once theſe fanſies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
To haſten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
Which Natures law and wiſdoms lore teach every wight to ſhonne.
For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
Thou ſhalt undoo thyſelfe for aye, and me thy truſty frend.
For why?—thy abſence knowne, thy father will be wroth,
And in his rage ſo narowly he will purſue us both,
That we ſhall trye in vayne to ſcape away by flight,
And vainely ſeeke a loorking place to hyde us from his fight.
Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of ſtrong defence,
Shall cruelly be puniſhed for thy departure hence;
I as a raviſher, thou as a careles childe,
I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;
Thinking to lead in eaſe a long contented life,
Shall ſhort our dayes by ſhamefull death:—but if, my loving wife,
Thou baniſh from thy mynde two foes that counſell hath,
(That wont to hinder ſound adviſe) raſhe haſtines and wrath;
If thou be bent to obey the love of reaſons ſkill,
And wiſely by her princely powre ſuppreſſe rebelling will,
If thou our ſafetie ſeeke, more then thine own delight,
(Since ſuretie ſtandes in parting, and thy pleaſures growe of ſight,)
Forbeare the cauſe of joy, and ſuffer for a while,
So ſhall I ſafely live abrode, and ſafe torne from exile:
So ſhall no ſlanders blot thy ſpotles life diſtayne,
So ſhall thy kinſmen be unſtyrd, and I exempt from payne.
And thinke thou not, that aye the cauſe of care ſhall laſt;
Theſe ſtormy broyles ſhall over-blowe, much like a winters blaſt.
For Fortune chaungeth more then fickel fantaſie;
In nothing Fortune conſtant is ſave in unconſtancie.
Her haſty ronning wheele is of a reſtleſs coorſe,
That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the woorſe,
And thoſe that are beneth ſhe heaveth up agayne:
So we ſhall riſe to pleaſures mount, out of the pit of payne.
Ere foure monthes overpaſſe, ſuch order will I take,
And by my letters and my frendes ſuch meanes I mynd to make,
That of my wandring race ended ſhal be the toyle,
And I cald home with honor great unto my native ſoyle.
But if I be condemned to wander ſtill in thrall,
I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.

And then by ſtrength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;
Not in mans weede diſguyſd, or as one ſcarcely knowne,
But as my wife and onely feere, in garment of thyne owne.
Wherefore repreſſe at once the paſſions of thy hart,
And where there is no cauſe of greefe, cauſe hope to heale thy ſmart.
For of this one thyng thou mayſt well aſſured bee,
That nothing els but onely death ſhall ſunder me from thee."
The reaſons that he made did ſeeme of ſo great waight,
And had with her ſuch force, that ſhe to him gan aunſwere ſtraight:
" Deere Syr, nought els wiſh I but to obey your will;
But ſure where ſo you go, your hart with me ſhall tarry ſtill,
As ſigne and certaine pledge, tyll here I ſhall you ſee,
Of all the powre that over you your ſelfe did graunt to me;
And in his ſtead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
One promeſſe crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;
Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,
The tydinges of your health, and howe your doutfull caſe ſhall ſtand.
And all the wery whyle that you ſhall ſpend abrode,
Cauſe me from time to time to know the place of your abode."
His eyes did guſh out teares, a ſigh brake from his breſt,
When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the heſt.
Thus theſe two lovers paſſe awaye the wery night,
In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleaſure and delight.
But now, ſomewhat too ſoone, in fartheſt eaſt aroſe
Fayre Lucifer, the golden ſtarre that lady Venus choſe;
Whoſe courſe appoynted is with ſpedy race to ronne,
A meſſenger of dawning daye, and of the ryſing ſonne.
Then freſh Aurora with her pale and ſilver glade
Did cleare the ſkies, and from the earth had chaſed ougly ſhade.
When thou ne lookeſt wide, ne cloſely doſt thou winke,
When Phœbus from our hemiſphere in weſterne wave doth ſinke,
What cooller then the heavens do ſhew unto thine eyes,
The ſame, or like, ſaw Romeus in fartheſt eaſterne ſkies.
As yet he ſawe no day, ne could he call it night,
With equall force decreaſing darke fought with increaſing light.
Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
With frendly kiſſe, and ruthfully ſhe gan her knight beholde.
With ſolemne othe they both theyr ſorrowfull leave do take;
They ſweare no ſtormy troubles ſhall theyr ſteady friendſhip ſhake.
Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
And in her chaumber ſecretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
Now hugy cloudes of care, of ſorow, and of dread,
The clearnes of theyr gladſome harts hath wholy overſpread,
When golden-creſted Phœbus boſteth him in ſkye,
And under earth, to ſcape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,

Then hath theſe lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,
For eche of them to other is as to the world the ſonne.
The dawning they ſhall ſee, ne ſommer any more,
But black-faced night with winter rough ah! beaten over ſore.
The wery watch diſcharged did hye them home to ſlepe,
The warders, and the ſkowtes were charged theyr place and courſe to kepe,
And Verone gates awide the porters had ſet open.
When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Lawrence ſpoken,
Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
He ſpurd apace, and came, withouten ſtoppe or ſtay,
To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he ſent his man away
With woordes of comfort to his old afflicted ſyre;
And ſtraight, in mynde to ſojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre,
And with the nobler ſort he doth himſelfe acquaynt,
And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.
He practiſeth by frendes for pardon of exile;
The whilſt, he ſeeketh every way his ſorowes to begyle.
But who forgets the cole that burneth in his breſt?
Alas! his cares denye his hart the ſweete deſyred reſt;
No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,
But every thing occaſion gives of ſorowe and annoye.
For when in toorning ſkies the heavens lamps are light,
And from the other hemiſphere fayre Phœbus chaſeth night,
When every man and beaſt hath reſt from paynefull toyle,
Then in the breſt of Romeus his paſſions gin to boyle.
Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,
And then his ſighes the chaumber fill, and out aloude he cries
Againſt the reſtles ſtarres in rolling ſkies that raunge,
Againſt the fatall ſiſters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.
Eche night a thouſand times he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Titans reſtles ſteedes of reſtines do ſtay;
Or that at length they have ſome bayting place found out,
Or, gyded yll, have loſt theyr way and wandred farre about.
While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he ſpendeth,
The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he endeth.
Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?
In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone:
For if his feeres rejoyce, what cauſe hath he to joy,
That wanteth ſtill his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves enjoye?
But if with heavy cheere they ſhew their inward greefe,
He wayleth moſt his wretchednes that is of wretches cheefe.
When he doth heare abrode the prayſe of ladies blowne,
Within his thought he ſcorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.

When pleaſant ſonges he heares, wheile others do rejoyce,
The melodye of muſicke doth ſtyrre up his mourning voyce.
But if in ſecret place he walke ſome where alone,
The place itſelfe and ſecretnes redoubleth all his mone.
Then ſpeakes he to the beaſtes, to feathered fowles and trees,
Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what ſo beſide he ſees.
To them he ſheweth his ſmart, as though they reaſon had,
Eche thing may cauſe his heavines, but nought may make him glad.
And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,
The ſunne he curſeth, and the howre when firſt his eyes ſaw light.
And as the night and day theyr courſe do enterchaunge.
So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchaunge.
In abſence of her knight the lady no way could
Kepe trewce betweene her greeſes and her, though nere ſo fayne ſhe would;
And though with greater payne ſhe cloked ſorowes ſmart,
Yet did her paled face diſcloſe the paſſions of her hart.
Her ſighing every howre, her weeping every where,
Her recheles heede of meate, of ſlepe, and wearing of her geare,
The carefull mother markes; then of her helth afrayde,
Becauſe the greeſes increaſed ſtill, thus to her child ſhe ſayde:
"Deere daughter, if you ſhoulde long languiſhe in this ſort,
I ſtand in doute that over-ſoone your ſorowes will make ſhort
Your loving fathers life and myne, that love you more
Then our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth therefore
Your greeſe and payne, yourſelfe on joy your thought to ſet,
For time it is that now you ſhould our Tybalts death forget.
Of whom ſince God hath claymd the life that was but lent,
He is in bliſſe, ne is there cauſe why you ſhould thus lament;
You cannot call him backe with teares and ſhrikinges ſhrill:
It is a falt thus ſtill to grudge at Gods appoynted will."
The ſeely ſoule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
No longer could ſhe hide her harme, but aunſwered thus agayne,
With heavy broken ſighes, with viſage pale and ded:
"Madame, the laſt of Tybalts teares a great while ſince I ſhed;
Whoſe ſpring hath been ere this ſo laded out by me,
That empty quite and moyſtureles I geſſe it now to be.
So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne
No more henceforth (as wont it was) ſhall guſh forth dropping bryne.
The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace ſhe warely hent.
But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
Still more and more ſhe ſaw increaſt her daughters wonted ſorrow,
All meanes ſhe ſought of her and houſhold folke to know
The certain roote whereon her greeſe and booteles mone doth growe.
But lo, ſhe hath in vayne her time and labor lore,
Wherefore without all meaſure is her hart tormented ſore.

And ſith herſelfe could not fynde out the cauſe of care,
She thought it good to tell the ſyre how ill this childe did fare.
And when ſhe ſaw her time, thus to her feere ſhe ſayde:
" Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the mayde,
And how ſhe fareth ſince that Tybalt unto death
Before his time, forſt by his foe, did yeld his living breath,
Her face ſhall ſeeme ſo chaunged, her doynges eke ſo ſtraunge,
That you will greatly wonder at ſo great and ſodain chaunge.
Not onely ſhe forbeares her meate, her drinke and ſleepe,
But now ſhe tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
No greater joy hath ſhe, nothing contents her hart
So much, as in the chaumber cloſe to ſhut her ſelfe apart:
Where ſhe doth ſo torment her poore afflicted mynde,
That much in daunger ſtandes her lyfe, except ſome help ſhe finde.
But, out alas! I ſee not how it may be founde,
Unleſſe that fyrſt we might fynd whence her ſorowes thus abounde.
For though with buſy care I have employde my wit,
And uſed all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,
Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote;
She hydeth cloſe within her breſt her ſecret ſorowes roote.
This was my fyrſt conceite,—that all her ruth aroſe
Out of her cooſin Tybalts death, late ſlayne of dedly foes.
But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;
Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her hath wrought.
Her ſelfe aſſured me that many days agoe
She ſhed the laſt of Tybalts teares; which woords amaſd me ſo
That I then could not geſſe what thing els might her greeve:
But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve
The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne
Is grudging envies faynt diſeaſe; perhaps ſhe doth diſdayne
To ſee in wedlocke yoke the moſt part of her feeres,
Whilſt only ſhe unmarried doth loſe ſo many yeres.
And more perchaunce ſhe thinkes you mynd to kepe her ſo;
Wherefore diſpayring doth ſhe weare her ſelfe away with woe.
Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;
For why? a brickle thing is glaſſe, and frayle is ſkilleſſe youth.
Joyne her at once to ſomme in linke of mariage,
That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age:
So ſhall you baniſh care out of your daughters breſt,
So we her parentes, in our age, ſhall live in quiet reſt."
Whereto gan eaſely her huſband to agree,
And to the mothers ſkilfull talke thus ſtraightway aunſwered he.
" Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all theſe things ere this,
But evermore my mynd me gave, it ſhould not be amiſſe

By farther leyſure had a huſband to provyde;
Scarce ſaw ſhe yet full ſixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.
But ſince her ſtate doth ſtande on termes ſo perilous,
And that a mayden daughter is a treaſure daungerous,
With ſo great ſpeede I will endeavour to procure
A huſband for our daughter yong, her ſicknes faynt to cure,
That you ſhall reſt content, ſo warely will I chooſe,
And ſhe recover ſoone enough the time ſhe ſeemes to looſe.
The whilſt ſeeke you to learne, if ſhe in any part
Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;
Leſt we have more reſpect to honor and to welth,
Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth:
Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
And rather wiſh in poore eſtate and daughterles to dye,
Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to ſuch a one,
Whoſe chorliſh dealing, (I once dead) ſhould be her cauſe of mone."
This pleaſant aunſwer heard, the lady partes agayne,
And Capilet, the maydens fyre, within a day or twayne,
Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,
And many gentilmen there were, with buſy care that ſought her;
Both, for the mayden was well-ſhaped, yong and fayre,
As alſo well brought up, and wiſe; her fathers onely heyre.
Emong the reſt was one inflamde with her deſyre,
Who county Paris cleeped was; an earle he had to fyre.
Of all the ſuters hym the father lyketh beſt,
And eaſely unto the earle he maketh his beheſt,
Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
To win his wyfe unto his will, and to perſuade the mayde.
The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful huſband ſay
How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day;
Ne did ſhe ſeeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
But ſtraight ſhe hyeth to Juliet; to her ſhe telles, apart,
What happy talke, by meane of her, was paſt no rather
Betwene the wooing Paris and her careful loving father.
The perſon of the man, the features of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and ſeemely grace,
With curious woordes ſhe payntes before her daughters eyes,
And then with ſtore of vertues prayſe ſhe heaves him to the ſkyes.
She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
Whereby ſhe ſayth, both ſhe and hers in great delight ſhall live.
When Juliet conceved her parentes whole entent,
Whereto both love and reaſons right forbod her to aſſent,
Within herſelfe ſhe thought rather than be forſworne,
With horſes wilde her tender partes aſunder ſhould be torne.
Not now, with baſhful brow, in wonted wiſe, ſhe ſpake,
But with unwonted boldnes ſtraight into theſe wordes ſhe brake:

" Madame, I marvell much, that you ſo lavaſſe are
Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
As thus to yelde me up at pleaſure of another,
Before you know if I do lyke or els miſlike my lover.
Doo what you liſt; but yet of this aſſure you ſtill,
If you do as you ſay you will, I yelde not there untill.
For had I choyſe of twayne, farre rather would I chooſe
My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to looſe,
Then graunt that he poſſeſs of me the ſmalleſt part:
Fyrſt, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares ſhall kill my hart;
Els will I perce my breſt with ſharpe and bloody knife;
And you, my mother, ſhall becomme the murdreſſe of my lyfe,
In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
Ne ought, to love: wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you pray,
To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore;
Ceaſe all your troubles for my ſake, and care for me no more;
But ſuffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to ſpill.
For whilſt you for the beſt deſyre to place me ſo,
You haſt away my lingring death, and double all my woe."
So deepe this aunſwere made the ſorrowes downe to ſinke
Into the mothers breſt, that ſhe ne knoweth what to thinke
Of theſe her daughters woords, but all appalde ſhe ſtandes,
And up unto the heavens ſhe throwes her wondring head and handes.
And, nigh beſyde her ſelfe, her huſband hath ſhe ſought;
She telles him all; ſhe doth forget ne yet ſhe hydeth ought.
The teſty old man, wroth, diſdainfull without meaſure,
Sendes forth his folke in haſte for her, and byds them take no leyſure;
Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorſe,
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.
The meſſage heard, they part, to fetch that they muſt fet,
And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
Arrived in the place, when ſhe her father ſaw,
Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter ſtoode in awe,
The ſervantes ſent away (the mother thought it meete),
The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his feete,
Which ſhe doth waſh with teares as ſhe thus groveling lyes;
So faſt and eke ſo plenteouſly diſtill they from her eyes:
When ſhe to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
Muet ſhe is; for ſighes and ſobs her fearefull talke have broken.
The ſyre, whoſe ſwelling wroth her teares could not aſſwage,
With fiery eyen, and ſkarlet cheekes, thus ſpake her in his rage
(Whilſt ruthfully ſtood by the maydens mother mylde):
" Liſten (quoth he) unthankfull and thou diſobedient childe;

Haſt thou ſo ſoone let ſlip out of thy mynde the woord,
That thou ſo oſten times haſt heard rehearſed at my boord?
How much the Romayne youth of parentes ſtoode in awe,
And eke what powre upon theyr ſeede the parentes had by lawe?
Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and ſell,
(When ſo they ſtoode in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
The parentes had the powre of lyfe and ſodayn death.
What if thoſe good men ſhould agayne receve the living breth?
In how ſtraight bondes would they thy ſtubborne body bynde?
What weapons would they ſeeke for thee? what torments would
they fynde,
To chaſten, if they ſaw the lewdneſs of thy lyfe,
Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and ſhamefull ſturdy ſtryfe?
Such care thy mother had, ſo deere thou wert to mee,
That I with long and earneſt ſute provyded have for thee
One of the greateſt lordes that wonnes about this towne,
And for his many vertues ſake a man of great renowne.
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
So rich ere long he ſhal be left, his fathers welth is ſuch,
Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
From whence his father came: and yet thou playeſt in this caſe
The dainty foole and ſtubborne gyrle; for want of ſkill
Thou doſt refuſe thy offered weale, and diſobey my will.
Even by his ſtrength I ſweare, that fyrſt did geve me lyfe,
And gave me in my youth the ſtrength to get thee on my wyfe,
Onleſſe by Wenſday next thou bend as I am bent,
And at our caſtle cald Freetowne thou freely do aſſent
To Countie Paris ſute, and promiſe to agree
To whatſoever then ſhall paſſe twixt him, my wife, and me,
Not only will I geve all that I have away
From thee, to thoſe that ſhall me love, me honor, and obay,
But alſo to ſo cloſe and to ſo hard a gayle
I ſhall thee wed, for all thy life, that ſure thou ſhalt not fayle
A thouſand times a day to wiſhe for ſodayn death,
And curſe the day and howre when fyrſt thy lunges did geve thee
breath.
Adviſe thee well, and ſay that thou are warned now,
And thinke not that I ſpeake in ſporte, or mynde to break my vowe.
For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
My fayth, which I muſt keepe unfalſt, my honor ſo to ſave,
Ere thou go hence, my ſelfe would ſee thee chaſtned ſo,
That thou ſhouldſt once for all be taught thy dutie how to knowe;
And what revenge of olde the angry ſyres did fynde
Againſt theyre children that rebeld, and ſhewd them ſelfe unkinde."
Theſe ſayde, the olde man ſtraight is gone in haſte away;
Ne for his daughters aunſwere would the teſty father ſtay.

And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,
And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the floore.
Then ſhe that oft had ſeene the fury of her ſyre,
Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther ſtyrre his yre.
Unto her chaumber ſhe withdrew her ſelfe aparte,
Where ſhe was wonted to unlode the ſorowes of her hart.
There did ſhe not ſo much buſy her eyes in ſleping,
As (overpreſt with reſtles thoughts) in piteous booteleſs weeping.
The faſt falling of teares make not her teares decreaſe,
Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cauſe of plaint to ceaſe.
So that to thend the mone and ſorow may decaye,
The beſt is that ſhe ſeeke ſomme meane to take the cauſe away.
Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forſakes,
And to ſaint Frauncis church, to maſſe, her way devoutly takes.
The fryer forth is calde; ſhe prayes him heare her ſhrift;
Devotion is in ſo yong yeres a rare and pretious gyft.
When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
In mynde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly ſhe feeles,
With ſighes and ſalted teares her ſhriving doth beginne,
For ſhe of heaped ſorowes hath to ſpeake, and not of ſinne.
Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,
And haſty ſobs, when ſhe would ſpeake, brake of her woordes perforce.
But as ſhe may, peace meale, ſhe powreth in his lappe
The mariage newes, a miſcheſe new, prepared by miſhappe;
Her parentes promiſe erſt to Counte Paris paſt,
Her fathers threats ſhe telleth him, and thus concludes at laſt:
" Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;
For ſince I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twaine,
(For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)
My purpoſe is as ſoone as I ſhall hence my jorney take,
With theſe two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I ſtretch,
The haſty death which I deſyre, unto my ſelfe to reach.
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
So my departed ſprite ſhall witnes to the ſkye,
And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
Have kept my fayth unbroke, ſtedfaſt unto my frend."
When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,
Her gaſing here and there, her feerce and ſtaring looke,
Did witnes that ſome lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
Whereat the fryer aſtonde, and gaſtfully afrayde
Leſt ſhe by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he ſayde:
" Ah! Lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you ſpake?
I pray you, graunt me one requeſt, for bleſſed Maries ſake.
Meaſure ſomewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,
Whilſt I bethinke me of your caſe, your plaint and ſorowes ceaſe.

Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
And for thaſſaults of Fortunes yre prepare ſo ſure defence,
So holeſome ſalve will I for your afflictions fynde,
That you ſhall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."
His wordes have chaſed ſtraight out of her hart deſpayre,
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in haſte is to the chaumber gonne;
Where ſundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryſe;
The old mans foreſight divers doutes hath ſet before his eyes.
His conſcience one while condemns it for a ſinne
To let her take Paris to ſpouſe, ſince he him ſelfe hath byn
The cheſeſt cauſe that ſhe unknown to father or mother,
Nor five monthes paſt, in that ſelfe place was wedded to another.
An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred
His reſtles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
Even of itſelfe thattempte he judgeth perilous;
The execution eke he demes ſo much more daungerous,
That to a womans grace he muſt him ſelfe commit,
That yong is, ſimple and unware, for waighty affayres unfit.
For, if ſhe fayle in ought, the matter publiſhed,
Both ſhe and Romeus were undonne, him ſelfe eke puniſhed.
When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had caſt,
With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at laſt;
He thought he rather would in hazard ſet his fame,
Then ſuffer ſuch adultery. Reſolving on the ſame,
Out of his cloſet ſtraight he tooke a little glaſſe,
And then with double haſt retornde where woful Juliet was;
Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, ſcarce drawing breath,
Attending ſtill to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day;
"On Wenſday next, (quoth Juliet) ſo doth my father ſay,
I muſt geve my conſent; but, as I do remember,
The ſolemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September."
"Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere ſee thou be,
For loe! ſainct Frauncis of his grace hath ſhewde a way to me,
By which I may both thee and Romeus together,
Out of the bondage which you feare, aſſuredly deliver.
Even from the holy font thy huſband have I knowne,
And, ſince he grew in yeres, have kept his counſels as myne owne.
For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
And often have I cured him of anguiſh and of ſmart:
I knowe that by deſert his frendſhip I have wonne,
And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre ſonne.
Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me

To right or to revenge the wrong by my adviſe,
Or timely to prevent the ſame in any other wiſe.
And ſith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
For Romeus friendſhip ſake, and ſeeke thy anguiſh to remove,
And dredful torments, which thy hart beſegen rounde;
Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counſels ſounde.
Forget not what I ſay, ne tell it any wight,
Not to the nurce thou truſteſt ſo, as Romeus is thy knight.
For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy life,
My fame or ſhame, his weale or woe that choſe thee to his wyfe.
Thou art not ignorant, becauſe of ſuch renowne
As every where is ſpred of me, but chefely in this towne,
That in my youthfull dayes abrode I travayled,
Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited;
So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a geſt,
I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet reſt,
But, in the deſert woodes, to beaſtes of cruell kinde,
Or on the ſeas to drenching waves, at pleaſure of the winde,
I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hand,
And to a thouſand daungers more, by water and by lande.
But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn;
Beſide the great contentednes my ſprete abydeth in,
That by the pleaſant thought of paſſed thinges doth grow,
One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou ſhalt ſhortly know:
What force the ſtones, the plants, and metals have to worke,
And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,
With care I have ſought out, with payne I did them prove;
With them eke can I helpe my ſelfe at times of my behove,
(Although the ſcience be againſt the lawes of men)
When ſodayn daunger forceth me; but yet moſt cheefly when
The worke to doe is leaſt diſpleaſing unto God
(Not helping to do any ſin that wrekefull Jove forbode.)
For ſince in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,
And that my death drawes nere, whoſe ſtripe I may not ſhonne,
But ſhall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,
Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde
The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me blynde;
When love and fond deſyre were boyling in my breſt,
Whence hope and dred by ſtriving thoughts had baniſhd frendly reſt.
Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I
Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the ſkye,
Long ſince I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
Of certain rootes and ſavory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fyne,
And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,

It doth in halfe an howre aſtone the taker ſo,
And maſtreth all his ſences, that he feeleth weale nor woe:
And ſo it burieth up the ſprite and living breath,
That even the ſkilful leche would ſay, that he is ſlayne by death.
One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this;
The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is;
But paineleſs as a man that thinketh nought at all,
Into a ſweete and quiet ſlepe immediately doth fall;
From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,
Longer or ſhorter is the time before the ſleper waketh:
And thence (theffect once wrought) againe it doth reſtore
Him that receaved unto the ſtate wherein he was before.
Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.
Caſt of from thee at once the weede of womanniſh dread,
With manly courage arme thyſelfe from heele unto the head;
For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy breſt
The happy happe or yll miſhappe of thy affayre doth reſt.
Receve this vyoll ſmall and kepe it as thine eye;
And on the marriage day, before the ſunne doe cleare the ſkye,
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
Then drink it of, and thou ſhalt feele throughout eche vayne and lym
A pleaſant ſlumber ſlyde, and quite diſpred at length
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly ſtrength;
Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes ſhall reſt,
No pulſe ſhall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow breſt,
But thou ſhalt lye as ſhe that dyeth in a traunce:
Thy kinſmen and thy truſty frendes ſhall wayle the ſodayne chaunce;
The corps then will they bring to grave in this churcheyarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a coſtly tombe preparde,
Both for them ſelfe and eke for thoſe that ſhould come after,
(Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou ſhalt reſt, my daughter,
Till I to Mantua ſende for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
And when out of thy ſlepe thou ſhalt awake agayne,
Then may'ſt thou goe with him from hence; and, healed of thy payne,
In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleaſant lyfe;
And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when ceaſe ſhall all the ſtryfe,
And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
My ſelfe may finde ſo fit a time theſe ſecretes to diſcloſe,
Both to my prayſe, and to thy tender parentes joy,
That dangerles, without reproche, thou ſhalt thy love enjoy."

When of his ſkilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
To which our Juliet ſo well her care and wits did bend,
That ſhe hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleaſant thought,
And then to him ſhe ſayd—" Doubt not but that I will
With ſtout and unapauled hart your happy heſt fulfill.
Yea, if I wiſt it were a venemous dedly drinke,
Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane ſhould ſinke,
Then I, not drinking it, into his handes ſhould fall,
That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.
Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
To greateſt daunger yeld my ſelfe, and to the dedly ſmart,
To come to him on whom my life doth wholly ſtay,
That is my onely harts delight, and ſo he ſhall be aye."
Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
God graunt he ſo confirme in thee thy preſent will,
That no inconſtant toy thee let thy promiſe to fulfill."
A thouſand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,
And homeward to her fathers houſe joyfull ſhe doth retyre;
And as with ſtately gate ſhe paſſed through the ſtreate,
She ſaw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,
In mynde to aſke if ſhe her purpoſe yet dyd hold,
In mynde alſo, apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde;
Wherefore with pleaſant face, and with her wonted chere,
As ſoone as ſhe was unto her approched ſumwhat nere,
Before the mother ſpake, thus did ſhe fyrſt begyn:
" Madame, at ſainct Frauncis churche have I this morning byn,
Where I did make abode a longer while, percaſe,
Then dewty would; yet have I not been abſent from this place
So long a while, without a great and juſt cauſe why;
This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erſt lyke to dye,
Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted breſt,
Releaſed from affliction, reſtored is to reſt!
For lo! my troubled goſt, alas too ſore diſeaſde
By goſtly counſell and adviſe hath fryer Lawrence eaſde;
To whom I dyd at large diſcourſe my former lyfe,
And in confeſſion did I tell of all our paſſed ſtryfe:
Of Counte Paris ſute, and how my lord, my fyre,
By my ungrate and ſtubborne ſtryfe I ſtyrred unto yre;
But lo, the holy fryer hath by his goſtly lore
Made me another woman now than I had been before.
By ſtrength of argumentes he charged ſo my mynde,
That, though I ſought, no ſure defence my ſearching thought could finde.

So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,
And promiſt to be ordered by the fryers prayſed ſkill.
Wherefore, albeit I had raſhely, long before,
The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forſwore,
Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleaſure to fulfill.
Wherefore in humble wiſe, dere madam, I you pray,
To go unto my lord and ſyre, withouten long delay;
Of him fyrſt pardon crave of faultes already paſt,
And ſhew him, if it pleaſeth you, his child is now at laſt
Obedient to his juſt and to his ſkilfull heſt,
And that I will, God lendeth lyfe, on Wenſday next, be preſt
To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,
Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole aſſent,
And take him for my lord and ſpouſe; thus fully am I bent;
And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
Unto my cloſet fare I now, to ſearche and to chooſe out
The braveſt garmentes and the richeſt jewels there,
Which, better him to pleaſe, I mynde on Wenſday next to weare;
For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my ſhape."
The ſimple mother was rapt into great delight;
Not halfe a word could ſhe bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
With nimble foote ſhe ran, and with unwonted pace.
Unto her penſive huſband, and to him with pleaſant face
She tolde what ſhe had heard, and prayſeth much the fryer;
And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded ſyer.
With hands and eyes heaved-up he thankes God in his hart,
And then he ſayth: "This is not, wyfe, the fryers firſt deſart;
Oft hath he ſhowde to us great frendſhip heretofore,
By helping us at nedefull times with wiſdomes pretious lore.
In all our common weale ſcarce one is to be founde
But is, for ſomme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.
Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
But twenty of his paſſed yeres might purchaſe him agayne!
So much in recompence of frendſhip would I geve,
So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve."
Theſe ſaid, the glad old man from home goeth ſtraight abrode,
And to the ſtately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;
Whom he deſyres to be on Wenſday next his geaſt,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a coſtly feaſt.
But loe, the earle ſaith, ſuch feaſting were but loſt,
And counſels him till mariage time to ſpare ſo great a coſt.
For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;
The whilſt, his hart deſyreth ſtill her ſight, and not his meate.

He craves of Capilet that he may ſtraight goe ſee
Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.
The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;
She warneth and ſhe chargeth her that in no wyſe ſhe ſpare
Her courteous ſpeche, her pleaſant lookes, and commely grace,
But liberally to geve them foorth when Paris comes in place:
Which ſhe as cunningly could ſet forth to the ſhew,
As cunning craftſman to the ſale do ſet theyr wares on rew;
That ere the County dyd out of her ſight depart,
So ſecretly unwares to him ſhe ſtale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;
And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted howre,
And with importune ſute the parents doth he pray
The wedlocke knot to knit ſoone up, and haſt the mariage day.
The woer hath paſt forth the fyrſt day in this ſort,
And many other more then this, in pleaſure and diſport.
At length the wiſhed time of long hoped delight
(As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approched heavy plight.
Againſt the brydall day the parentes did prepare
Such rich attyre, ſuch furniture, ſuch ſtore of dainty fare,
That they which did behold the ſame the night before,
Did thinke and ſay, a man could ſcarcely wiſh for any more.
Nothing did ſeeme to deere; the deereſt thinges were bought;
And, as the written ſtory ſayth, in dede there wanted nought,
That longd to his degree, and honor of his ſtocke;
But Juliet, the whilſt, her thoughts within her breſt did locke;
Even from the truſty nurce, whoſe ſecretnes was tride,
The ſecret counſell of her hart the nurce-childe ſeekes to hyde.
For fith, to mocke her dame, ſhe did not ſticke to lye,
She thought no ſinne with ſhew of truth to blear her nurces eye.
In chaumber ſecretly the tale ſhe gan renew,
That at the doore ſhe told her dame, as though it had been trew.
The flattring nurce dyd prayſe the fryer for his ſkill,
And ſaid that ſhe had done right well by wit to order will.
She ſetteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,
And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her the ſecond marriage;
And County Paris now ſhe prayſeth ten times more,
By wrong, then ſhe her ſelfe by right had Romeus prayſde before.
Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill, Romeus ſhall not retourne;
What ſhall it boote her all her lyfe to languiſhe ſtill and mourne.
The pleaſures paſt before ſhe muſt account as gayne;
But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one ſhe ſhall have twayne.
The one ſhall uſe her as his lawful wedded wyfe;
In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe;
And beſt ſhall ſhe be ſped of any townish dame,
Of huſband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.

Theſe words and like the nurce did ſpeake, in hope to pleaſe,
But greatly did theſe wicked wordes the ladies mynde diſeaſe;
But ay ſhe hid her wrath, and ſeemed well content,
When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
But when the bryde perceved her howre aproched nere,
She ſought, the beſt ſhe could, to fayne, and temperd ſo her cheere,
That by her outward looke no living wight could geſſe
Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her diſtreſſe.
Unto her chaumber doth the penſive wight repayre,
And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the ſtayre.
In Juliets chaumber was her wonted uſe to lye;
Wherefore her miſtres, dreading that ſhe ſhould her work deſcrye,
As ſoone as ſhe began her pallet to unfold,
Thinking to lye that night where ſhe was wont to lye of olde,
Doth gently pray her ſeeke her lodging ſome where els;
And, leſt the crafty ſhould ſuſpect, a ready reaſon telles.
" Dere frend, quoth ſhe, you knowe, tomorow is the day
Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpoſe is to pray
Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the ſkyes,
And order all the courſe of thinges as they can beſt devyſe,
That they ſo ſmyle upon the doinges of tomorow,
That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from ſorow:
Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
But ſee that you tomorow comme before the dawning light,
For you muſt coorle my heare, and ſet on my attyre;"—
And eaſely the loving nurce did yelde to her deſyre.
For ſhe within her hed dyd caſt before no doute;
She little knew the cloſe attempt her nurce-child went about.
The nurce departed once, the chamber doore ſhut cloſe,
Aſſured that no living wight her doing might diſcloſe,
She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,
Water, out of a ſilver ewer, that on the boorde ſtoode by her.
The ſlepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
Under her bolſter ſoft, and ſo unto her bed ſhe hyed:
Where divers novel thoughts ariſe within her hed,
And ſhe is ſo invironed about with deadly dred,
That what before ſhe had reſolved undoubtedly
That ſame ſhe calleth into doute: and lying doutefully
Whilſt honeſt love did ſtrive with dred of dedly payne,
With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan ſhe to complaine:
" What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,
So much unfortunate as I? ſo much paſt hope as I?
What, am I not my ſelfe, of all that yet were borne,
The depeſt drenched in diſpayre, and moſt in Fortunes ſkorne?
For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
Beſide miſhap and wretchednes and anguiſh of the mynde;

Since that the cruell cauſe of my unhapines
Hath put me to this ſodayne plonge, and brought to ſuch diſtres.
As, to the end I may my name and conſcience ſave,
I muſt devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
Whoſe working and whoſe force as yet I do not know.—"
And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to growe:
" What do I know (quoth ſhe) if that this powder ſhall
Sooner or later then it ſhould or els not woorke at all?
And then my craft deſcryde as open as the day,
The peoples tale and laughing ſtocke ſhall I remayne for aye.
And what know I, quoth ſhe, if ſerpentes odious,
And other beaſtes and wormes that are of nature venomous,
That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,
Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I ſhall lye as ded?—
Or how ſhall I that alway have in ſo freſhe ayre been bred,
Endure the loathſome ſtinke of ſuch an heaped ſtore
Of carcaſes, not yet conſumde, and bones that long before
Intombed were, where I my ſleping place ſhall have,
Where all my anceſtors do reſt, my kindreds common grave?
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
Fynd me, if I awake before, y-ſtifled in the tombe?"
And whilſt ſhe in theſe thoughts doth dwell ſomwhat too long,
The force of her ymagining anon doth waxe ſo ſtrong,
That ſhe ſurmiſde ſhe ſaw, out of the hollow vaulte,
A griſly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;
Right in the ſelfe ſame ſort that ſhe few dayes before
Had ſeene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded ſore.
And then when ſhe agayne within her ſelfe had wayde
That quicke ſhe ſhould be buried there, and by his ſide be layde,
All comfortles, for ſhe ſhall living feere have none,
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;
Her daynty tender partes gan ſhever all for dred,
Her golden heares did ſtande upright upon her chilliſh hed.
Then preſſed with the feare that ſhe there lived in,
A ſweate as colde as mountayne yſe pearſt through her ſlender ſkin,
That with the moyſture hath wet every part of hers:
And more beſides, ſhe vainely thinkes, whilſt vainly thus ſhe feares,
A thouſand bodies dead have compaſt her about,
And left they will diſmember her ſhe greatly ſtandes in doute.
But when ſhe felt her ſtrength began to weare away,
By little and little, and in her heart her feare encreaſed ay,

Dreading that weaknes might, or fooliſh cowardiſe,
Hinder the execution of the purpoſde enterpriſe,
As ſhe had frantike been, in haſt the glaſſe ſhe cought,
And up ſhe dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
Then on her breſt ſhe croſt her armes long and ſmall,
And ſo, her ſenſes fayling her, into a traunce did fall.
And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his ſeemely hed,
And from the Eaſt in open ſkies his gliſtring rayes diſpred,
The nurce unſhut the doore, for ſhe the key did keepe,
And douting ſhe had ſlept to long, ſhe thought to breake her ſlepe;
Fyrſt ſoftly dyd ſhe call, then lowder thus did crye,
"Lady, you ſlepe to long, the earle will rayſe you by and by."
But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe ſhe calles,
She thinkes to ſpeake to Juliet, but ſpeaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyſe that might on earth be found,
Or on the roaring ſeas, or if the dredfull thunders ſound,
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
The ſleping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
So were the ſprites of lyfe ſhut up, and ſenſes thrald;
Wherewith the feely carefull nurce was wondrouſly apalde.
She thought to daw her now as ſhe had donne of olde,
But loe, ſhe found her parts were ſtiffe and more than marble colde;
Neither at mouth nor noſe found ſhe recourſe of breth;
Two certaine argumentes were theſe of her untimely death.
Wherefore as one diſtraught ſhe to her mother ranne,
With ſcratched face, and heare betorne, but no word ſpeake ſhe can,
At laſt with much adoe, "Dead (quoth ſhe) is my childe;"
Now, "Out alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tyger wilde,
Whoſe whelpes, whilſt ſhe is gonne out of her den to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away;
So raging forth ſhe ran unto her Juliets bed,
And there ſhe found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
Then ſhriked ſhe out as lowde as ſerve her would her breth,
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde ſhe out on death:
"Ah cruell death (quoth ſhe) that thus againſt all right,
Haſt ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worſt to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,
Even in deſpite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
Whereto ſtay I, alas! ſince Juliet is gonne?
Whereto live I ſince ſhe is dead, except to wayle and mone?
Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee ſhall never ceaſe;
Even as my dayes of lyfe increaſe, ſo ſhall my plaint increaſe:

Such ſtore of ſorow ſhall afflict my tender hart,
That deedly panges, when they aſſayle, ſhall not augment my ſmart."
Then gan ſhe ſo to ſobbe, it ſeemde her hart would braſt;
And while ſhe cryeth thus, behold, the father at the laſt,
The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,
And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,
Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preaſt,
For by theyr preſence there they ſought to honor ſo the feaſt;
But when the heavy news the byden geaſtes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had ſeene theyr count'nance and theyr cheere,
Might eaſely have judgde by that that they had ſeene,
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.
But more then all the reſt the fathers hart was ſo
Smit with the heavy newes, and ſo ſhut up with ſodayn woe,
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to ſpeake, but long is forſd his teares and plaint to kepe.
In all the haſt he hath for ſkilfull leaches ſent;
And, hearing of her paſſed life, they judge with one aſſent
The cauſe of this her death was inward care and thought;
And then with double force againe the doubled ſorowes wrought.
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I ſay,
The ſame was it in which through Veron town was ſpred
The wofull newes how Juliet was ſterved in her bed.
For ſo ſhe was bemonde both of the young and olde,
That it might ſeeme to him that would the common plaint behold,
That all the common welth did ſtand in jeopardy;
So univerſal was the plaint, ſo piteous was the crye.
For lo, beſide her ſhape and native bewties hewe,
With which, like as ſhe grew in age, her vertues prayſes grew,
She was alſo ſo wiſe, ſo lowly, and ſo mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,
She wan the hartes of all, ſo that there was not one,
Ne great, ne ſmall, but did that day her wretched ſtate bemone.
Whilſt Juliet ſlept, and whilſt the other wepen thus,
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this ſent one to Romeus,
A frier of his houſe, (there never was a better,
He truſted him even as himſelfe) to whom he gave a letter,
In which he written had of every thing at length,
That paſt twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders ſtrength;
The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,

For by that time, the drinke, he ſaith, will ceaſe to woorke,
And for one night his wife and he within his cell ſhall loorke;
Then ſhall he cary her to Mantua away,
(Till fickell Fortune favour him,) diſguyſde in mans aray.
This letter cloſde he ſendes to Romeus by his brother;
He chargeth him that in no caſe he geve it any other.
Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;
And, for becauſe in Italy it is a wonted gyſe
That friers in the towne ſhould ſeldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent aye ſhould be accompanide with one
Of his profeſſion, ſtraight a houſe he fyndeth out,
In mynd to take ſome fryer with him, to walke the towne about.
But entred once, he might not iſſue out agayne,
For that a brother of the houſe a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague, a ſicknes which they greatly feare and hate:
So were the brethren charged to kepe within their covent gate,
Bard of theyr fellowſhip that in the towne do wonne;
The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers houſe to ſhonne,
Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome ſhould renew;
Whereof, as you ſhall ſhortly heare, a miſcheefe great there grewe.
The fryer by this reſtraint, beſet with dred and ſorow,
Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe;
And then he thought in time to ſend to Romeus.
But whilſt at Mantua, where he was, theſe doinges framed thus,
The towne of Juliets byrth was wholy buſied
About her obſequies, to ſee theyr darling buried.
Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
And now to ſorow is retornde the joy of every one;
And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they chaunge,
And Hymene into a dyrge;—alas! it ſeemeth ſtraunge:
Inſteade of mariage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,
And whom they ſhould ſee married, they follow to the grave.
The feaſt that ſhould have been of pleaſure and of joy,
Hath every diſh and cup fild full of ſorow and annoye.
Now throughout Italy this common uſe they have,
That all the beſt of every ſtocke are earthed in one grave;
For every houſhold, if it be of any fame;
Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the houſhoulde name;
Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,
They are beſtowde; els in the ſame no other corps may lye.
The Capilets her corps in ſuch a one did lay,
Where Tybalt ſlaine of Romeus was layde the other day.
An other uſe there is, that whoſoever dyes,
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes.

In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding ſheet.
So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, our Romeus man did meete
His maſters wife; the ſight with ſorowe ſtraight did wounde
His honeſt heart; with teares he ſaw her lodged under ground.
And, for he had been ſent to Verone for a ſpye,
The doinges of the Capilets by wiſdom to deſcrye,
And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maiſter moſt,
Alas! too ſoone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in poſt;
And in his houſe he found his maiſter Romeus,
Where he, beſprent with many teares, began to ſpeake him thus:
" Syr, unto you of late is chaunced ſo great a harme,
That ſure, except with conſtancy you ſeeke yourſelfe to arme,
I feare that ſtraight you will breathe out your latter breath,
And I, moſt wretched wight, ſhall be thoccaſion of your death.
Know ſyr, that yeſterday, my lady and your wife,
I wot not by what ſodain greeſe, hath made exchaunge of life;
And for becauſe on earth ſhe found nought but unreſt,
In heaven hath ſhe ſought to fynde a place of quiet reſt;
And with theſe weping eyes my ſelfe have ſeene her layde.
Within the tombe of Capilets:"—and herewithall he ſtayde.
This ſodayne meſſage ſounde, ſent forth with ſighes and teares,
Our Romeus receaved too ſoone with open liſtening eares;
And therby hath ſonke ſuch ſorow in his hart,
That loe, his ſprite annoyed ſore with torment and with ſmart,
Was like to break out of his priſon-houſe perforce,
And that he might flye after hers, would leave the maſſy corce:
But earneſt love that will not fayle him till his ende,
This fond and ſodain fantaſy into his head dyd ſende;
That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,
That then an hundred thouſand parts more glorious were his death:
Eke ſhould his painfull hart a great deale more be eaſed,
And more alſo, he vainely thought, his lady better pleaſed.
Wherefore when he his face hath waſht with water cleane,
Leſt that the ſtaynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be ſeene,
And ſo his ſorow ſhould of every one be ſpyde,
Which he with all his care did ſeeke from every one to hyde,
Straight, wery of the houſe, he walketh forth abrode;
His ſervant, at the maſters heſt, in chaumber ſtill abode:
And then fro ſtreate to ſtreate he wandreth up and downe,
To ſee if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
A ſalve meet for his ſore, an oyle fit for his wounde;
And ſeeking long, alac too ſoone! the thing he ſought, he founde.

An apothecary ſate unbuſied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenance he geſſed to be poore.
And in his ſhop he ſaw his boxes were but few,
And in his window of his wares there was ſo ſmall a ſhew;
Wherefore our Romeus aſſuredly hath thought,
What by no frendſhip could be got, with money could be bought;
For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
To ſell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to ſell.
Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the ſight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:
" Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
So that, before I part from hence, thou ſtraight deliver me
Somme poyſon ſtrong, that may in leſſe than halfe an howre
Kill him whoſe wretched hap ſhall be the potion to devowre."
The wretch by covetiſe is wonne, and doth aſſent
To ſell the thing, whoſe ſale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
In haſte he poyſon ſought, and cloſely he it bounde,
And then began with whiſpering voyce thus in his eare to rounde:
" Fayr ſyr, quoth he, be ſure this is the ſpeding gere,
And more there is than you ſhall nede; for halfe of that is there
Will ſerve, I undertake, in leſſe than halfe an howre
To kill the ſtrongeſt man alive; ſuch is the poyſons power."
Then Romeus, ſomwhat eaſd of one part of his care,
Within his boſome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
Retoorning home agayne, he ſent his man away,
To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
Provyde both inſtruments to open wide the toombe,
And lightes to ſhew him Juliet; and ſtay, till he ſhall comme,
Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth reſt,
And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his breſt.
Peter, theſe heard, his leave doth of his maſter take;
Betimes he commes to towne, ſuch haſt the painfull man dyd make:
And then with buſy care he ſeeketh to fulfill,
But doth diſcloſe unto no wight his wofull maſters will.
Would God, he had herein broken his maſters heſt!
Would God, that to the frier he had diſcloſed all his breſt!
But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought
Provoked much, hath cauſed inke and paper to be brought,
And in few lines he did of all his love dyſcoorſe,
How by the friers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorſe,
The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night
And many moe he did enjoy his happy harts delight;
Where he the poyſon bought, and how his lyfe ſhould ende;
And ſo his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The letters cloſd and ſeald, directed to his ſyre,
He locketh in his purſe, and then a poſt-hors doth he hyre.
When he approched nere, he warely lighted downe,
And even with the ſhade of night he entred Verone towne;
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he ſhould comme,
With lanterne, and with inſtruments to open Juliets toomme.
Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the ſtone,
And ſtraight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
I charge thee that thou comme not nere while I abyde beneath,
Ne ſeeke thou not to let thy maſters enterpriſe,
Which he hath fully purpoſed to doe, in any wiſe.
Take there a letter, which, as ſoon as he ſhall ryſe,
Preſent it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes;
Which unto him perhaps farre pleaſanter ſhall ſeeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to ſay, or thy groſe head can deeme.
Now Peter, that knew not the purpoſe of his hart,
Obediently a little way withdrewe himſelfe apart;
And then our Romeus, the vault ſtone ſet up upright,
Deſcended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
He gan behold, who ſurely was the organ of his lyfe;
For whom unhappy now he is, but erſt was blyſt;
He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyſt;
And in his folded armes full ſtraightly he her plight,
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her ſight:
His fearfull handes he layde upon her ſtomach colde,
And them on diverſe parts beſyde the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd the ſignes of lyfe he ſought,
Out of his curſed box he drewe the poyſon that he bought;
Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly ſigh fetcht from his mourning hart—
" Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy goſt did paſſe,
What death more pleaſant could my hart wiſh to abyde
Then that which here it ſuffreth now, ſo nere thy frendly ſyde?
Or els ſo glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
As in one ſelſe ſame vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved?
What epitaph more worth, or halfe ſo excellent,
To conſecrate my memorye, could any man invent,
As this our mutual and our piteous ſacrifice
Of lyfe, ſet light for love?"—but while he talketh in this wiſe,
And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt, preſt with the venoms force;

Which little and little gan to overcomme his hart,
And whilſt his buſy eyne he threwe about to every part,
He ſaw, hard by the corce of ſleping Juliet,
Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all conſumed yet.
To whom, as having life, in this ſort ſpeaketh he:
" Ah coſin dere, Tybalt, where ſo thy reſtles ſprite now be,
With ſtretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing luſt as yet thy hart be ſet on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreake deſyreſt thou
To ſee on me, then this which here is ſhewd forth to thee now?
Who reft by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,
The ſame with his owne hand, thou ſeeſt, doth poyſon himſelfe to death.
And for he cauſed thee in tombe too ſoone to lye,
Too ſoone alſo, yonger then thou, himſelfe he layeth by."
Theſe ſayd, when he gan feele the poyſons force prevayle,
And little and little maſtred lyfe for aye began to fayle,
Kneeling upon his knees, he ſaid with voyce full lowe,—
" Lord Chriſt, that ſo to raunſome me deſcendedſt long agoe
Out of thy fathers boſome, and in the virgins wombe
Didſt put on fleſhe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre, and graunt my ſute may favour finde;
Take pity on my ſinneful and my poore affected mynde!
For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
Nought but a maſſe of ſinne, to frayle, and ſubject to decay."
Then preſſed with extreme greeſe he threw with ſo great force
His overpreſſed parts upon his ladies wayled corſe,
That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes paſt,
Unable to abyde this pang, the ſharpeſt and the laſt,
Remayned quite deprived of ſenſe and kindly ſtrength,
And ſo the long impriſoned ſoule hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruell death, too ſoone, too ſoone was this devorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly ſprite, and his fayre earthy corſe.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
Knew eke the very inſtant when the ſleper ſhould awaken;
But wondring that he could no kinde of aunſwer heare,
Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
Out of Saint Frauncis church hymſelfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe meete inſtrumentes he bare.
Approching nigh the place, and ſeeing there the light,
Great horror felt he in his hart, by ſtraunge and ſodaine ſight;
Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,
When of his maſters being there the certain newes he tolde;

"There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the leaſt,
And in this time, I dare well ſay, his plaint hath ſtill increaſt."
Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde
The bretheles corps of Romeus, forſaken of the mynde;
Where they have made ſuch mone, as they may beſt conceve,
That have with perfect frendſhip loved, whoſe frend feerce death dyd reve.
But whilſt with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of ſlepe; *

* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakſpeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and loſing ſo happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting ſcene. He was miſled, we ſee, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be diſpleaſed to compare the concluſion of this celebrated ſtory as it ſtands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the preſent poem. It is as follows:

"So favourable was fortune to this his laſt purpoſe, that on the evening of the day ſubſequent to the lady's funeral, undiſcovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now perceiving that all was ſilent, he betook himſelf to the monaſtery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where theſe monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though ſince, for what reaſon I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet is it certain that their former manſion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himſelf. Near the walls of this church, on the outſide, were at that time certain buildings, ſuch as we uſually ſee adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient ſepulcher of the Capelletti family, and in this the fair damſel had been depoſited. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of ſuperior ſtrength, by force raiſed the ſtone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpoſe, having ſo prop'd it that it could not be faſtened down contrary to his deſire, he entered, and reclоſed the entrance.

"The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after cloſing the vault, he drew forth, and opened; and there, amidſt the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence ſuddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleaſed the Heavens, were to my eyes the brighteſt lights! O lips, by me a thouſand times ſo ſweetly kiſſed, and from whence were heard the words of wiſdom! O beauteous breaſt, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I ſee, do I ſpeak, do I live? Alas, my miſerable lady, whither haſt thou been conducted by that love, whoſe will it now is that this narrow ſpace ſhall both deſtroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promiſed not, nor that deſire which firſt inflamed me with love for you! O unfortunate life, why do I ſupport you? and ſo ſaying, he covered with kiſſes her eyes, her lips, her breaſt, burſting every inſtant into more abundant lamentation; in the midſt of which he cried, O, ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life ſtill more ſhort by cruſhing me in your ruin? But ſince death is at all times in our power, it is daſtardly to deſire it, and not to ſnatch it: and, with theſe words, he drew forth from his ſleeve the vial of deadly poiſon, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what deſtiny conducts me to die in the midſt of my enemies, of thoſe by me ſlain, and in their ſepulcher; but ſince, O my ſoul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here

And much amaſde to ſee in tombe ſo great a light,
She wiſt not if ſhe ſaw a dreame, or ſprite that walkd by night.

let us die! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his boſom; when embracing the beloved maid, and ſtrongly ſtraining her to his breaſt, he cried,—O thou beauteous body, the utmoſt limit of all my deſires, if, after the ſoul is departed, any ſentiment yet remains in you, or, if that ſoul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be diſpleaſing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the leaſt I ſhould die with you ſadly and ſecretly;—and holding the body ſtraitly embraced, he awaited death.

"The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damſel the cold and powerful effects of the powder ſhould have been overcome, and when ſhe ſhould awake; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, ſhe awoke in his arms, and, ſtarting into life, after a heavy ſigh, ſhe cried, Alas, where am I? who is it thus embraces me? by whom am I thus kiſſed? and, believing it was the Frier Lorenzo, ſhe exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo? is it thus you ſafely conduct me to him? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he ſaid, Do you not know me, O my ſweet lady? ſee you not that I am your wretched ſpouſe, ſecretly and alone come from Mantua to periſh by you? Julietta, ſeeing herſelf in the monument, and perceiving that ſhe was in the arms of one who called himſelf Romeo, was well nigh out of her ſenſes, and puſhing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, ſhe inſtantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thouſand kiſſes, ſaying, What folly has excited you, with ſuch imminent danger, to enter here? Was it not ſufficient to have underſtood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Friar Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I ſhould ſhortly have been with you? The unhappy youth, then perceiving his fatal miſtake, thus began: O miſerable lot! O wretched Romeo! O, by far the moſt afflicted of all lovers! On this ſubject never have I received your letters! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even there cloſe by her, taken the poiſon, which, as moſt ſubtile, he already felt, had ſent forth death through all his limbs.

"The unfortunate damſel hearing this, remained ſo overpowered with grief, that ſhe could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruiſe her innocent breaſt; and at length to Romeo, who already lay ſupine, kiſſing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than aſhes, and trembling all over, ſhe thus ſpoke: Muſt you then, O, lord of my heart, muſt you then die in my preſence, and through my means! and will the heavens permit that I ſhould ſurvive you, though but for a moment? Wretched me! O, that I could at leaſt transfer my life to you, and die alone!—to which, with a languid voice the youth replied: If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my beſt hope! by theſe I conjure you, that after my death, life ſhould not be diſpleaſing to you, if for no other reaſon, at leaſt that you may think on him, who, penetrated with paſſion, for your ſake, and before your dear eyes, now periſhes! To this the damſel anſwered: If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real? It only grieves me that here, in your preſence, I have not the means of death, and, inaſmuch as I ſurvive you, I deteſt myſelf! yet ſtill will I hope that ere long, as I have been the cauſe, ſo ſhall I be the companion of your death: And, having with difficulty ſpoken theſe words, ſhe fainted, and, again returning to life, buſied herſelf in ſad endeavours to gather with her ſweet lips the extreme breath of her deareſt lover, who now haſtily approached his end.

But cumming to her ſelſe ſhe knew them, and ſaid thus:
"What, fryer Lawrence, is it you? where is my Romeus?"

"In this interval Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damſel had drunk the potion, as alſo that upon a ſuppoſition of her death ſhe had been buried; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder ſhould ceaſe to operate, taking with him a truſty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, ſeeing a light within, he was greatly ſurpriſed, and imagined that, by ſome means or other, the damſel had contrived to convey with her a lamp into the tomb; and that now, having awaked, ſhe wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which ſhe was ſurrounded, or perhaps from the apprehenſion of being for ever immured in this diſmal place; and having, with the aſſiſtance of his companion, ſpeedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all diſhevelled, and ſadly grieving, had raiſed herſelf ſo far as to be ſeated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus addreſſed himſelf: Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I ſhould have left you to die here incloſed? and ſhe, ſeeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, anſwered: Far from it; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive!—alas, for the love of God, away, and cloſe the ſepulcher, that I may here periſh,—or rather reach me a knife, that piercing my breaſt, I may rid myſelf of my woes! O, my father, my father! is it thus you have ſent me the letter? are theſe my hopes of happy marriage? is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo? behold him here in my boſom already dead!—and, pointing to him, ſhe recounted all that had paſſed. The friar, hearing theſe things, ſtood as one bereft of ſenſe, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to paſs from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he called to him, ſaying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me? ſpeak to me at leaſt! caſt your eyes a moment upon me! O, Romeo, behold your deareſt Julietta, who beſeeches you to look at her. Why at the leaſt will you not anſwer her in whoſe dear boſom you lie? At the beloved name of his miſtreſs, Romeo raiſed a little his languid eyes, weighed down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, reclоſed them; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convulſed, and heaving a ſhort ſigh, he expired.

"The miſerable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus addreſſed the young damſel:—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do?—to which ſhe inſtantly replied,—here incloſed will I die. Say not ſo, daughter, ſaid he; come forth from hence; for, though I know not well how to diſpoſe of you, the means can not be wanting of ſhutting yourſelf up in ſome holy monaſtery, where you may continually offer your ſupplications to God, as well for yourſelf as for your deceaſed huſband, if he ſhould need your prayers. Father, replied the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the memory of him,—and ſo ſaying ſhe pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that ſo our bodies may for ever remain united in this ſepulcher: and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying ſhould be diſcovered, by the love already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miſerable parents that they ſhould make no difficulty of ſuffering thoſe whom love has conſumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the ſame tomb;—then turning to the proſtrate body of Romeo, whoſe head ſhe had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully cloſed his eyes, and bathing his cold viſage with tears,—lord of my heart, ſaid ſhe, without you what ſhould I do with life? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death? certainly nothing more! in order that death itſelf, which alone could

And then the auncient frier, that greatly ſtood in feare
Left if they lingred over long they ſhould be taken theare,
In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his fingar ſhewd his corps out-ſtretched, ſtiffe, and colde;
And then purſuaded her with pacience to abyde
This ſodain great miſchaunce; and ſayth, that he will ſoone provyde
In ſome religious houſe for her a quiet place,
Where ſhe may ſpend the reſt of lyfe, and where in time percaſe
She may with wiſdomes meane meaſure her mourning breſt,
And unto her tormented ſoule call back exiled reſt.
But loe, as ſoon as ſhe had caſt her ruthfull eye
On Romeus face, that pale and wan faſt by her ſide dyd lye,
Srraight way ſhe dyd unſtop the conduites of her teares,
And out they guſhe;—with cruell hand ſhe tare her goldea heares.
But when ſhe neither could her ſwelling ſorow ſwage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her ſicknes furious rage,
Falne on his corps ſhe lay long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and ſtrength the ded corps did embrace,
As though with ſighes, with ſobs, with force, and buſy payne,
She would him rayſe, and him reſtore from death to lyfe agayne:
A-thouſand times ſhe kiſt his mouth, as cold as ſtone,
And it unkiſt againe as oft; then gan ſhe thus to mone:
"Ah pleaſant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
Of all the ſweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,
Did ſuch aſſured truſt within thy hart repoſe,
That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou haſt choſe,
Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make,
And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my ſake?
Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
Thy lyfe moſt deare (as to the moſt) and pleaſant ought to bee,

poſſibly have ſeparated you from me, ſhould not now be able to part us!—and having thus ſpoken, reflecting upon the horrour of her deſtiny, and calling to mind the loſs of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, ſhe ſuppreſſed her reſpiration, and for a long ſpace holding in her breath, at length ſent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body."

For the foregoing faithful and elegant tranſlation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a moſt dear and valued friend, whoſe knowledge of the Italian language is ſo much ſuperior to any that I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the taſk has been executed by another.

MALONE.

How could this tender corps withſtand the cruell fight
Of furious death, that wonts to fray the ſtouteſt with his ſight?
How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
In this ſo fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?
Where ſpitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee
The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy ſure of thee.
Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
My wonted ſorowes, doubled twiſe, againe thus to renewe:
Which both the time and eke my patient long abode
Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have trode?
Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
To fynd my painfull paſſions ſalve, I myſt the thing I ſought;
And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,
That gave to me ſo depe, ſo wide, ſo cruell dedly wounde.
Ah thou, moſt fortunate and moſt unhappy tombe!
For thou ſhalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme
Of the moſt perfect league betwixt a payre of lovers,
That were the moſt unfortunate and fortunate of others;
Receave the latter ſigh, receave the latter pang,
Of the moſt cruell of cruell ſlaves that wrath and death ay wrang."
And when our Juliet would continue ſtill her mone,
The fryer and the ſervant fled, and left her there alone;
For they a ſodayne noyſe faſt by the place did heare,
And leſt they might be taken there, greatly they ſtoode in feare.
When Juliet ſaw herſelfe left in the vaulte alone,
That freely ſhe might woorke her will, for let or ſtay was none,
Then once for all ſhe tooke the cauſe of all her harmes,
The body dead of Romeus, and claſped it in her armes;
Then ſhe with earneſt kiſſe ſufficiently did prove,
That more then by the feare of death, ſhe was attaint by love;
And then, paſt deadly feare, (for lyfe ne had ſhe care)
With haſty hand ſhe did draw out the dagger that he ware.
" O welcome death, quoth ſhe, end of unhappines,
That alſo art beginning of aſſured happines,
Feare not to dart me nowe, thy ſtripe no longer ſtay,
Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye;
For ſtraight my parting ſprite, out of this carkas fled,
At eaſe ſhall finde my Romeus ſprite emong ſo many ded.
And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my truſty feere,
If knowledge yet doe reſt in thee, if thou theſe woordes doſt heer,
Receve thou her, whom thou didſt love ſo lawfully,
That cauſd alas! thy violent death, although unwillingly;
And therefore willingly offers to thee her goſt,
To thend that no wight els but thou might have juſt cauſe to boſte

Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reſerved
Free from the reſt, bound unto thee, that haſt it well deſerved;
That ſo our parted ſprites from light that we ſee here,
In place of endleſſe light and bliſſe may ever live y-fere."
  Theſe ſaid, her ruthleſſe hand through gyrt her valiant hart:
Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly ſmart!
She grones, ſhe ſtretcheth out her limmes, ſhe ſhuttes her eyes,
And from her corps the ſprite doth flye;—what ſhould I ſay? ſhe dyes.
The watchmen of the towne the whilſt are paſſed by,
And through the gates the candle light within the tombe they ſpye;
Whereby they did ſuppoſe inchaunters to be comme,
That with prepared inſtruments had opend wide the tombe,
In purpoſe to abuſe the bodies of the ded,
Which, by their ſcience ayde abuſde, do ſtand them oft in ſted.
Theyr curious harts deſyre the truth hereof to know;
Then they by certaine ſteppes deſcend, where they do fynd below,
In claſped armes y-wrapt the huſband and the wyfe,
In whom as yet they ſeemd to ſee ſomme certaine markes of lyfe.
But when more curiouſly with leyſure they did vew,
The certainty of both theyr deathes aſſuredly they knew:
Then here and there ſo long with carefull eye they ſought,
That at the length hidden they found the murtherers;—ſo they thought.
In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde;
The next day do they tell the prince the miſchiefe that they found.
  The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyſpred,
Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
Thether you might have ſeene whole houſholds forth to ronne,
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder ſtraunge was donne,
The great, the ſmall, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
With haſty pace do ronne to ſee, but rew when they beholde.
And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
(Like as the murders brute abrode through all the towne was blowne)
The prince did ſtraight ordaine, the corſes that were founde
Should be ſet forth upon a ſtage hye rayſed from the grounde,
Right in the ſelfe ſame fourme, ſhewde forth to all mens ſight,
That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night;
And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence ſhould
Be openly examined; for els the people would
Have murmured, or ſaynd there were ſome waighty cauſe
Why openly they were not calde, and ſo convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche ſet to the ſhew upon the open ſtage,
(A thing that ill beſeemde a man of ſilver heares)
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great faſt-falling teares:
Whom ſtraight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare
Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who the murtherers are;
For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
And had with hym thoſe yron tooles for ſuch a purpoſe fitte.
The frier was of lively ſprite and free of ſpeche,
The judges woords appald him not, ne were his wittes to ſeeche.
But with adviſed heed a while fyrſt did he ſtay,
And then with bold aſſured voyce aloud thus gan he ſay:
" My lordes, there is not one among you, ſet togyther,
So that, affection ſet aſide, by wiſdome he conſider
My former paſſed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy ſight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,
But that, amaſed much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, ſo ſodainly befalne, unlooked for, and ſtraunge.
For I that in the ſpace of ſixty yeres and tenne,
Since fyrſt I did begin, to ſoone, to lead my lyfe with men,
And with the worldes vaine thinges myſelfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a ruſhe,
Ne is there any ſtander by can make me gylty bluſhe;
Although before the face of God I doe confeſſe
Myſelfe to be the finfulſt wretch of all this mighty preſſe.
When readieſt I am and likelieſt to make
My great accompt, which no man els for me ſhall undertake;
When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,
Tappeare before the judgment ſeate of everlaſting powre,
And falling ripe I ſteppe upon my graves brinke,
Even then, am I, moſt wretched wight, as eche of you doth thinke,
Through my moſt haynous deede, with hedlong ſway throwne downe,
In greateſt daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.
The ſpring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryſe,
(And in your hart increaſeth ſtill your vayne and wrong ſurmiſe)
May be the hugenes of theſe teares of myne, percaſe,
That ſo abundantly downe fall by eyther ſyde my face;
As though the memory in ſcriptures were not kept
That Chriſt our Saviour himſelfe for ruth and pitie wept:
And more, who ſo will reade, y-written ſhall he fynde,
That teares are as true meſſengers of mans ungylty mynde.

Or els, a liker proofe that I am in the cryme,
You ſay theſe preſent yrons are, and the ſuſpected time:
As though all howres alike had not been made above!
Did Chriſt not ſay, the day had twelve? whereby he ſought to prove,
That no reſpect of howres ought juſtly to be had,
But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad;
Even as the ſprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,
Or as it leaveth them to ſtray from vertues path aſyde.
As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
As now I deeme, I nede not ſeeke to make ye underſtand
To what uſe yron firſt was made, when it began;
How of it ſelfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.
The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
That ſuch indifferent thinges is wont to uſe and order yll.
Thus much I thought to ſay, to cauſe you ſo to know
That neither theſe my piteous teares, though nere ſo faſt they flowe,
Ne yet theſe yron tooles, nor the ſuſpected time,
Can juſtly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme:
No one of theſe hath powre, ne power have all the three,
To make me other than I am, how ſo I ſeeme to be.
But ſure my conſcience, if I ſo gylt deſerve,
For an appeacher, witneſſe, and a hangman, eke ſhould ſerve;
For through mine age, whoſe heares of long time ſince were hore,
And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time tofore,
And eke the ſojorne ſhort that I on earth muſt make,
That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
My conſcience inwardly ſhould more torment me thriſe,
Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyſe.
But God I prayſe, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
And from remorſes pricking ſting I joy that I am free:
I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
Wherewith you ſhould be troubled ſtill, if I my ſpeche ſhould ſpare.
But to the end I may ſet all your hartes at reſt,
And pluck out all the ſcrupuls that are rooted in your breſt,
Which might perhappes henceforth increaſing more and more,
Within your conſcience alſo increaſe your cureleſſe ſore,
I ſweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
(And for a witnes of my woordes my hart atteſteth him,
Whoſe mighty hande doth welde them in theyr violent ſway,
And on the rolling ſtormy ſeas the heavy earth doth ſtay)
That I will make a ſhort and eke a true dyſcourſe
Of this moſt wofull tragedy, and ſhew both thend and courſe
Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no leſſe
Will wonder at then they alas! poore lovers in diſtreſſe,

Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
With ſtrong and patient hart dyd yelde them ſelfe to cruell death:
Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,
And of theyr promyſt frendſhippes fayth ſo ſtedy was the troth."
And then the auncient fryer began to make diſcourſe,
Even from the firſt, of Romeus and Juliets amours;
How firſt by ſodayn ſight the one the other choſe,
And twixt them ſelfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death might loſe;
And how, within a while, with hotter love oppreſt,
Under confeſſions cloke, to him themſelfe they have addreſt;
And how with ſolemne othes they have proteſted both,
That they in hart are maried by promiſe and by othe;
And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
They ſhal be forſt by earneſt love in ſinneful ſtate to live:
Which thing when he had wayde, and when he underſtoode
That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honeſt, good,
And all thinges peyſed well, it ſeemed meet to bee
(For lyke they were of nobleneſſe, age, riches, and degree);
Hoping that ſo at length ended might be the ſtryfe
Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleaſing in Gods ſight,
In ſecret ſhrift he wedded them; and they the ſelfe ſame night
Made up the mariage in houſe of Capilet,
As well doth know (if ſhe be aſkt) the nurce of Juliet.
He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,
And how, the whilſt, Paris the earle was offred to his wife;
And how the lady dyd ſo great a wrong dyſdayne,
And how to ſhrift unto his church ſhe came to him agayne;
And how ſhe fell flat downe before his feete aground,
And how ſhe ſware, her hand and bloody knife ſhould wound
Her harmles hart, except that he ſome meane dyd fynde
To dyſappoynt the earles attempt: and ſpotles ſave her mynde.
Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before
By thought of death and age he had refuſde for evermore
The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
And fearing leſt ſhe would her cruell vowe dyſcharge,
His cloſed conſcience he had opened and ſet at large;
And rather did he chooſe to ſuffer for one tyme
His ſoule to be ſpotted ſomdeale with ſmall and eaſy cryme,
Then that the lady ſhould, wery of lyving breath,
Murther her ſelfe, and daunger much her ſeely ſoule by death:
Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure,
A certain powder gave he her, that made her ſlepe ſo ſure,

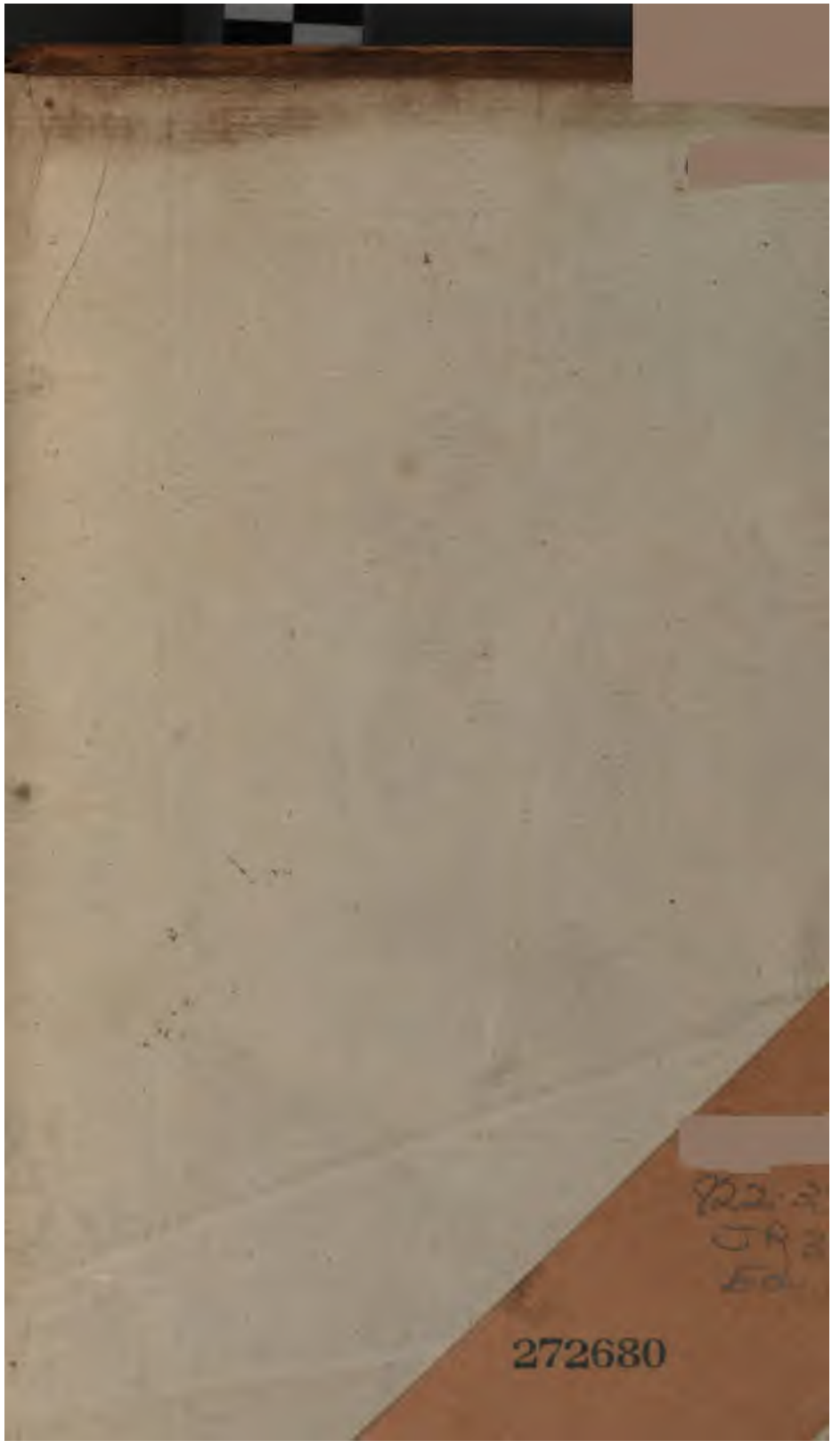
That they her held for dead; and how that fryer John
With letters ſent to Romeus to Mantua is gone;
Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become;
And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.
He thinkes with poyſon ſtrong, for care the yong man ſtervde,
Suppoſing Juliet dead; and how that Juliet hath carvde,
With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
Deſyrous to accompany her lover after death;
And how they could not ſave her, ſo they were afeard,
And hidde themſelfe, dreading the noyſe of watchmen, that they heard.
And for the proofe of this his tale, he doth deſyer
The judge to ſend forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
To learne his cauſe of ſtay, and eke to read his letter;
And, more beſide, to thend that they might judge his cauſe the better,
He prayeth them depoſe the nurce of Juliet,
And Romeus man, whom at unawares beſyde the tombe he met.
Then Peter, not ſo much, as erſt he was, diſmayd:
My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence ſayd.
And when my maiſter went into my myſtres grave,
This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,
Which he him ſelfe dyd write, as I do underſtand,
And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.
The opened packet doth conteyne in it the ſame
That erſt the ſkilfull fryer ſaid; and eke the wretches name
That had at his requeſt the dedly poyſon ſold,
The price of it, and why he bought, his letters plaine have tolde.
The caſe unfolded ſo and open now it lyes,
That they could wiſh no better proofe, ſave ſeeing it with theyr eyes:
So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,
That in the preaſe there was not one that ſtoode at all in doute.
The wyſer ſort, to counſell called by Eſcalus,
Here geven advice, and Eſcalus ſagely decreeth thus:
The nurſe of Juliet is baniſht in her age,
Becauſe that from the parentes ſhe dyd hyde the mariage,
Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,
Where now by her concealing it a miſcheefe great is growne;
And Peter, for he dyd obey his maſters heſt,
In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in reſt:
Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote.
But now what ſhall betyde of this gray-bearded ſyre,
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?

Becauſe that many time he woorthily did ſerve
The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to ſwerve,
He was diſcharged quyte, and no mark of deſame
Did ſeem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.
But of himſelfe he went into an hermitage,
Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers paſt forth his age;
Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly ſprite dyd flye:
Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
The ſtraungnes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved ſo to ruth,
That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
Has emptied quite; and they, whoſe wrath no wiſdom could aſſwage,
Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
At length, (ſo mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.
And leſt that length of time might from our myndes remove
The memory of ſo perfect, ſound, and ſo approved love,
The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
In ſtately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayſe they hye.
On every ſide above were ſet, and eke beneath,
Great ſtore of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
And even at this day the tombe is to be ſeene; *
So that among the monuments that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the ſight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temble bar, at the ſigne of the hand and ſtarre, by Richard Tottill the xix day of November, An. do. 1562.

* Breval ſays in his Travels, 1726, that when he was at Verona, his guide ſhewed him an old building, then converted into a houſe for orphans, in which the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers had been; but it was then deſtroyed.
MALONE.

THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.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